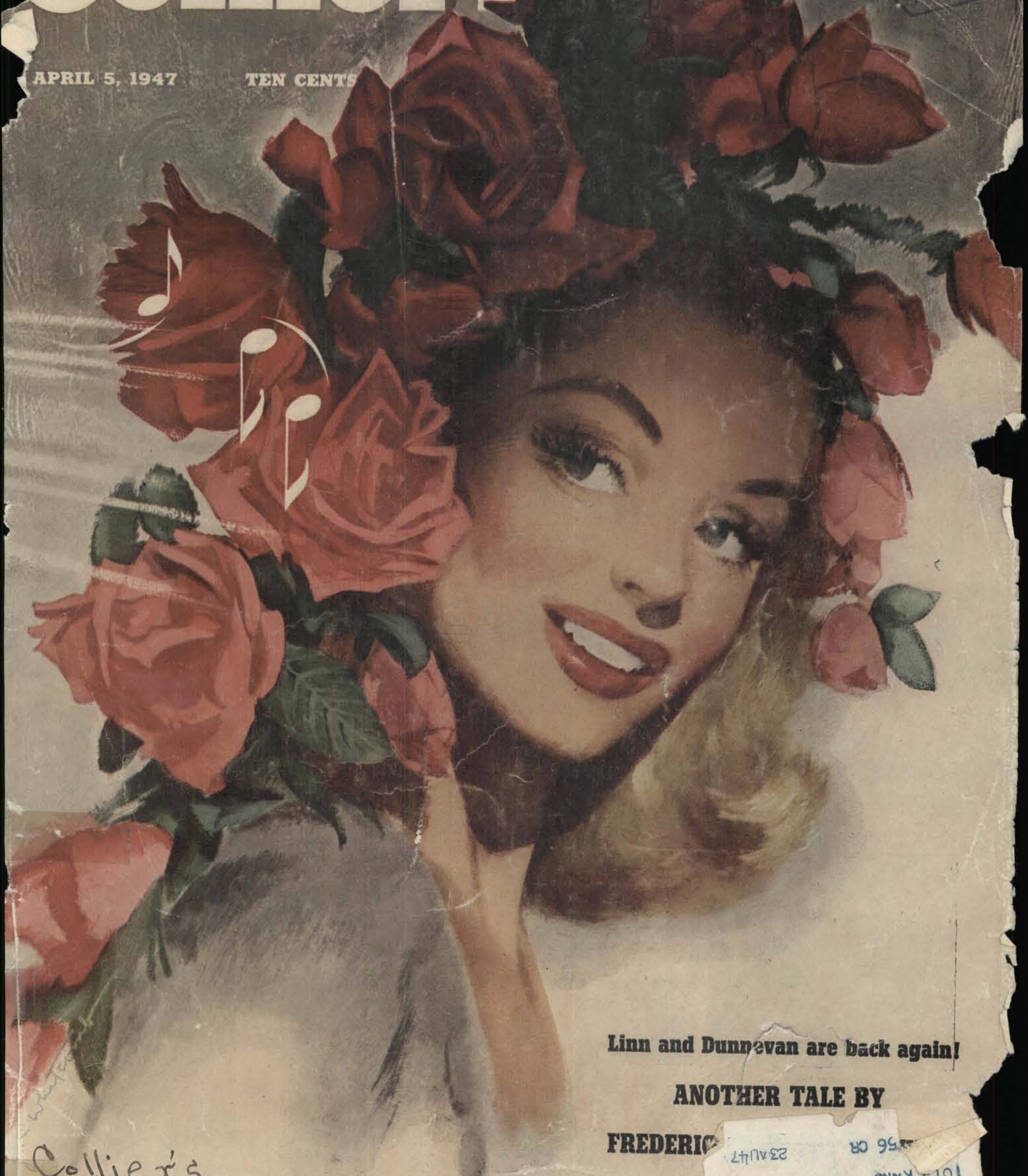
# Collier's

APRIL 5, 1947 TEN CENTS



Linn and Dunnevan are back again!

**ANOTHER TALE BY**

**FREDERIC**

Collier's
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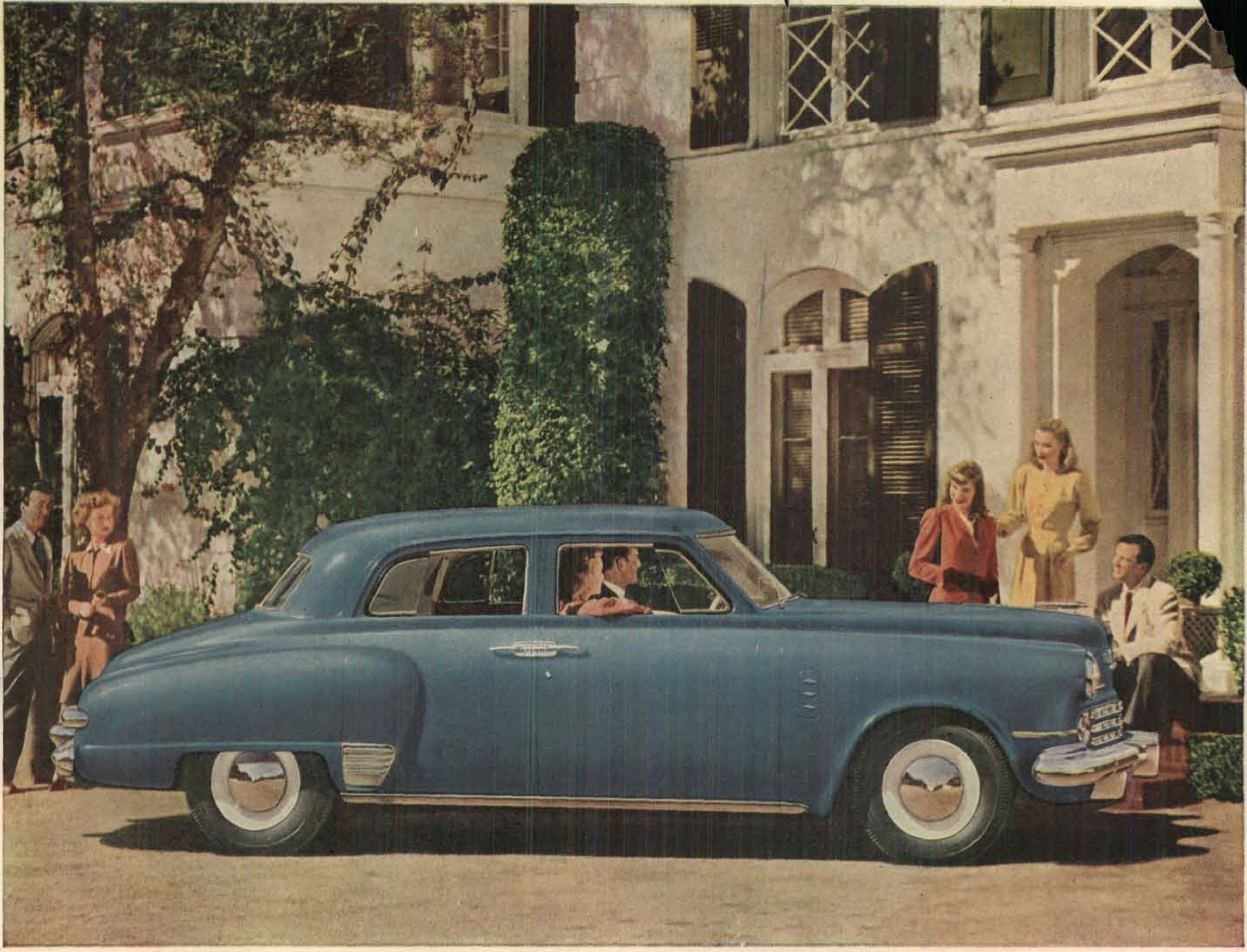
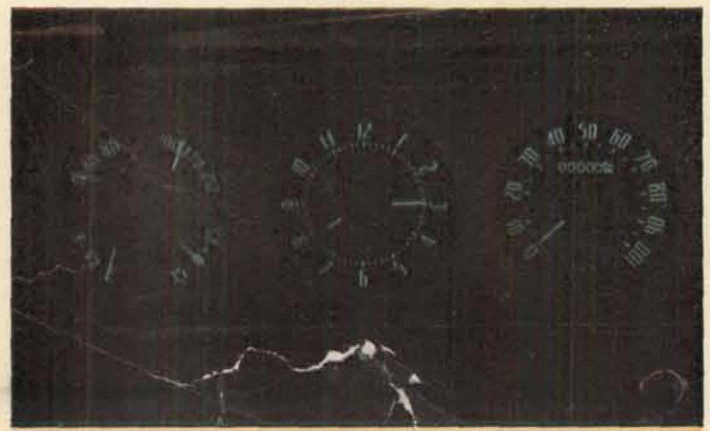


Actual color photograph of 1947 Studebaker Commander Regal De Luxe Land Cruiser

# *Your postwar Studebaker Land Cruiser*

## An ultra-luxurious new kind of 4-door sedan cradled on an impressively long wheelbase



**"Black light" illuminates its instrument dials! Brakes automatically adjust themselves!** Pictured is the Land Cruiser's attractive instrument panel. The big, round gauges and electric clock are illuminated by wartime aviation's "black light" which doesn't glare in your eyes or windshield at night. Exclusive, too, are Studebaker's self-adjusting postwar brakes that virtually never need servicing. Advanced automatic overdrive and Climatizer heating and ventilating are provided at extra cost.

YOU are looking at a color photograph of the third dramatically different new-car creation in the distinguished Studebaker series of completely new postwar automobiles.

You've seen the revolutionary new Champion and Commander models. This is the Land Cruiser—a real surprise car.

Impressive extra exterior length and lavish additional interior spaciousness give this Land Cruiser a distinction all its own.

Special designing was done, and special dies were made, to produce its superbly finished, richly appointed body. Its chassis is a new long-wheelbase version of the brilliantly engineered Studebaker Commander.

The result is a breath-taking new kind of top-quality automobile that's beautifully contoured and extremely low—the perfect pattern for the costly-car designing of the future.

Yet, thanks to its Studebaker sponsorship, this Land Cruiser only looks fabulously costly. It's actually priced within the reach of many moderate incomes. And for all its impressive size and luxury, it vies with its companions of the postwar Studebaker line in exceptional operating economy.

Available in gay, exciting color or conservative finishes, this distinctive Land Cruiser is now on view at many Studebaker dealers' showrooms. See it for a real postwar thrill.

**STUDEBAKER**

***First by far with a postwar car***

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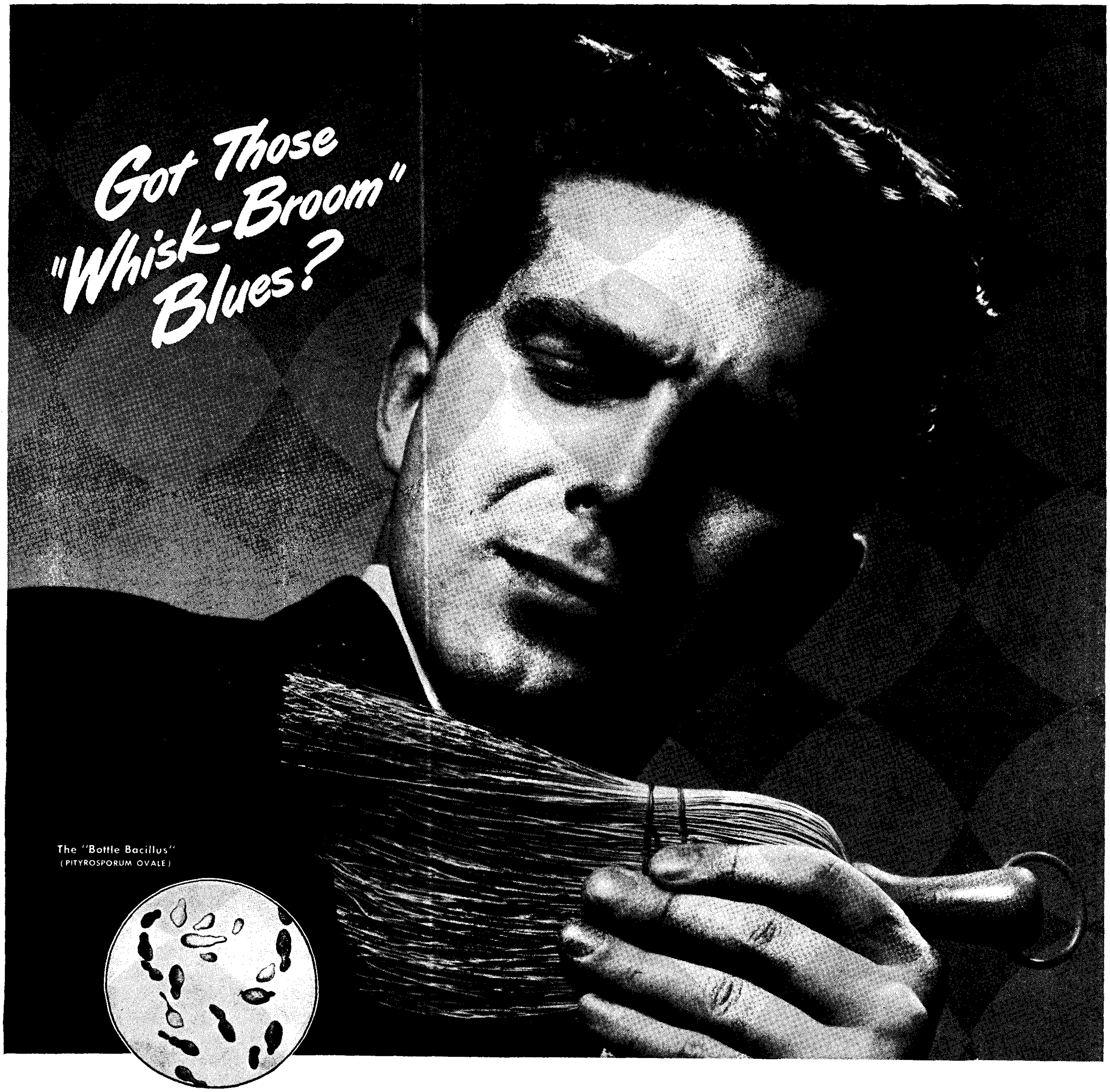

**Distressing germs, flakes and scales** on hair and coat collar? . . . A telltale white shower that scares you out of wearing your blue suit?

They may mean infectious dandruff! And, Mister, that's something you definitely don't want.

Better get started right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's a delightful precaution . . : an effective home treatment . . . that countless men rely on. Here's why:

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a refreshing antiseptic bath . . : kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" germ (P. ovale) that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff. See how quickly those distressing flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how quickly itching is alleviated. Your scalp feels so clean and cool. So fresh! Your hair looks as it should. Remember, in clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

When you hear of results like that don't you wonder why you ever fooled with so-called "overnight" remedies devoid of germ-killing power?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

**HERE'S THE EASY, DELIGHTFUL TREATMENT**

**Men:** Douse full-strength Listerine on the scalp. Follow with good, vigorous massage. **Women:** Part hair, all over the scalp, and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—*QUICK!* FOR INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**

Picture
OF THE MONTH

*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents*
FRANK SINATRA · KATHRYN GRAYSON
PETER LAWFORD · JIMMY DURANTE
*in*
"IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN"

Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART
Based on an Original Story by JOHN McGOWAN
Directed by.........RICHARD WHORF
Produced by........JACK CUMMINGS

Just how did Brooklyn happen, anyway? Men will dream . . . and invent a Utopia, a Shangri-la—glorious places filled with flowers and clement weather and friendly dancing girls. But today's dreamland is Brooklyn—a place where they boast of having a tree, a wacky ball club, and a flair for butchering the English language. Taken out of their natural habitat, its citizens sigh and pine away.

M-G-M doesn't try to solve this riddle—they have simply concocted a delightful comedy about it, filled it with marvelous tunes and turned four of its most talented stars loose somewhere in the area of the Brooklyn Bridge. What comes out is solid entertainment.

To demonstrate the fact that Brooklyn breeds some of the world's most lovable people, M-G-M has cast Frank Sinatra as the timid, girl-shy hero who thinks that "New York is just a place to see Brooklyn from". And to prove that Brooklyn has an eye for rare beauty, and an ear for golden song, there's lovely Kathryn Grayson. And, in all the nation, who could best play the gentleman-janitor of a Brooklyn high school, a man wit' no sulterior motives? You're so right—Jimmy Durante! And as the romantic young Englishman who doesn't know that Greenpoint is pronounced "Greenpernt" there's handsome Peter Lawford, whose fan mail is reaching astronomical proportions. Brooklyn is doing all right for itself.

What deserves special commendation is that now-famous M-G-M "musical-romance" touch: the subtle and wonderful weaving of story and song. "It Happened in Brooklyn" brims over with "smasheroo" song hits.

Thus, we nominate it as The Picture of the Month, and with the nomination goes a salvo of applause to Richard Whorf, who directed, and to Jack Cummings, who produced it.

Best-sellers make best-pictures! Three great novels are on their way to being M-G-M hits—"The Hucksters", "B. F.'s Daughter", "East River".

COLLIER'S
April 5, 1947

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AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
RUTH FOWLER *Distaff*
HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
LARABIE CUNNINGHAM *Fiction*

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*Hat by John-Frederics*

# THE WEEK'S MAIL

### DEPARTMENT OF SELF-APPRECIATION

SIRS: Can't we have MORE of The Week's Mail or don't you receive more letters than you print? OR—Do you select only the most interesting? OR—Are you allotted only so much space?

The laughs I get out of your humorous "comebacks" to some of your "hecklers" are more than I get out of a funny radio show. SAM MOSKOWITZ, Upper Darby, Pa.

*Thanks, Sam, for your most acute observations. Yes, lack of space forbids us to use all the letters we get, or all the letters we do use, as written. Funny, about the cracks—we think they're terrific, too—we hope!*

### THE LINCOLN STORY

DEAR EDITOR: I am a long-time follower of the Lincoln Trail. For 14 years I resided in Bloomington, Illinois, which is in the old Eighth Judicial District which Lincoln traversed so many years. I have spoken over 1,000 times on Lincoln. On my way February 9th to make two speeches, and traveling on the "Ann Rutledge" of the Chicago & Alton, I picked up my Collier's and read Howard Fast's Mister Lincoln (Feb. 15th). This touching story held me from the first sentence to the last and left me gazing out of the car window with blurred vision. . . .

EDGAR DEWITT JONES, Detroit, Mich.

### CODDLED CHILDREN

TO THE EDITOR: I write to take issue with Rosemary Julius on Robert Ruark's The Flapper's Children in your Week's Mail of Feb. 8th. The flappers who "aren't as bad as people say," are a minority. Rosemary wants "more recreation centers," but this is already overdone. This craving for more and more entertainment, so sentimentally indulged by parents and schools, has played havoc with the morals and manners of our young people. Very few help Mother in the kitchen, or give up a seat in the streetcar to some weary old woman struggling with a heavy bundle, or do things to make the world a happier one for everybody. Flappers don't need more recreation centers; they need wiser fathers and mothers; and just, but sterner, teachers.

GIRALDA FORBES, Boston, Mass.

### OBSTRUCTED PASSAGE

DEAR EDITOR: Mr. James Dugan certainly writes with a colorful pen. I have never witnessed an authentic snore; merely an apologetic wheeze (apologies to my husband), but the "Report on Private Rodriguez" was so descriptive that even I could appreciate the torture of those forced to

*(Continued on page 50)*

Vol. 119, No. 14. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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# TO THE *Luckiest Girl in Town...*

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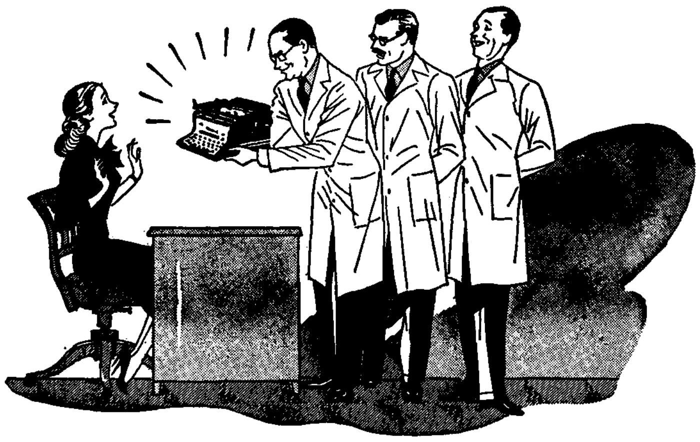

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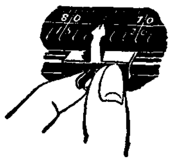

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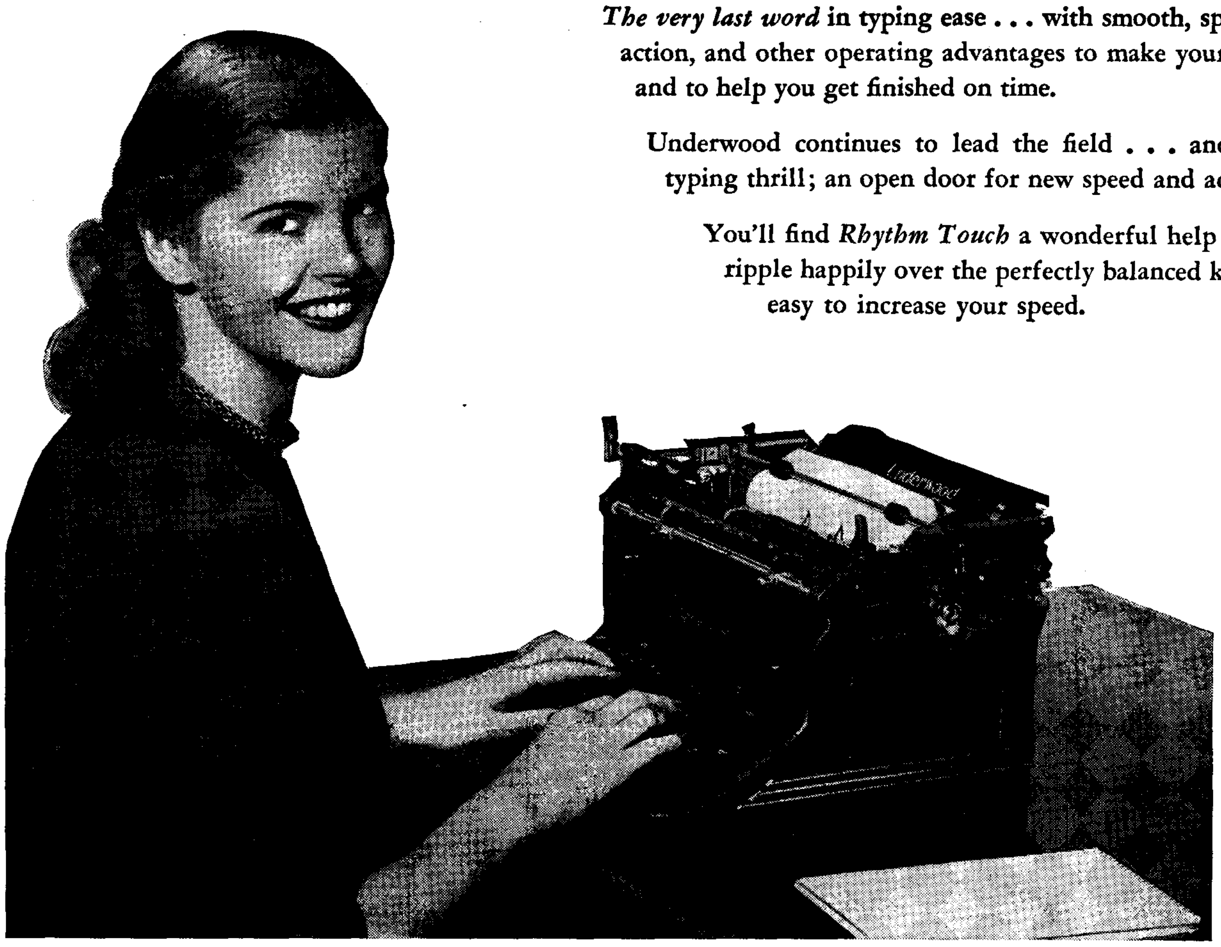

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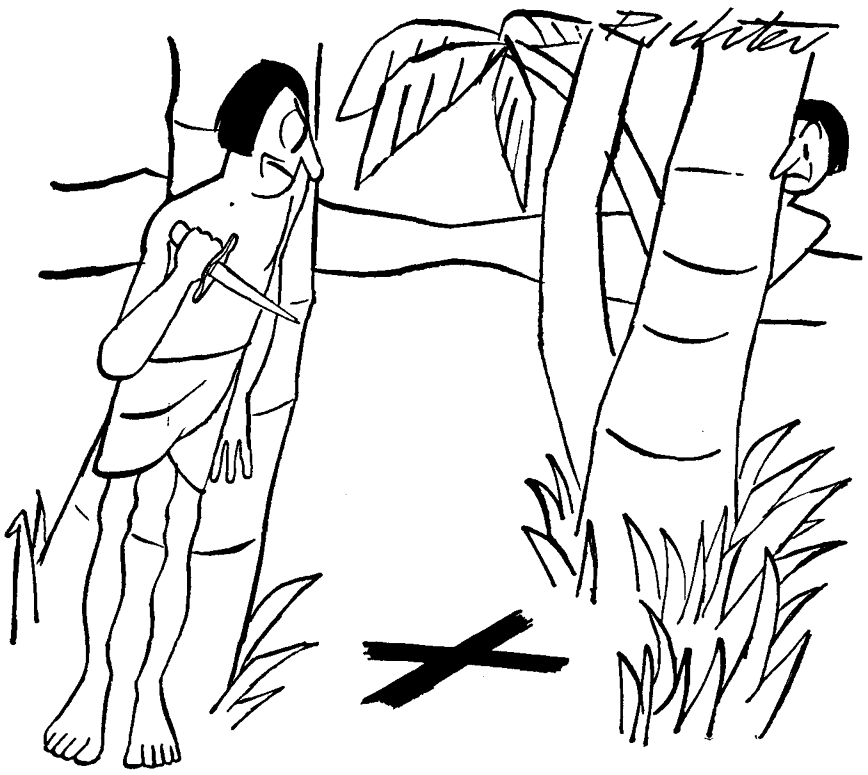

RICHTER

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## BY FRELING FOSTER

*During* blood feuds between peasant families in Egypt, a male in one may not kill a male in the other until the family has retaliated a previous murder—and on the spot where the crime was committed. As successive potential victims avoid the spot, many such a murder has remained unavenged until great-grandsons of the two families happened to meet there.

*In spoken* Chinese, variations in tone are used to distinguish words of different meaning that would otherwise sound alike. As some of these variations are very slight, misunderstanding is avoided by the use of a numerative, an auxiliary noun denoting the category of the object mentioned. For example, the Chinese expression for "two books" is *liang pen shu* (two copies books). Thus, while the sound of *shu* also means tree and mustache, the listener knows, if he mistakes the tone, that the intended meaning is book because *pen* is the numerative for bound literature.

*In* a new series of Hollywood films in which music is the only sound, the source of the music is a unique device that makes no sound itself. The waves of light forming the sound track are not produced by the conversion of sound waves, but by photographing them on the negative, using a tiny beam of light whose fluctuations in shape and brightness, controlled by this device, become musical tones when run through a projector.

*During* the past decade, the U.S. government has collected annually an average of $2,150,000 in unpaid taxes through tips by informers, mostly spiteful relatives and ex-employees, whose combined awards averaged $67,500, or 3.1 per cent of the tax total.—*By Alice D. Schaefer, Roosevelt, N. Y.*

*Since* 1908, eleven states have adopted the recall, the procedure by which an elected public official may be removed from office by the people before the end of his term. Usually, a petition signed by 25 per cent of the voters must first be obtained and then a special election is held to determine whether and by whom he shall be replaced. Of the some 200 recalls that have occurred, all have concerned local officials except two directed against state officials, the first having removed the governor and two others in North Dakota in 1921 and the second two commissioners in Oregon in 1922.

*A new* fire-extinguishing system which uses a gas instead of a liquid and, therefore, causes no damage by wetting, now protects the priceless records and documents of the United Nations in its giant vault at Lake Success, New York. Reacting to a small flame, the system instantly shuts the doors and ventilators and fills the room with a blaze-smothering volume of carbon dioxide.

*The* Grand Bazaar in Istanbul, Turkey, is believed to house the largest assemblage of independent merchants in existence. Surrounded by a high wall and covered by a roof, this enclosure contains some 3,000 different shops which line both sides of its five miles of narrow streets.

*Five* per cent of the experienced airplane pilots who take the fifteen-week training course at the Army Air Forces' Helicopter School fail to pass their tests.

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| **Portland, Ore.** | 44.15 | 45.60 | 36.85 | 35.60 | 23.45 | 38.60 | 32.15 | 13.10 | 50.95 | 45.25 | 44.15 | 19.95 | | 36.85 | 14.30 | 37.50 | 9.35 | 44.30 |
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STAR BLADES

Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

# THE WEEK'S WORK

BENSON'S BEAC

HANS KNOPF

**Cover Editor Benson lolls on his private beach in incandescent Collier's office**

THE only photograph Jack Finney (Manhattan Idyl, p. 20) could dig up of himself was the block of four seen elsewhere on this page, and described by him as "perforate, mint copy, a commemorative issue, used successfully on Christmas card envelopes, and very rare."

Thus stamped, Mr. Finney adds he's from Forest Park, Illinois, 35, Knox College-bred, and wedded to a gal he'd like us to meet: She likes everything he writes, including the singing commercials he once ground out for the radio.

Right now this exhibitionistic philatelist writes advertising copy directly across the street from the Collier's office. "I can look into your windows," he confides. "Frequently I do—and sometimes I wave." Though Mr. Finney doesn't realize that the offices of our sturdy contemporary The American Magazine directly face his building, someday maybe we'll look over and wave back. Possibly we might rig up a wigwag system of acceptance (or rejection). We might even meet his wife—we're a fatalist ourselves.

BACK when taxis were scarcer around London than V-1s, Joseph Wechsberg got one in front of blacked-out Dorchester House. "An extremely clumsy lieutenant colonel jumped in after me," Wechsberg recalls. "Since neither he nor I was alone, this arrangement naturally caused a problem in *Lebensraum*. After a few seconds Jimmy Stewart and I found ourselves in complete agreement on the wonders of California, including rain and women drivers. Funny how nice California looked from a rainy November London night. I suppose that's how Target: Hollywood (p. 13) was born. . . ."

The postwar, however, found Mr. Stewart his old ungarrulous self and Mr. Wechsberg had to use Scotch and soda on the glamor boy. "Soon he was talking as freely as on a psychiatrist's couch!" says Wechsberg.

ANYTIME a Collier's staff member wangles a vacation in Florida, the orange-tinted glamor of the semitropical lushness (laziness) overcomes him and it's tough to get him back home. Only a promise of Palm Beach conditions at the office (see above) would bring Cover-Consultant Editor Stuart Benson back to the chilled North!

**Look, philatelists! The rare Jack Finney issue!**

This year so many masthead bigwigs made the grade—Bill Chessman, Clarence Roy, Benson, Aimee Larkin, Gurney Williams—that it looked like a mass migration and there was serious talk of moving the offices to Seminole Village, in the Everglades, in order to get the magazine out.

A letter from Mr. Gurney Williams from Sarasota fortunately arrived as we were packing our alligator-guards and gallon-sized orange juice squeezers.

It tells of Mr. Williams' ordeal in what he calls a semiarctic paradise: the outskirts of Sarasota. He had made the mistake of speaking critically of the weather.

"Later," he writes, "a posse of grim-faced natives broke into my apartment. Before I knew it I was standing on Lido Beach near a caldron of bubbling tar and an old orange crate stuffed with feathers of sea gulls.

" 'What is that in the sky?' demanded the president of the local chamber of commerce, brandishing a ball bat.

" 'A dark cloud,' I replied, without hesitation.

" 'It's the sun, you fool!' roared my inquisitor, driving me for a single.

" 'Look at that sand,' growled a henchman. 'It's white as the driven snow.'

" 'But,' I tried to reason with him, 'it *is* snow—ouch!'

"Mercifully, I slipped into unconsciousness. It will be several days before I can thaw out enough to find my painful way back to the blessed warmth of Manhattan."

**This week's cover:** Easter Bonnet was painted by Jon Whitcomb. The hat is a John-Frederics' Spring Zock, which he describes as "luxurious, open-crowned — a becoming halo of brilliant red silk roses, full-blown and buds . . . stems of leaf-green velvet, intertwined with mauve and green chenille, sprinkled with silver sequins. . . ." And we're going to have to get along with our five-year-old Klassy Krushed Kelly . . . darn it! . . . TED SHANE

# Get a Frozen Food Chest...

***Here's your new treasure-chest of good eating***—a big Frozen Food Chest, right in your new Kelvinator! You can freeze your own meat, poultry, vegetables . . . enjoy the hundreds of amazing new packaged frozen foods. So big it can take a 10 lb. turkey, a rib roast, steak, chops, and store plenty of frozen vegetables and fruits to boot! Ice cream, too. Hi-Speed Trays freeze 9 lbs. of ice cubes . . . are removable for still more frozen storage space.

# Get a Moist-Master Refrigerator...

***Look! You get Kelvinator Moist-Master refrigeration, too!*** A big glass-enclosed compartment (chilled by a separate set of cooling coils in the walls) keeps perishable foods in a mist of super-moist cold. Keeps vegetables and greens crisp for days . . . guards vitamins. Keeps left-overs fresh and appetizing . . . cakes moist, pies mouth-watering. All without food covers, or transfer of flavors! *Above* the Cold Mist Freshener is room aplenty for general storage of foods, such as milk, butter, eggs, and fruits.

# Get Both Combined in Kelvinator!

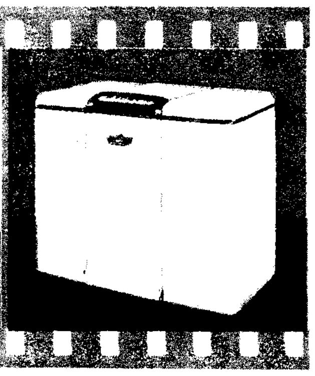
***Yes, Kelvinator gives you both***—a big Frozen Food Chest *and* Moist-Master refrigeration—in the same big, beautiful cabinet, and powered by the famous, dependable Polarsphere unit. Make this perfect combination your *next* refrigerator. Your Kelvinator dealer has five other beautiful new Kelvinators that are just as exciting, and priced to fit every budget. See him today!

KELVINATOR DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT

BEETS
ICE CREAM
Allsweet

# Get the Best things First... Get Kelvinator

ICE CREAM
frozen shrimp



**Kelvinator's famous** Cold-Ban trim eliminates 84 exposed, hard-to-clean screwheads; always keeps gleaming new. Rounded corners throughout interior make your Kelvinator a joy to care for! Sparkling, snowy Permalux finish *stays* white!

**Storage space aplenty** for tall bottles. Kelvinator's construction brings shelves fully to the front of cabinet . . . makes everything easier to reach. And the recessed light at the back floods the entire compartment with soft, diffused light!

**Look! A big** dry storage bin, too! Not just ½ or ¾ of a bushel capacity, but 1½! Handily stores all those much used root vegetables—out of sight, yet right in your kitchen! You'll say it's an ideal place to keep cereals and canned goods.

**Compare!** The peas at top were left uncovered 48 hours in *ordinary* cold. The bottom peas were left uncovered the same length of time in Kelvinator's Cold-Mist Freshener. Kelvinator keeps left-overs fresh, appetizing, and delicious days longer!

**The Polarsphere**—the secret of Kelvinator's unfailing cold. It's sealed in one steel unit and permanently lubricated for trouble-free service. Under normal conditions uses current only twelve minutes of each hour. Saves on electricity bills!

**Here's Kelvinator's** big 6 cubic foot Home Freezer that holds up to 40% more food than other cabinets of same outside dimensions. Holds 210 lbs. . . . quick freezes 25 lbs. at a clip. Easily fits into your kitchen . . . amazingly low-priced!

Recent triumphs of Philco electronic research have made radio listening a new joy, your favorite records a new delight. See and hear the exquisite Philco 1213 Chippendale radio-phonograph with patented Dynamic Reproducer and exclusive Advanced-FM System, now on display at your Philco dealer.

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*Famous for Quality the World Over*

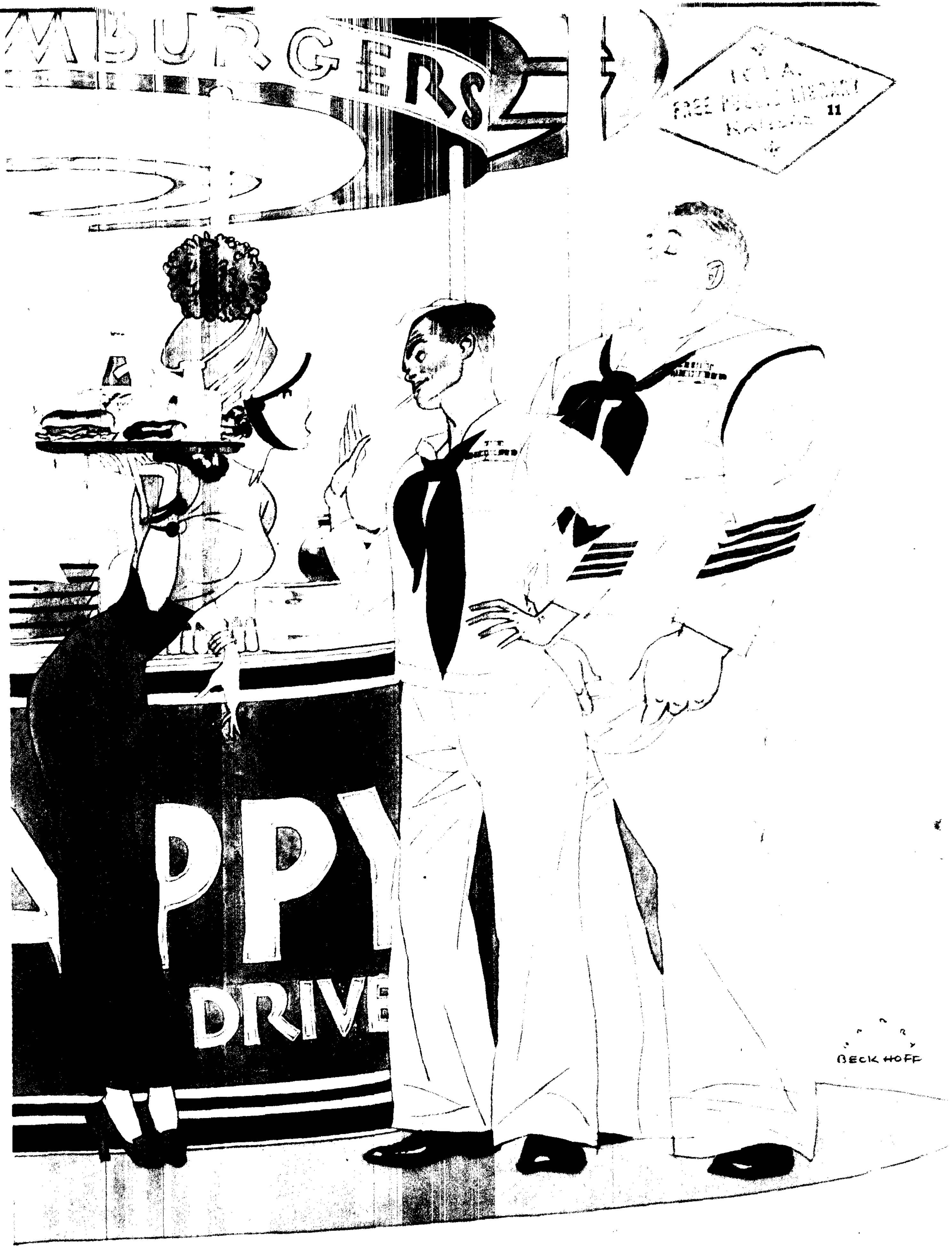
**Wednesday is Bingsday!** Listen to Philco Radio Time starring BING CROSBY Wednesday at 10 P. M. in the East, 9 P. M. everywhere else, [illegible] ABC Network and many additional stations.

K.C.A. FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY KANSAS

# THE WOOING OF YEOMAN WEBSTER

Linn and Dunnevan are back again—back from the war, and back with Collier's. Back in the brig, too, as usual. And are those two gobs welcome!

### BY FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN



"Tim's uncle died and left him about twenty grand," said Seaman Linn casually. "Now all we got to do is pay Harold Webster back the dough we owe him." "Gee!" Sonia said. "You boys are in the money"

**P**EACE had fallen upon the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Manila Bay with a shower of red tape and an after-the-storm calm of routine boredom. The ship lay at anchor off North Island, heaving grumpily in a gentle swell. Her planes and the airedales who manned them had flown ashore; liberty parties had reduced deck and engineering divisions to a minimum, and the Manila Bay—to put it poetically—did doze alone, thinking upon bolder, braver days.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"You think the Chief is really gonna make us do a forty-eight in the brig?"

Seaman Benjamin Linn did not bother to glance at Fireman Timothy Dunnevan. The firm of Dunnevan & Linn, Force & Brains, Inc., had also known bolder, braver days. During the war Seaman Linn had risen to gunner's mate, third class; he had been a gun captain and a leader of men. War had transformed Tim Dunnevan into a machinist's mate, third class, and a winner of the Bronze Star. Jap cruisers and kamikaze planes had shot two destroyers from under them; thus, the fortune of battle had shifted Tim and Benny from the tin-can Navy to the air Navy.

Ribbons and combat stars and the joy of victory had been theirs. But peace—a puling and whimpering anticlimax—was terrible.

"Think hard, Tim," said Benny. "Where are we right now?"

Fireman Dunnevan's brow wrinkled into three creases, and he breathed noisily.

"Right now? Why—uh—we're in the brig. Yerse!"

"Hurray for you, sailor! You win a new washing machine, a station wagon and a six-room house in Coronado. Want to leave it at that, or do you want to try for a commission with two and a half stripes?"

There was a pause.

"You kid me," Fireman Dunnevan decided. "I guess Chief Mulcahy will make us do the whole forty-eight, and the fines will stick besides."

"Now, *that's* good thinking."

"Yerse—but, Benny?"

"Hunh?"

"How come you keep on saying that God loves U.S. sailors if their hearts is pure?"

Seaman Linn spat out a few shreds of toothpick. He was a small, tough, gnarled young man with bright blue eyes and a habitual expression of disconcerting innocence. The brains of the team, he scowled at the huge bulk of Fireman Dunnevan seated on an upturned slop bucket.

"Our hearts was pure, Tim," he said, "but our noses was dirty. How many times I got to tell you that it takes force *and* brains?"

"Agh—them Marines started the fight. You know yourself, Benny,

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

that a Marine swang at me with a busted beer stein an'—"

Benny gave forth an obscene noise and turned both thumbs down, a sound and fury which caused Tim to blink and gulp and hang his head.

"Blah, blah, blah. We're busted, we're fined, we're in the brig! It's got nothin' to do with God lovin' U.S. sailors. The whole trouble is *you* tried to think. You got a medal, and it went to your head, and you wanted to be a brain. When you start an argument in a bar about packin' the Marine Corps in moth balls, you should first count the Marines an' sailors. Eighteen Marines an' five sailors—Judas!"

"Yerse, but—"

"But *nothin'*. You knowed the San Diego cops got a hard an' fast rule that more'n three fights in one joint at one time is a riot. So you tell the Marines that they'll be abolished when the services is unified. It was worse'n tacticless, it was dumb. They had the fists on us and—"

"But, Benny, they should *ought* to be abolished. The big-mouth, braggin' knuckleheads—"

"Pipe down!"

SEAMAN LINN got off a hard bunk to deliver his ultimatum. "From now on, Tim, *I* do the thinking. Either that or I and you split up!"

"Aw, Benny—"

"Just say which it's gonna be."

Reluctantly, and as one who faces a hard choice, Dunnevan nodded.

"We-ell, okay, I won't do no more thinking."

"I'm the brain after this, hunh?"

"Yerse, Benny."

As if to add dramatic emphasis, a key rattled in the iron door, and a sailor-guard swung it open. Chief Boatswain's Mate Mulcahy entered the brig.

"Hi-yah, Chief."

"Yerse—hi-yah?"

Benny and Tim expected a grunt or, at best, a sniff. Chief Mulcahy, according to legend, had been carved from a block of teakwood and sailed the seas as a bowsprit gargoyle in the Old Navy. Even questioning this tale an honest observer would have to confess that a cigar-store Indian could demonstrate far more amiability than Patrick Mulcahy.

"Good mornin' to you both," said the Chief, prying at a smile. "It's a fine bright day ashore!"

"Hunh?" gasped Seaman Linn.

Fireman Dunnevan could only stare.

"Sit down, boys, sit down," continued the Chief, his voice fighting off a snarl. "The Cap'n and I have a little problem. Thought you boys might prefer workin' on it to setting here in the brig."

"Yerse? We—"

"Pipe down, Tim. The Chief knows that we're ready and willing to do anything we can for the good of the U.S. Navy. What's the deal, Chief?"

"Well, now, it's Yeoman Webster."

"Yeah?"

"He don't want to sign on again."

"Why should he? Webster ain't been treated halfway human—"

"Hold it, Tim. Let I and the Chief disgust the deal."

Being a man of few or no words, it did not take long for Chief Mulcahy to present his proposition. Captain Harris of the Manila Bay was an old airedale, and he had a flier's contempt for paper work. Yeoman Webster had been his "writer"—the lad who knew just what papers the Navy Department must have to be happy. Cap'n Harris did not want to be bothered with the task of breaking in a new yeoman.

"For Webster a chance to make chief yeoman, if he takes another hitch," said Mulcahy. "For you guys—no brig and remission of fines, if you bring him in."

Fireman Dunnevan was about to nod assent, but Seaman Linn spoke too quickly:

"No dice, Chief."

"Eh—how's that?"

"Look at it from our angle. Harold Webster ain't any knucklehead. He's got a legitimate beef. At Saipan he earned the Navy Cross, but no officer was around to put in for him. So what if we can't persuade Harold to come back? Cap'n Harris would chew our pants worse'n ever. It's too risky, Chief."

Mulcahy grunted.

"Stay in the brig then."

"Okay."

"But, Benny, we got fined a month's pay. It ain't a bad deal to—"

"Pay? That's just money. The Cap'n took our buzzards."

"Yerse, but think of the Chief, Benny. If he don't get Webster back, that airedale will chew *his* pants. An airedale skipper is hell, Benny. They got bad nerves an' no patience an'—"

"Yeah, yeah, I know. It's too bad. We're sorry, Chief!"

An emotion of some sort tugged mightily at Chief Mulcahy's face. His left eyelid flickered.

"Well, maybe I could get you back your rates," he said, "but not if you go blabbin' it around—okay?"

"We-ell—"

"Benny—oh, Judas—"

"It's a deal, Chief. We'll get Webster back."

"Start now."

"Yerse! Thanks, Chief!" . . .

Half an hour later, Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan hit the Broadway landing in San Diego. Skeptical shipmates had been niggardly with loans; the firm of Linn & Dunnevan possessed a working capital of less than fifteen dollars. But Linn had his old cocky swagger.

FROM Biak to Ulithi, from Shanghai to Manila, from Pearl to Bremerton and from Dago to Panama, Linn & Dunnevan had prospered—so long as Fireman Dunnevan was content to supply the force and allow Seaman Linn to be the brains.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"You got a good idea to work on Webster?"

Seaman Linn spat through his teeth.

"I got brains," he said, "and with brains you can always get a good idea." Then, warningly, "This is a big-time operation. Webster was just a punk, smart-alecky kid when we went to war, but he learned fast."

"He's still a screwball, Benny."

"That's neither here nor there. He was rugged and a good shipmate. He may be a bit Ulithi-loopy now, but who ain't? I still see them islands in my sleep."

"No kidding?"

"Strictly no kidding."

"I never see nothing in *my* sleep. How come that, Benny?"

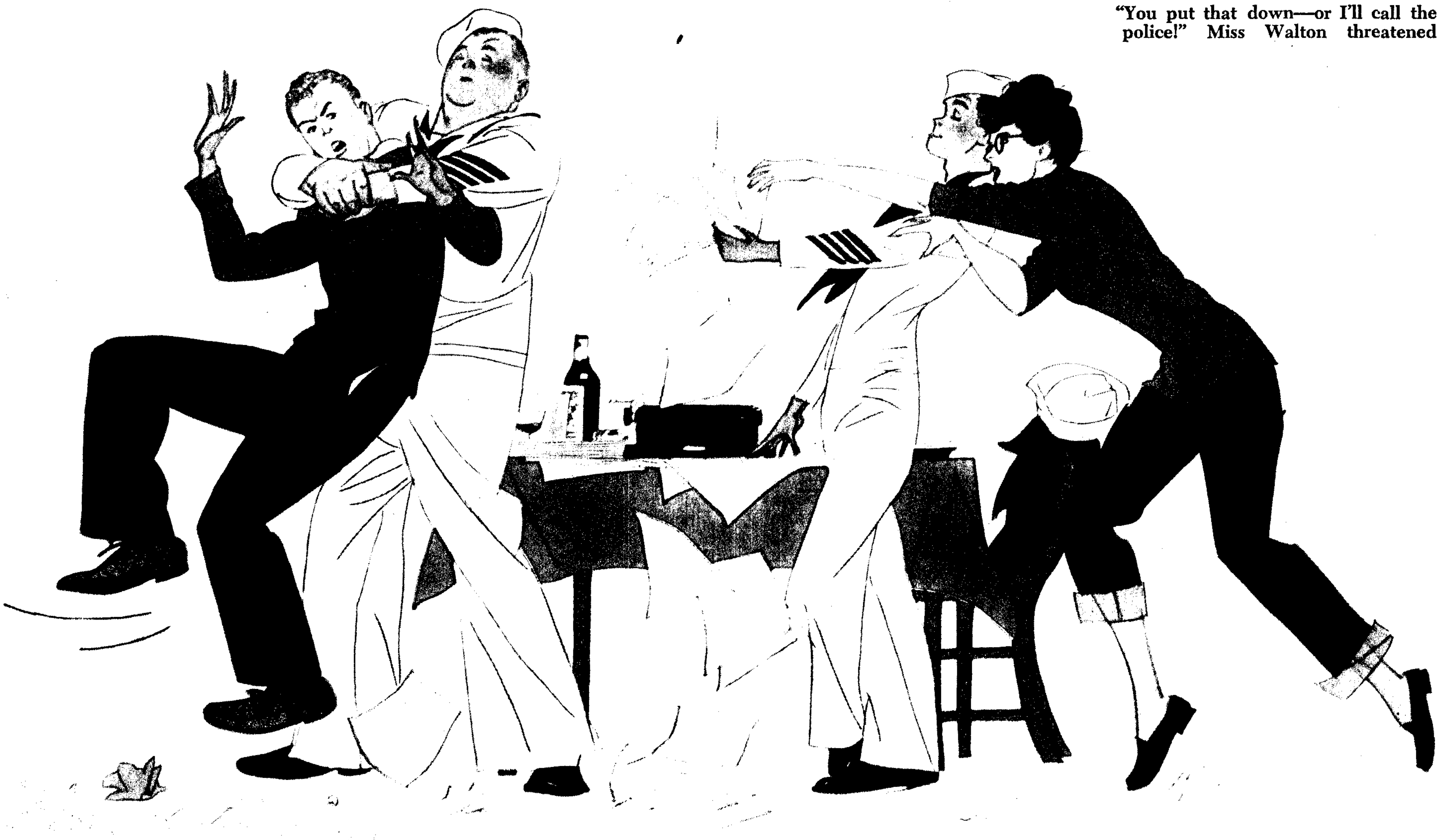
"Quit trying to think!"

"Okay. How do we find Harold?"

"We don't. We let Harold find us. Come on!"

*(Continued on page 59)*

"You put that down—or I'll call the police!" Miss Walton threatened



# TARGET: HOLLYWOOD

### BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

AFTER driving all over Brentwood, a Los Angeles suburb, on the morning of last Election Day and getting hopelessly lost, Jimmy Stewart finally found the polling booth—just around the corner from his own house. For a man with nineteen combat missions who once led 1,000 Eighth Air Force bombers against Germany, this was a remarkable feat of bad navigation. Stewart was a good man to have around at 30,000 feet, but he has always shown great ability for getting lost on the ground, and the war hasn't changed him a bit, medical experts and psychiatrists notwithstanding.

Prior to Stewart's return to Hollywood, there had been a lot of idle talk on how he must have changed overseas. After all, Jimmy—Colonel James Maitland Stewart, O433210—had been away for almost five years, and won his wings, his commission, his promotions and the Distinguished Flying Cross with an Oak Leaf Cluster the hard way; he'd been awarded citations and commendations half as long as a written movie contract, by General Doolittle and other commanders, and he had wound up in command of the Eighth's 2d Combat Bomb Wing, a job calling for the rank of brigadier general.

It was obvious, the wise men of Hollywood reasoned, that Stewart was going to be a neurotic case or a hopelessly stuffed shirt, or both. In any event, he would be washed up as an actor for good.

Stewart dispersed such fears one hour after he came back to Hollywood. He didn't want to talk about the war and got sore at people who called him "Colonel." He was just as carelessly hung together as always. He stammered slightly and threw his hands all over his body when he was about to say something, and then he didn't say it.

"And Jimmy still scratches his left ear with his right hand," one of his friends said.

**After five years in the wild blue yonder, Jimmy Stewart has returned to the movie lots without even pausing for rehabilitation. It's amazing how the guy can find his way round a dramatic script**

Throughout the war, in uniform, he'd managed to acquire a moderately military bearing, but now he was his old casual self again, looking as if somebody had started to assemble him and given up the job as hopeless long before he got through with it. During the big air offensive against Germany, his weight had slipped down to an all-time low of a mere 132, but now he was back at 154. His civilian clothes still fitted him and they were there, smelling of moth balls—all except one sport jacket that had been eaten up by his fans among the moths.

He found his eight-room California farmhouse in Brentwood almost the way he had left it. It had been sublet to an advertising man with his wife and two children who had taken good care of the place and—wonder of wonders!—moved out when Stewart came back. Daisy, the Irish housekeeper, was back; there was the familiar miniature zoo of cats, dogs, squirrels and other animals; the logs in the fireplace were burning, creating the illusion of a season which Californians miss so much. Jimmy Stewart stretched out his long legs *(Continued on page 47)*

**Jimmy's natural exuberance is undimmed by the war, though everyone expected him to be a neurotic**

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD C. MILLE

At El Mirage in the Mojave Desert, the cars race over dry lake beds. Quarter-mile course is flat, straight and hard as concrete, with mile-and-a-half warmup

# SOUPED-UP SPEED

## BY WESSEL SMITTER

**Take an ordinary auto chassis, equip it with a small powerhouse and a speed-crazy driver. The result will be the "hop-up," a phenomenon now terrorizing California**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

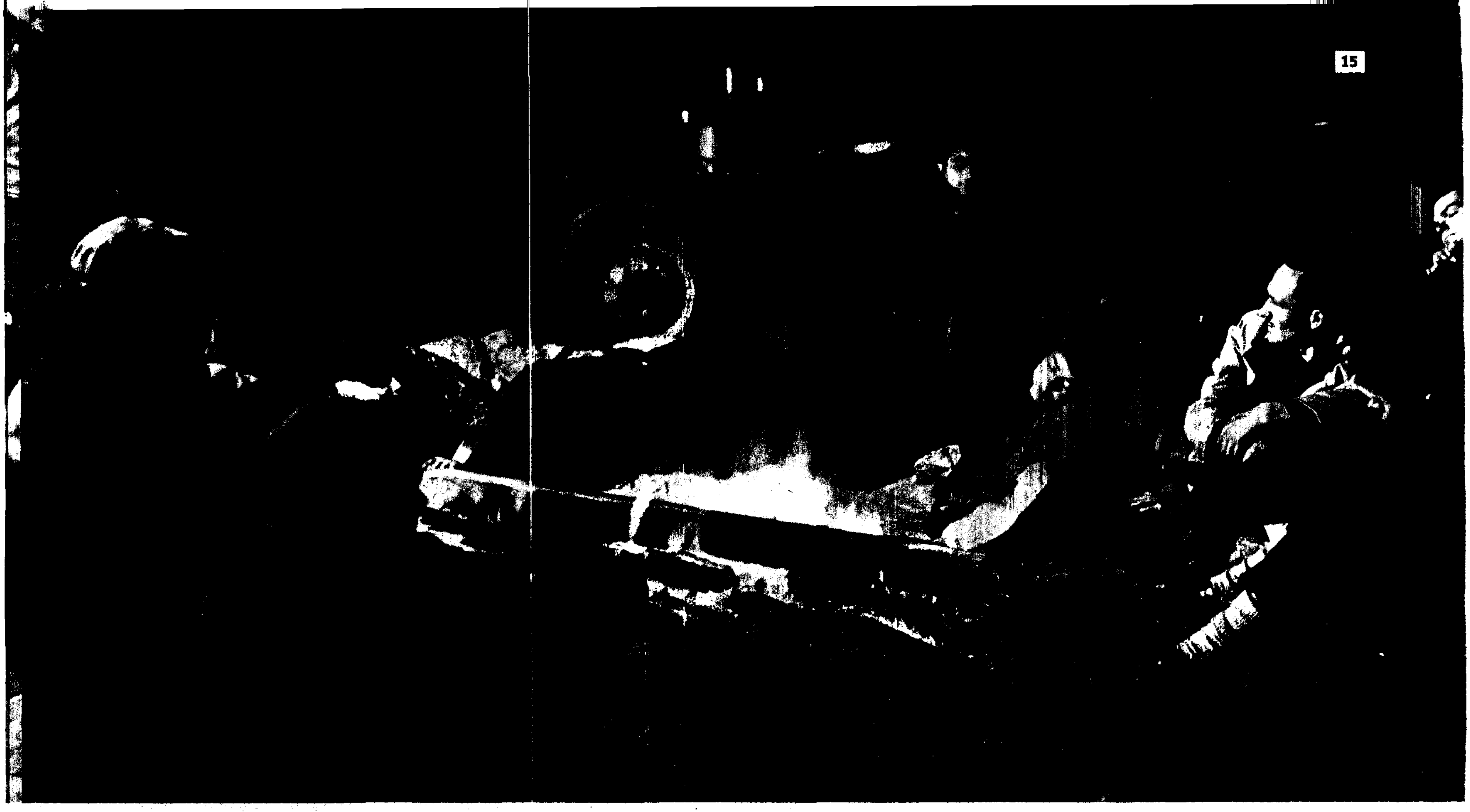
THE ad read: "Will sell my roadster. This is a channel job, with drop-axle, T-body and crash pads. Car has Merc motor, is ported, stroked and relieved; has dual carburetion, Thickstun manifold, full-race camshaft, special high-compression heads. Will clock 128 mph."

This lingo, pure Greek to the average reader, was meaningful enough to "hop-up" fans in southern California. A "hop-up" is more or less like an automobile except that its innards have been streamlined and given a shot of motorized adrenalin. A hop-up may have no fenders, no top, no bumpers and only a bare excuse for a windshield; its body and frame may be 15 or 20 years old and a bunch of sofa pillows may serve for upholstery. But its motor, all chromed and enameled, will surely be in the very pink of mechanical condition. For a hop-up is, essentially, a racing car.

The hop-up craze is not new in California. Before the war, there were some 25 racing clubs in 25 towns and communities. Each club had its own name. There were, and still are, the Ramblers, the Hornets, the Gophers, the Road Runners, the Ninety Milers, the Low Flyers, the Sidewinders and others. All

Roadster nears electric eye at starting line. Official's earphones and mouthpiece enable him to send and receive messages during run

A low-slung pink racer awaits the starter's signal. There may be as many as 500 entries waiting in a line a mile and a half long. Cars take off every 30 seconds



Cars come from all over California and from near-by states. Drivers arrive the night before, camp out on the desert and are ready for an early-morning start

these are members of a larger, nonprofit, incorporated organization called the Southern California Timing Association.

Periodically the S.C.T.A. holds "time trials" or speed contests on one of the dry lakes in the California desert. The lake beds, level as a floor, hard as concrete, make ideal race tracks. Courses are laid out with a mile and a half for the "windup," a measured quarter of a mile between the electrical timing units, and a mile and a half for the "slow down."

Participants at the trials, which fans call "running the traps," usually number several hundreds; spectators run into thousands. Four lanes are staked out between rows of flags. At intervals of thirty seconds a racer screams through the traps, leaving a trail of alkali dust over the flats. An ambulance with medical personnel stands by ready to cart the casualties, if any, off to the morgue or the hospital.

The races are held for the benefit of the club members, rather than for the spectators. There are no tickets sold. No one makes any money.

Furthermore, as the traffic laws now stand, there is nothing to prevent the hop-ups from using the streets and highways when they are not burning up the dirt on the lakes. This has brought about a fine bunch of headaches to police and traffic officials.

During the war the races on the dry lakes were discontinued. The hop-up owners were draft-bait of the first order. Often they sold their hop-ups to kids below the draft age or turned them over to younger brothers who had a yen for speed.

The Army had taken over Muroc Dry Lake, the favorite racing spot. Gasoline rationing was on. There were only "bench races" at first, meetings at drive-in eating places where the kids with hop-ups sat around and argued about speed records and cars, but these settled nothing. And then someone got the idea that it would be all right to stage a race on a wide boulevard, late at night in some out-of-the-way spot, providing all the side streets were blocked off.

Somehow the kids managed to get fuel for their hop-ups. It was not always gas: Sometimes it was cleaning fluid, often it was a combination of wood alcohol and cleaning solvent or some other weird mixture with a dash of benzine to prevent burning out valves. There were a number of these meets before the police and the public became alarmed. The kids called them "drags," or "drag meets." The time and place were kept secret by leaders until the very last moment.

In the first roundup, traffic officers, police and county deputies managed to nab 75 young culprits. There were many more, but they got away leaving behind only the faint smell of burnt castor oil and benzine. The police could do nothing about the spectators, though some officials felt that attending an automobile race in the public streets was at least as censurable as watching a cockfight in some dingy underground basement.

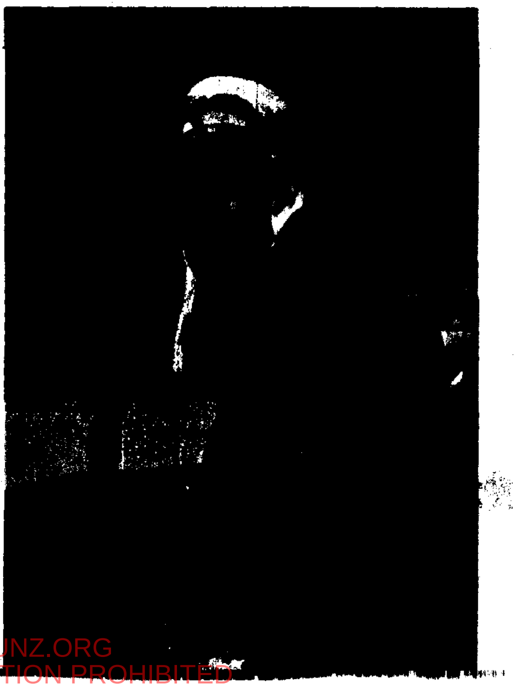
All during the war these drag meets continued. The police broke them up, but they were never wholly suppressed. Police organizations, too, had been thinned by the draft, equipment was poor.

When the war ended, most of the original gang—those who had not gone down in flaming fighters and bombers—came back. Parents and civic leaders hoped that now they would turn their minds to serious things like business or politics or families. But at the first meeting of the Timing Association, when a vote was taken to determine whether the races should be continued, they voted "aye" like one man.

Some of them did go into *(Continued on page 43)*

**Few girls compete, but Veda Orr clocked 115 mph in her roadster**

**Tony Capana, driving a 16-cylinder job, made best time recorded on lakes: 145.39**



**Another consistent winner, Stu Hilborn, drives streamliner with hopped-up motor**

Frank Coon's roadster was fastest car in its class

# 'GATOR BOY

### BY ZACHARY BALL

Not years, but valor marks a boy's passage into manhood

THE Seminole Indian boy was trapped. He sat naked on the old wall of coral rock deep in the bowels of the swamp where coral rock had no business to be. If a trail had once been cut through the Everglades to here, it had long ago been gulped up by stark cypress, scrub oak, fierce green water hemp and mud. The rocks were joined by white man's mortar, and were built into two ramps that came together to form the corner of a house.

Maybe the white man had been building one day, and it had happened to him just as it was waiting now to happen to Sammy Osceola. Down there on the ground, watching each move he made, was strong and vicious death with ravenous jaws that would devour his flesh and crack and crunch his bones.

He wiped the mosquitoes out of his eyes. He folded his arms across his knees, put his head on them and wanted to cry. He hadn't cried for three years, not since he was thirteen. He didn't cry now.

The rock was cutting into his buttocks. He shifted and raised his head. It was a hundred feet to the edge of the river, and the river was a hundred-foot width of dead-still, black water. His canoe was on the other side, chin on bank.

Canoe was sleeping. Canoe didn't hurt from the rocks. Canoe wasn't hungry; he had Sammy Osceola's bread and cheese in his belly.

Thoughtfully he wiped the mosquitoes off his chest and shoulders. He was imprisoned on the coral rock, but he was not afraid. He was biggest boy in his home camp, bigger than young Joe Cypress, even.

His mother had said, "You bring back that bull 'gator, Sammy Osceola. You get Black Bull, and you're plenty man." Like that she said it, Sammy Osceola's mother.

That was yesterday. At sunup time he had paddled away from the water-circled hammock on which stood his mother's *chikee*, her house. He was going to capture Black Bull and take him alive to the commercial camp and win the job of 'gator boy. The white tourists would come there to watch him wrestle the big 'gators and charm them into sleep. They would throw money down to him in the pit, lots of money.

It had taken many hours to reach Still Swamp, and he had thought about little except Black Bull, the legendary twelve-foot alli[illegible]se to be caught by even the best hunters. It was midnight when he sent canoe into the river that was said to lead to the big 'gator's territory.

He watched the oceans of saw grass in the moonlight until their white breakers passed astern, and then the jungle began on both sides. First the mangrove appeared, then the bay and cypress, building higher, tumbling in closer, becoming darker and more sinister. The solid water path before him was as black and shiny as a crow's breast, and the moon lay round and hard on it. When canoe shattered the moon's image, flashing pieces of light rode to shore on the wake.

Steadily as breathing, Sammy Osceola worked his paddle, moving through two murderous worlds—one under the water floor and one along the whispering shores. Here life was to the fleet and to the ferocious. The struggle was merciless and unceasing; death struck swift and smooth as a whip. Sammy Osceola knew all these things, and the knowledge awed and pleased him.

His battery head lamp's beam caught an eel attacking a cloud of minnows. The eel slithered out of the light and didn't come back. Insects whirled in, and there was the instant splash and slap of big bass. He moved the beam. A huge, soft-shelled turtle came drifting up from under a mass of lily roots, saw the canoe shadow, and disappeared in a floating waddle. Sammy Osceola clicked off his head lamp.

Furious life roamed deep up in the shore world, too. It crouched high on a cypress limb; coiled in a palmetto crotch; moved on padded feet over timeless forest mold.

Sammy Osceola pulled the slick water past him with his paddle. He listened to the songs of the swamp blending the two worlds: millions of tree frogs making a tiny, bell tinkling; great, stern, bank frogs hammering a gonging bellow; an owl, high over the water, trying to imitate the frogs below; the sad calling of the chuck-will's-widow. And last, a cry that was choppy and frayed, putting a thin edge to the other music.

Sammy Osceola smiled. That was the bittern—his bird of good luck. He listened eagerly. Twice more it came, a sure good omen. Excitement began jumping so hard in him that he could feel it at the top of his belly.

Now was time to begin the hunt.

He circled his mouth with his hands and sent out the 'gator call. "N-u-n-g-h . . . N-u-n-g-h." He listened. Nothing. He sent again. "N-u-n-g-h . . . N-u-n-g-h."

He got an answer, moved canoe for the right bank, and drifted. He listened, waited, then pushed along to a bare bank spot. The 'gators should be in the dark places, right there. He saw them but the width of their slide going down into the water told him that they were not what he wanted. The slide was slick and bright in the moonlight, but of a size for three- or four-footers. He put his light onto a tangle of growth. Four, five pair of eyes, but not wide enough apart, none of them. Four-footers.

Sammy Osceola would take nothing under ten feet tonight.

He went on, watching, listening and calling, "N-u-n-g-h . . . N-u-n-g-h." Here centuries lay crumbled and forgotten; here the swamp never quit its ageless singing; here, moving with all the patience of his people, Sammy Osceola sought to shoulder his manhood. . . .

The white man at the Alligator Farm near Miami had not been able to decide between Sammy Osceola and Joe Cypress for 'gator boy. He wanted to be fair. They both showed him what they could do; he still couldn't decide. So it was Sammy Osceola, in his eagerness, who said he would go into the swamp and bring back a big 'gator, a ten-footer, and give that for the job. Joe Cypress said he would bring a bigger 'gator any day than Sammy Osceola. The white man agreed to settle that way. They had till noon Thursday to get their 'gators to the farm for measuring.

Already, this quick, it was Tuesday.

DEEP in the swamp, daylight didn't come as it did outside. It formed on everything, white, and so heavy at first it seemed almost as if it could be scraped off with a hunting knife. It was like that now, and Sammy Osceola still hadn't seen a 'gator over six foot.

He was sitting quietly against the left bank when he heard the thrashing on the other side. At first he thought it was a fight, but no viciousness came into the sound, and then he knew. A mother 'gator had laid her eggs, and was covering her nest mound. He saw her swing her tail; she was a big one.

He stripped off his clothes; then, with his light capture rope around his waist, he slid noiselessly into the clear, black water, took a deep breath and went under. Two minutes later, without a surface ripple, he came up behind a shield of overhang on the right bank, moved along to the 'gator slide and peered over. There was the new nest mound, partly covered, but the mother was gone.

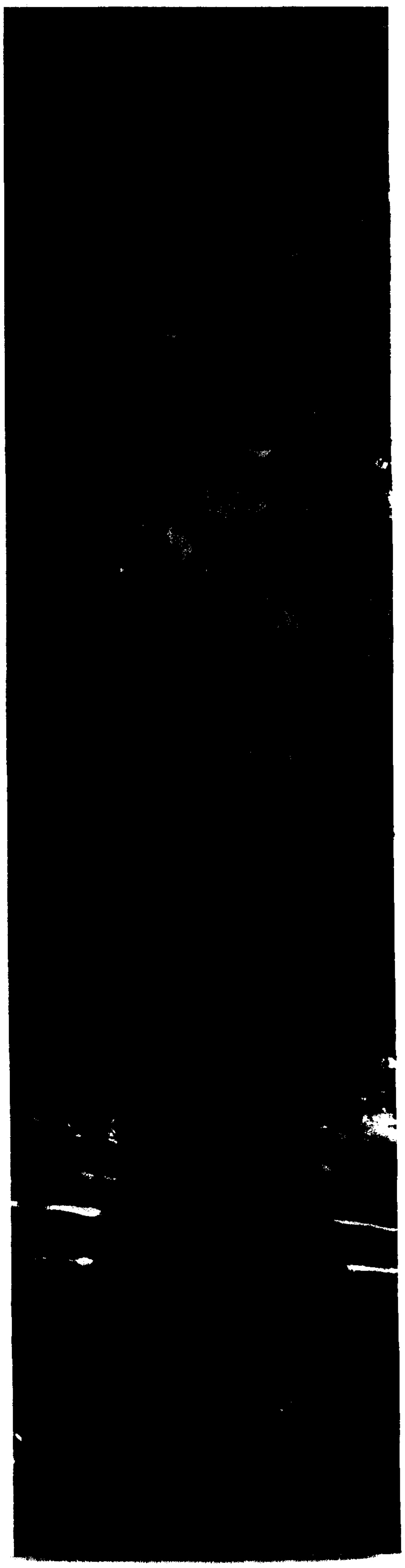
He climbed out and stood on the bank, letting the water drain from him, and it was then that he saw the coral walls. They were in what had once been a large clearing but now was healed almost shut. The sun had bleached the coral bone white.

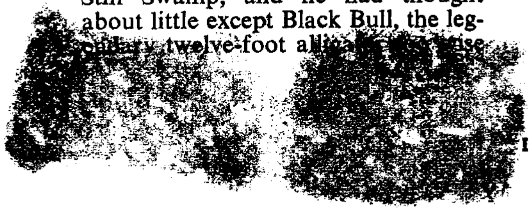
The two ramps came together to form a peak ten or twelve feet above the ground. A hawk had made her nest here and he could see her tail sticking out. He clapped his hands together; she flew up and away. He smiled. He walked all around the mass of rock; this was certainly a strange thing to see in the very bottom of Still Swamp.

He was coming around the right flank of wall on the way back to canoe when he heard the noise in the undergrowth between him and the river. He held still for an instant. It wasn't deer, or bear. He ran for the water, but it was too late. He knew he couldn't make it even before he saw the charging massive-shouldered king boar that weighed not less than four hundred pounds.

Sammy Osceola had only twenty-five feet to go, but the boar was cutting him off, coming at him, fast. He spun for the wall, and another boar was coming at him from there.

**Steadily, Sammy Osceola worked his paddle, moving through two murderous worlds—one under the water floor; one along whispering shores**





ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

There was no time for thinking. Instinctively, he ran to the right, toward a thin growth of cypress surrounding a huge fallen log. He jumped for the log, hearing the boars' tusks reach for his legs. He went over the log and stopped. Here heavy tangle blocked his path.

They were at the log, trying to get over. He could see the tips of their snouts over the top. The snouts disappeared and he could hear them, each going for an end of the log to come around after him. He waited. When they were on this side and coming at him, heads down, tusks gleaming, he went up and back over the log. He ran for the wall with all the speed his legs could give, and scaled the ramp with both boars slashing at his heels.

They tried to follow. One of them made it up a few feet, only to slide back.

SAMMY OSCEOLA hunkered down and watched their mad ferociousness. Again and again they made running climbs, only to give up finally and walk back and forth, eying him.

Like others, he had doubted hunters' tales about the two wild killer boars of Still Swamp, although white hunters who set out after them had sometimes returned without part of their dog pack. Once, even, two of the men never came out of the swamp.

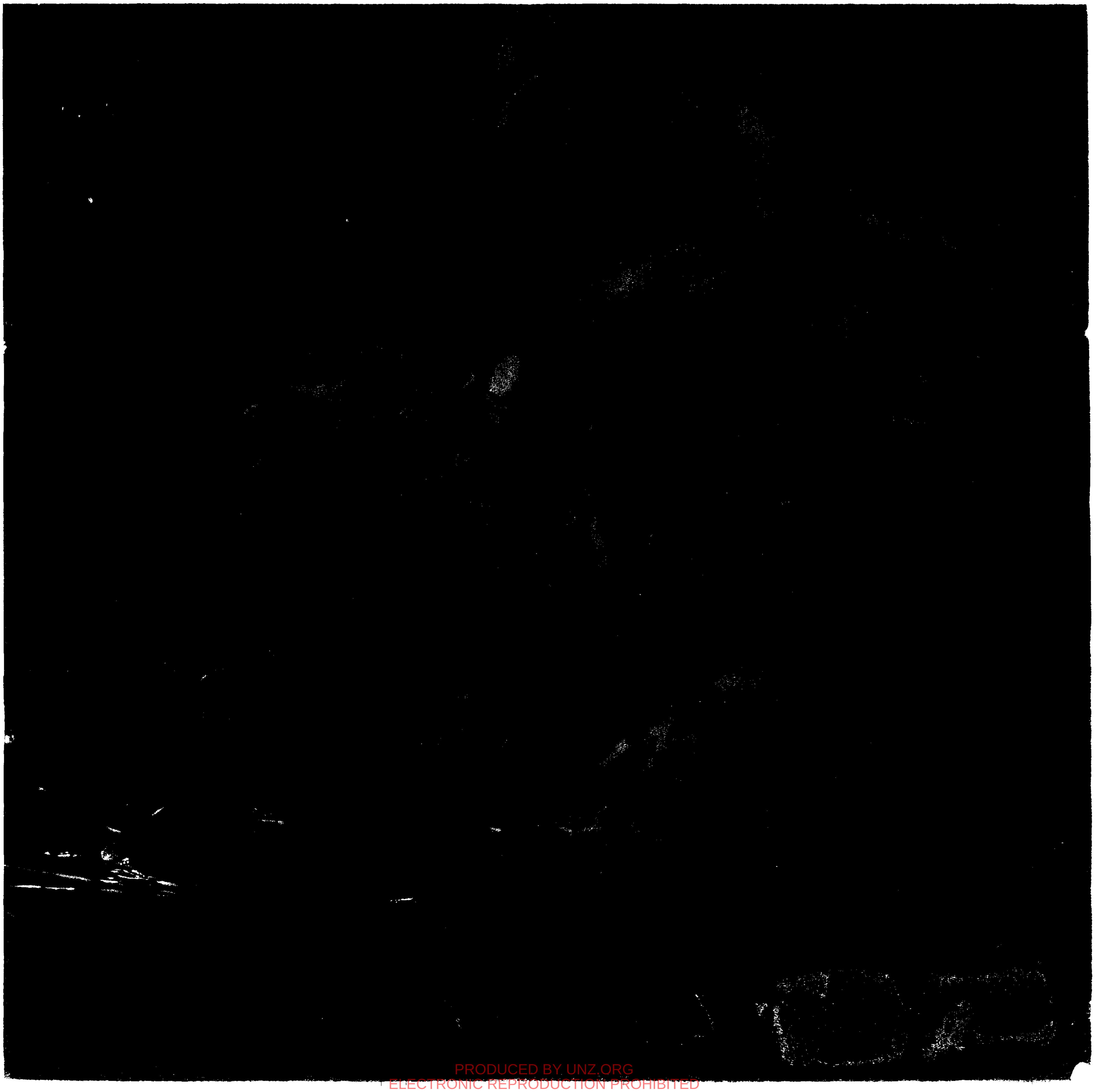
He could believe the tales now. There they were. Two king boars that no panther, no bear, no living swamp thing would dare attack. Their long, tall muscular bodies stood on powerful stub legs that took them through rough country and brush faster than deer. Their shoulders bulged with humps, layers of cartilage that would stop any bullet under a .30-.30, and ten-inch tusks curved up out of their lower jaws.

Sammy Osceola waited for a chance to make his next move, but it was some minutes before his attackers found the 'gator nest. When they were crunching the eggs, he worked his way down the ramp which was farthest from them. His foot touched the ground. He could hear them still grunting and gorging. He ran to the other ramp, keeping the wall between him and the boars. From there would be the shortest run to the river. He rounded the end of it.

One boar was waiting for him. The other was on his way at a run.

Sammy Osceola scrambled up the ramp, and again they began their ravening efforts at climbing after him. When they gave up, they stood silent and motionless, snouts pointed down, watching him through the tops of

*(Continued on page* 68)



ACME

Mrs. Marshall helps the general greatly by welcoming him in the evenings into a quiet, efficient home, by walking or gardening with him in his leisure hours

**It was his remarkable mental qualities and his ability to concentrate completely on the matter at hand that won General Marshall his promotions as a soldier and will now support him in the infinitely complex business of making peace. But he just can't remember names**

INTERNATIONAL

Marshall, shown here at the age of 2, pumped a church organ as a boy

## II

AN IDEAL Secretary of State, in these days of peripatetic and wearying conferences, would be a man with a mind combining the powers of Albert Einstein, Benjamin Franklin and the International Business Machines' Automatic Sequence-Controlled Calculator; and a body blending the merits of Glenn Davis and Methuselah. The next best thing, at the moment, seems to be George Catlett Marshall, whose mind and body are in fine shape, though he is sixty-six.

Secretary Marshall has a memory that has awed most of the men with whom he has worked in recent years. When he was Chief of Staff, he never carried notes with him into hearings of Congressional Appropriations and Military Affairs Committees, and yet he very frequently (and very casually) amazed the congressmen by saying things like this, which comes from the stenographic transcript of one of the hearings:

"The total requirement for semi-automatic rifles is 240,559, of which there are 167,789 on hand and on order, leaving a remaining requirement of 72,770."

Shortly before he left for China, General Marshall met, in one of the Pentagon Building's many corridors, a gray-haired colonel. There were, at the time, 11,030 colonels in the U.S. Army, but not only did the general immediately recognize the officer as Charles H. Franklin, who, as a warrant officer, had served as Marshall's secretary a quarter of a century before, and not only did he remember that Franklin had married a Frenchwoman—he also remembered, and took the trouble to inquire after, Franklin's sister-in-law in Paris, and mother-in-law in Senaide, France.

Mrs. Marshall, in her book, Together, tells how her husband alarmed her, as they were driving westward across the country in 1936, by suddenly turning off the main highway and striking out across the desert on a dirt road. (She placed the incident in New Mexico; actually, the general says, it was near Winslow, Arizona.) She asked him where he thought he was going. He said that several years before, he had read an article in the National Geographic Magazine describing a huge meteor crater near this place; he thought he'd have a look.

They drove and drove, and finally, sure enough, they came up to the edge of a tremendous hole in the ground. The general, one of whose highest marks at Virginia Military Institute had been in geology, made embarrassingly detailed inquiries of a caretaker, as to the efforts of a geologic expedition to locate the immensely valuable metallic body of the meteor, far under the surface. Up to that time there had been no success, the guide said. The general has still not forgotten the meteor. He knows that its body has now been located by electronic techniques, under a spot far outside the rim of the crater; he keeps himself brushed up on the mining problems that would be involved in salvaging the metals.

### No Memory For Names

The general's memory is, however, strangely selective. He cannot seem to remember names. One of the general's private secretaries came out of his office one day during the war and told the secretary of the General Staff that the general had been dictating to her a memorandum for Colonel "Mc-

Cartney." "I told him the name was McCarthy—Colonel Frank McCarthy, whom the general saw every day—and while I was at it, I told him my name was Nason, not Mason."

"Damn it," the colonel said, "why didn't you also tell him that my name's not Taylor, but Young?"

On another occasion, General Marshall and General Arnold were discussing the strategic bombing of Europe with a visitor. A question came up that neither general could answer. General Marshall said, "That fellow who just came in from London can tell us—what's his name? You know who I mean." He meant Ira C. Eaker, then a lieutenant general and commander of the most important bombing unit in Europe, the Eighth Air Force.

### The Interpreter's Friend

Not counting this idiosyncrasy on names, General Marshall apparently throws out of his mind all things which are neither useful nor pleasurable to him. The economy of his mind is remarkable; it partly accounts for the immense amount of work he can do. Charles E. ("Chip") Bohlen, the State Department's Russian expert, who acts as interpreter at most high-level conferences, would rather translate for General Marshall than for anyone else, because, unlike most men, who leave sentences unfinished as new ideas hit them, who grope for clearer phrasing as they talk, the general just speaks out his thoughts straightaway, with no tacks or luffing; his each sentence has a subject, predicate, and object, a beginning, middle, and end.

The general hates waste motion of any kind. On the door of his office in the Pentagon Building, when he was Chief of Staff, was a sign which read, *"Once you open this door,* WALK IN, *no matter what is going on inside."*

Details seem to fascinate the general. While in command of the Fifth Infantry Brigade, at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, in 1936, he became interested in the records of the dentists who serviced the area's CCC camps, of which he also had charge. He investigated the ratio of fillings to extractions among reputable dentists and found that one CCC dentist was yanking too many teeth. This made him wonder about the whole question of why teeth go bad.

He started a systematic inquiry in the camps as to what parts of the country good teeth came from, and what parts bad. He can still cite the results in detail. In general, he recalls, the best teeth came from an area in Arkansas, where minerals in the water apparently helped; the worst from Boston, evidently, he says, for racial and economic reasons.

During the war he kept track of an astounding number of details, concerning not only our own armed forces, but also those of our enemies. For instance, during one of the off-the-record conferences for the more responsible newspapermen in Washington, he was discussing the distribution of 53 Japanese divisions across the home islands. He pointed to a spot in Hokkaido on his map and said: "This outfit is designated as an armored division on this map, but it really isn't a division at the present time. Right now it's three brigades of tanks, but it will be converted to division strength soon."

His greatest talent, as an executive in charge of one of the world's biggest businesses, the U.S. Army, was his ability to reduce masses of detail to their essential meaning. When he was preparing any given case he asked for all the facts that could be assembled; and then made up his mind on the broad issues involved. This knack of synthesis has been, and will be, of great value to him in arriving at decisions in the diplomatic field, though it is inevitable, since politics and diplomacy are new terrains for him, that his broad decisions can only be as good as the many details given him by subordinates.

### Intellect Recognized Early

Throughout his Army career, General Marshall got attention not for the swashbuckling, hard-talking qualities usually connected with soldiering, but for the quality of his mind.

His start was only fair, at Virginia Military Institute, which he attended because his father, one of the few avowed Democrats in a solidly Republican district in Pennsylvania, could not get a congressman to nominate him for West Point: He stood 35th in his class in his first year, 15th at graduation, in 1901. He graduated as first captain, however, and had the unusual distinction of suffering not a single demerit during his four years.

The turning point in his reputation came in 1907, when, as a second lieutenant, he was first in his course of studies at the Infantry-Cavalry School at Leavenworth. Honor graduates at Leavenworth are marked men; other famous ones have been Craig, Drum, Somervell, Patton, Eisenhower, Gerow. From 1907 on, Marshall was watched. He was promoted to first lieutenant and graduated, in 1908, from the then new Army Staff College.

In 1916, Lieutenant Colonel (now Brigadier General, retired) Johnson Hagood wrote on Marshall's fitness report at Fort Douglas, Utah, in response to the question, "Would you desire to have him under your immediate command, in peace and in war?" the following answer: "Yes, but I would prefer to serve under his command. . . . He should be made a brigadier general in the Regular Army, and every day this is postponed is a loss to the Army and the nation. . . . He is my junior by over eighteen hundred files. . . ."

During the first World War, Marshall won everyone's praise and Pershing's admiration (which has lasted through the years), for his feat in planning all the details of, and executing, a transfer of 600,000 men, 2,700 guns, and an immense tonnage of supplies from the St.-Mihiel salient to the Argonne, all by night to prevent enemy air observation, in less than two weeks. The Germans did not know what had happened until the Argonne offensive hit them.

After the war Pershing chose Marshall, who had been bumped back from temporary colonel to major, as his aide. From then on, since seniority was the rigid rule for promotion, Marshall just waited and waited, but most of his superiors recognized his intellectual superiority, and he was forever being commended to Secretaries of War and Chiefs of Staff as a man who ought to be pushed.

When he reached the permanent rank of colonel, in 1934, seniority no longer held him down, as above that rank there was provision for merit promotion. He moved ahead fast. It was good for him that he did, because

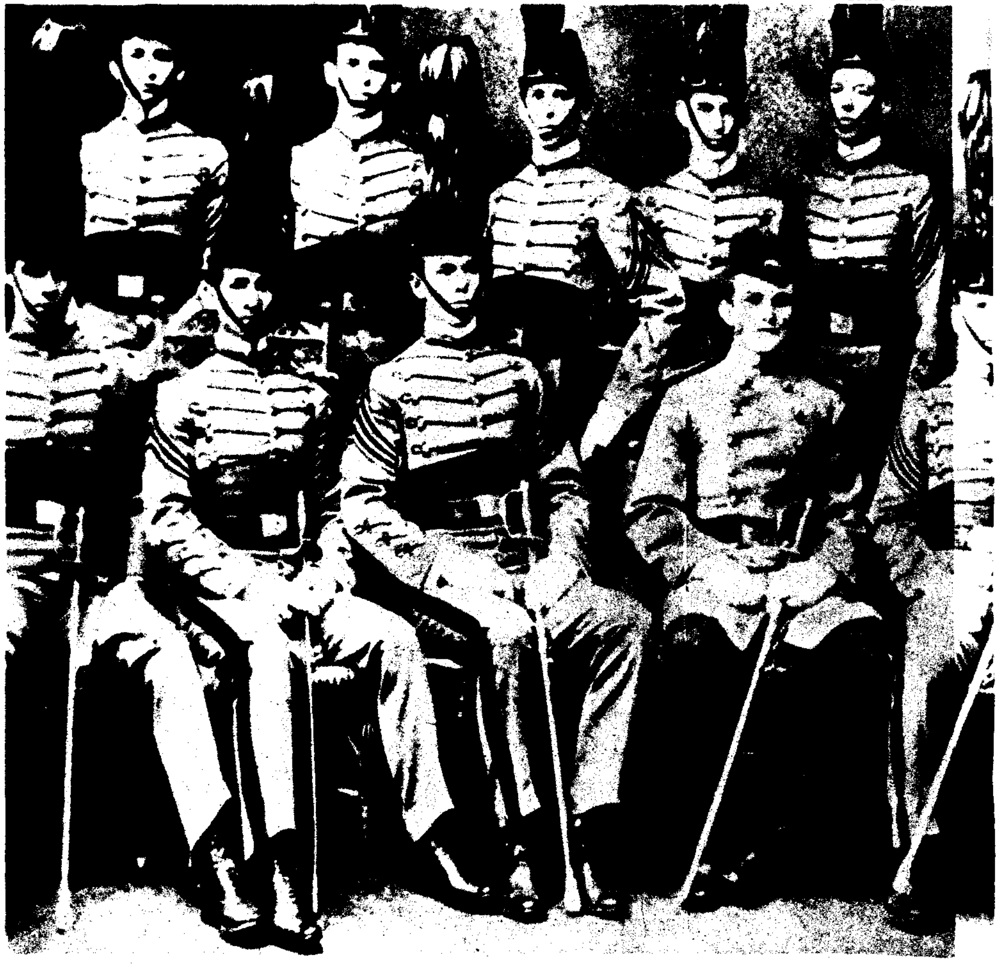
*(Continued on page 71)*

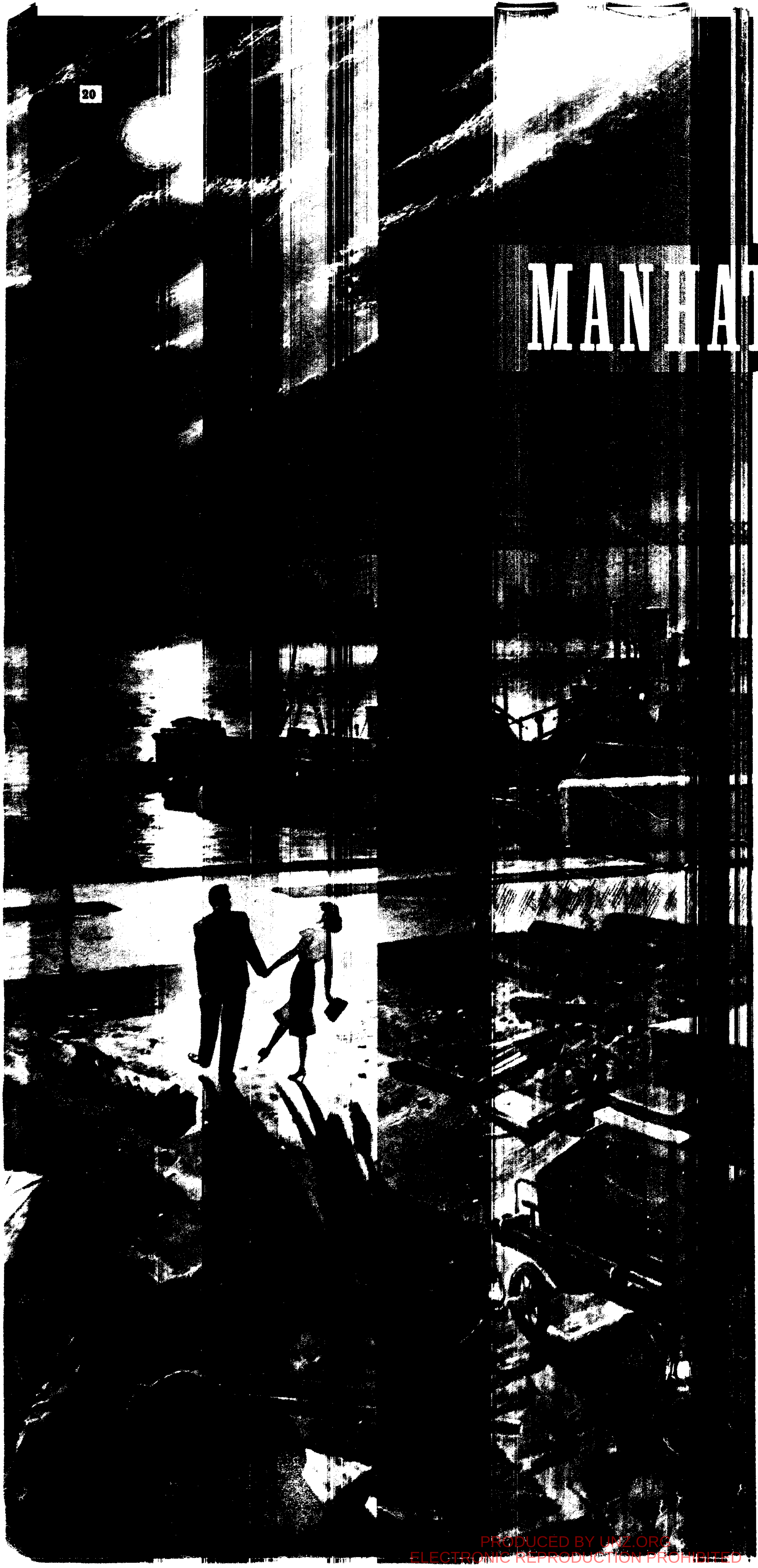
HARRIS & EWING FROM U.S. ARMY

**Though he had none of his own, Marshall is fond enough of children to take time to humor them, as he is doing to these two who welcomed him to France**

**At Virginia Military Institute, Marshall (third from left, front row) was a slow starter, but finished 15th in his class, had not one demerit in his four years**

EUROPEAN





### BY JACK FINNEY

# MANHATTAN IDYL

**The story of a summer evening—touched with magic**

MR. TIMBERLAKE RYAN frowned at his wife. "A nickel buys my silence," he growled.

She glanced up from her magazine, looked at him across the room without wonder, surprise, or any apparent emotion at all, and resumed her reading. Timberlake deepened his voice, chest and frown, and repeated, "A nickel buys silence concerning your dread secret!"

Without lifting her head, Eve moved her hand in a vague gesture. "I'm just at a good part."

Timberlake accepted defeat gracefully. And temporarily. He rose and with exaggerated silence, tiptoed across the large living room. Quietly he closed his hand over the knob of the door to the kitchen, breathing deeply and audibly until he knew he again had Eve's attention. Then he flung the door open viciously, crashing it against the kitchen wall. "Come out of there, you murdering spalpeen!" he shouted, and plunged into the opening. He grunted as though struck, staggered back, rushed forward and stopped, shifting heavily about on his feet, apparently grappling with a large, invisible opponent. "You will, will you!" he muttered. "Oh, no, you don't!"

"What's the matter, Tim?" Eve said quietly. "Haven't you anything to read?"

The struggle stopped and Tim strolled back into the room. "Nope," he said.

"Have you finished the book from the rental library?"

"Yep—in Chapter One."

Eve sighed, puffing out her cheeks with a tiny pop. She looked up at him, frowning, then suddenly smiled. He would never, he supposed, be quite prepared whenever that happened. He felt again his old, old wonder at the incredible smoothness a woman's skin could have, and the familiar surprise that her face and soft yellow hair really should be quite as attractive as they were. "What would you like to do?" Eve asked.

Tim leered at her. She stuck out her tongue and stretched luxuriously. "There's a good movie at the Beumont," she said.

"If it's a good movie it isn't at the Beumont, and if—"

"Well, what do you want to do, then?"

Tim left the room and came back with his hat. "Grab your bonnet," he said.

"I'll have to get fixed first." Eve rose. Tim opened the door to the hallway, ran rapidly to the elevator, pushed the button, and sprinted back.

"No time!" he said. "I rang the bell! Elevator's coming!"

"Oh, Tim, you always—"

"It is!" he exclaimed. "I can hear it! They'll revolt if we keep them waiting. Rise up against us!" He pushed her gently through the door, kissing the back of her neck, snapped off the hall light, and closed the door behind them.

(*Continued on page* 34)

**"I want to see the boats," Eve said. They walked to the river and watched the tugs move silently**

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

**An Anglo-American oil deal has pitched the U.S. into the international intrigue, duplicity and finagling of Iran, a country so distressed that even its king wishes the people would revolt. The Persians don't know what the next move will be, but are sure it will bring what such moves always have: trouble**

"SOMETIMES," the shah of Persia told a visitor the other day, "the patience of the Persian people with their stern lot exasperates me and I wish they would make a revolution—but one of their own without outside influence from anywhere."

The king who spoke those unkinglike words is a sad, handsome youth of twenty-seven, an olive-skinned, wiry man who has sat on Persia's uneasy throne for five years—five years of trouble, intrigue, unrest and plots.

Why should a king want his country to have a revolution?

The answer to that is the answer to a great many of the puzzles which revolve around Persia (now called Iran)—puzzles in which the United States is more deeply and directly involved than may be generally known.

The operative words in the shah's statement are: That the revolution should be "without outside influence from anywhere." No one knows better than the young king what "outside influence" means in Iran. That lesson was spelled out to him in the hot summer of 1941, when Russian troops from the north and British Tommies and Sikhs from the south met in Teheran to send tough old Shah Riza packing off to exile and eventual death in East Africa and to set the young heir on the Peacock Throne.

The British were polite and the Russians were tough—but both were firm; Riza, they said, was too close to the Nazis. Young Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi learned then that when the chips are down it is not Persia's interest, not her policies, nor her desires which are paramount. It is the will of the great powers between which an accident of geography has placed Iran.

Many people, even in Iran, dismiss the young shah as a weak youngster interested chiefly in tennis, polo, fast automobiles and airplanes. He is contrasted with the old shah, founder of the dynasty, crude, cruel and energetic, a soldier who fought his way to the top by killing his enemies or sending them into dungeons. The old shah didn't have very good manners but he did have ideas about Persia. He felt that Iran could survive only if she were yanked out of the medieval mud and into the 20th century. And he felt, too, that if Iran was not to be crushed between the imperial pressures of Russia and Britain, he must have help from some neutral power.

There is no doubt that the young shah makes a good contrast with the old. He knows Paris and London and prewar Berlin. He is politely embarrassed by the Opera House his father started but never finished, partly because no opera singers would come to Persia. It pains him to see the beautiful race track where no races were run because owners would not send their horses to Persia. And the young shah laughs good-naturedly at the curious railroad which his father built—from a second-rate Persian Gulf port to a second-rate Caspian port, as far as possible from any Russian harbor.

At Teheran cocktail parties you are not apt to hear so much about the shah's ideas as about his marriage—how his young wife, the Princess Fawzieh, sister of Egypt's King Farouk, has left him. More than a year ago the princess, one of the most beautiful women in the world, returned to Cairo, leaving behind her young daughter, the Princess Shahnaz.

"You see," say the gossips, shrugging their shoulders, "he cannot even hold a wife—let alone a kingdom."

Well, what of his kingdom?

The nobles of Persia, the princes, the landlords, the rich men who have made the pilgrimage to Paris as well as to Mecca, do not understand a shah who talks of revolutions. They are bewildered when the king speaks of the rights of his people to earn a decent, living wage, to learn to read and write, to get medical attention for their sores and chancres.

Iran's living costs are up more than 1,000 per cent since the war and 95 per cent of the wealth is held by 3,000 families out of a total population of 16,500,000. Iran's "normal" death rate is one out of every 33 persons, and the U.S. Army has estimated the venereal disease rate as one of the world's highest.

The opportunity for quick profits in the skyrocketing price scale, which has

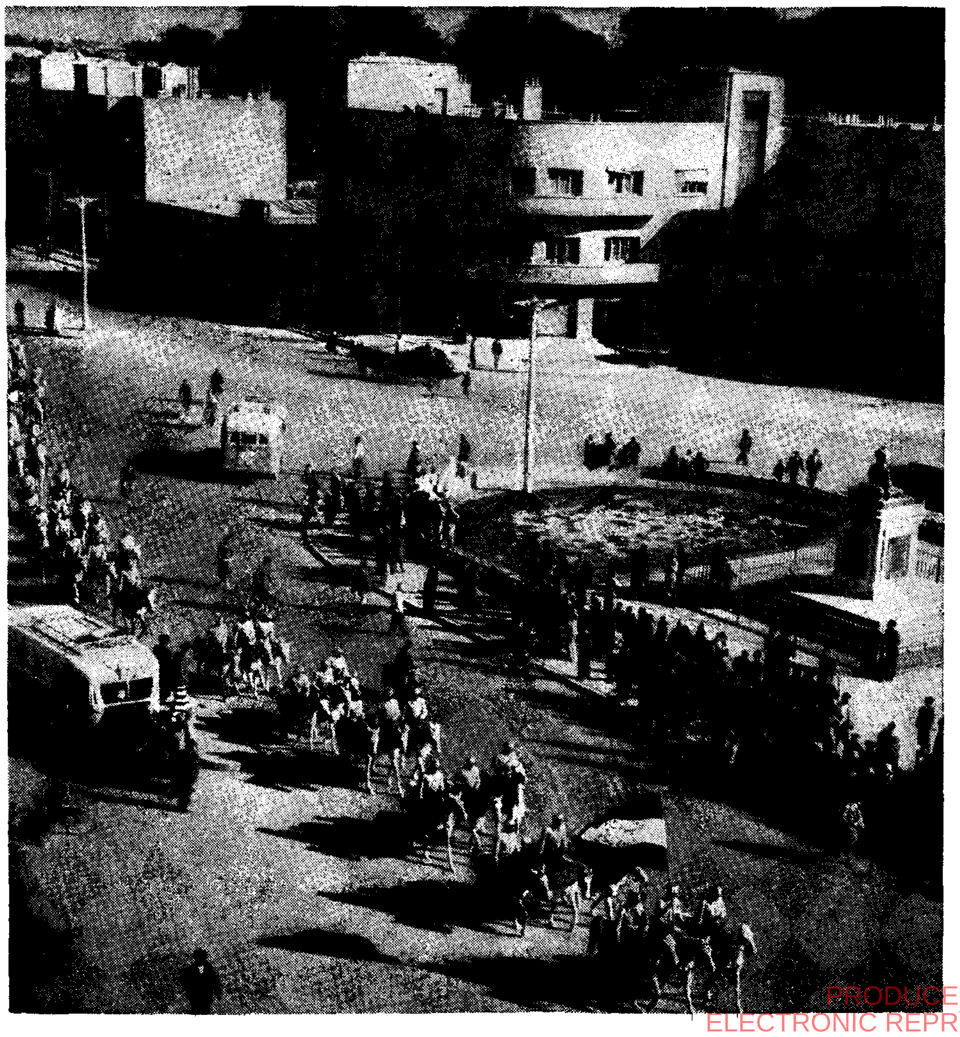
*(Continued on page 38)*

# OIL TROUBLES IRAN'S WATERS

## BY EDWARD P. MORGAN
## AND HARRISON E. SALISBURY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

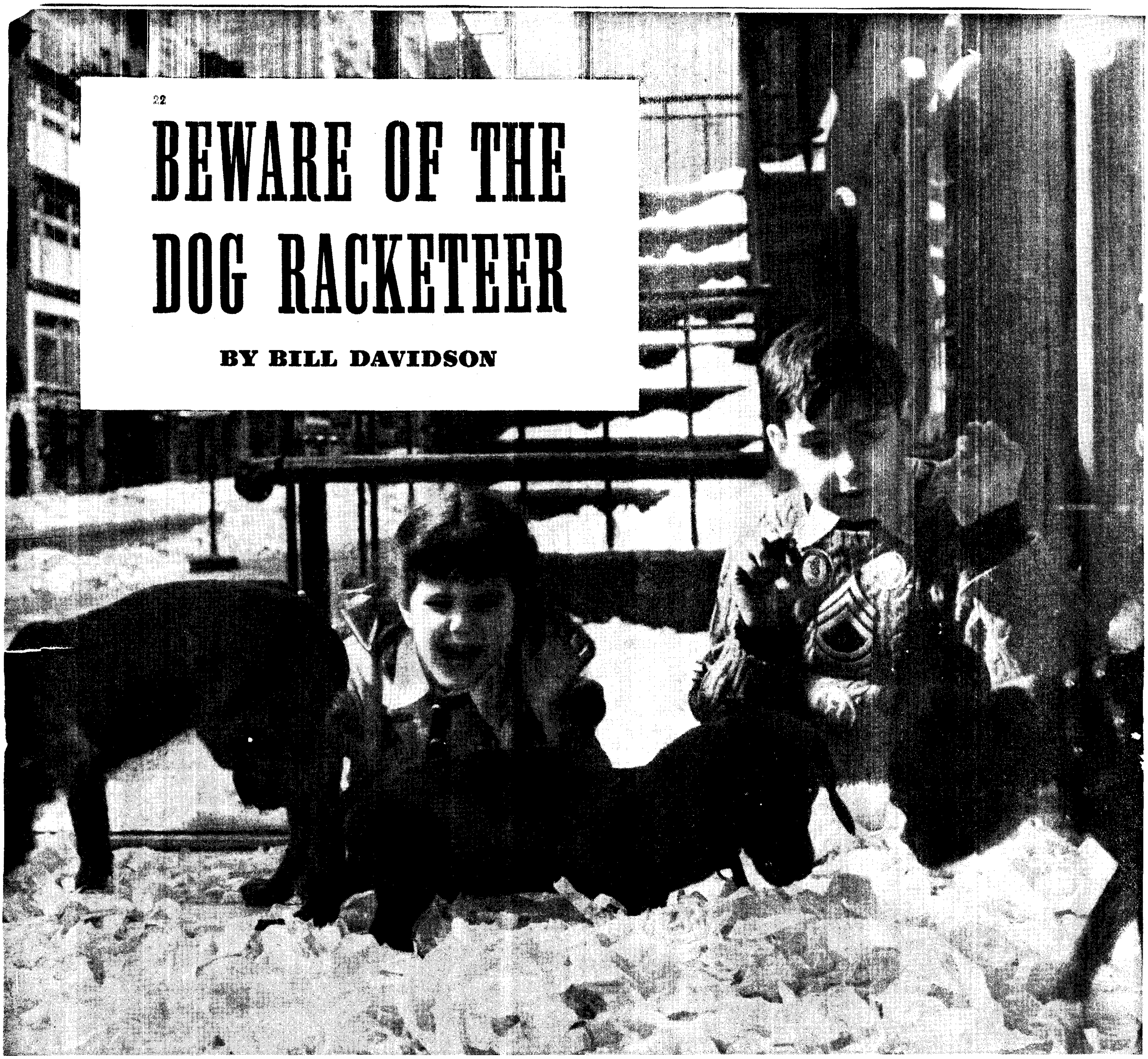
**Iranian troops, here parading in Teheran, were the ace in Premier's oil game**



**Fierce, swashbuckling Kurdish tribesmen like these add color to Persia's bazaars**

# BEWARE OF THE DOG RACKETEER

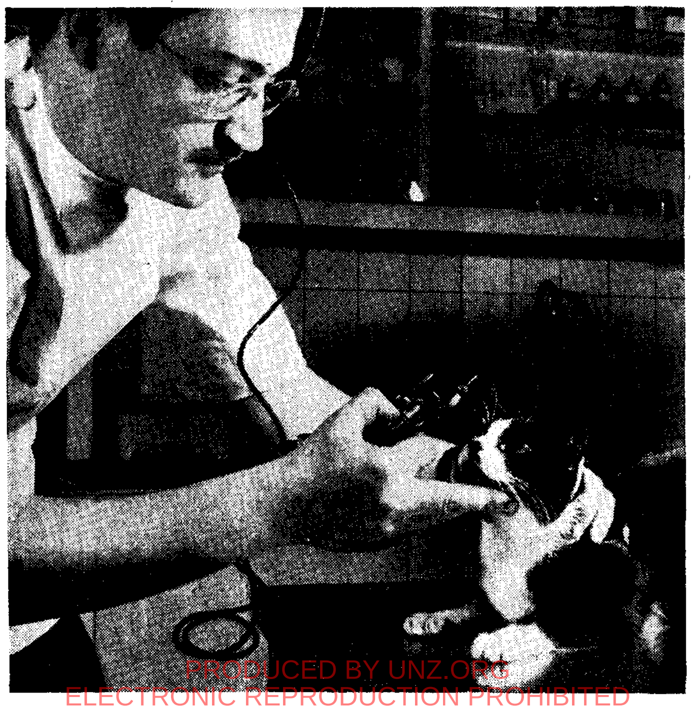
### BY BILL DAVIDSON



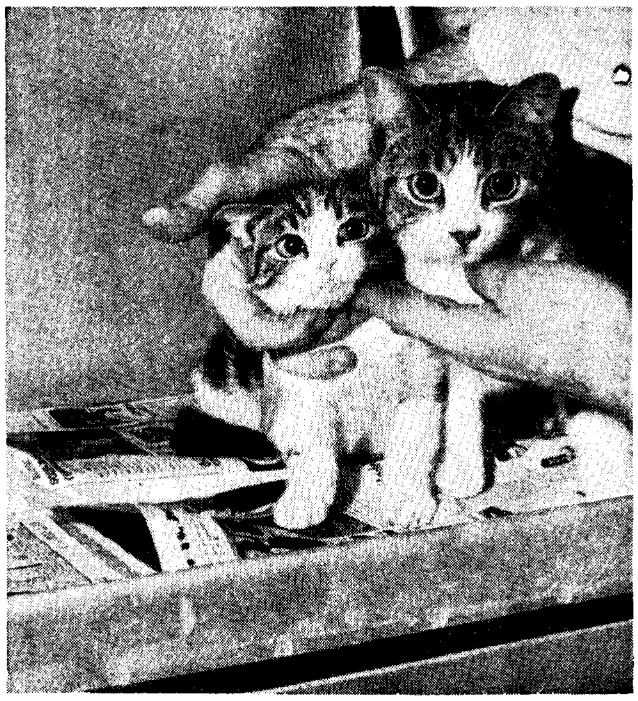
**He may be a lively, healthy-looking pup as he appeals to you from the store window. But don't go overboard for him until you are sure that he is being offered for sale by a reputable dealer, and not a pet-shop racketeer**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY HANS KNOPF

The bright side of the picture: Here Dr. J. R. Sterling examines the eyes of a feline patient in his excellent hygienic pet hospital



At Dr. Sterling's hospital, the mother cat and her kittens are kept in a sanitary, porcelain-lined metal cage



A NEW YORK veterinarian, who is an admirer of Phineas T. Barnum, has a series of four cartoons in his office to illustrate the famous nineteenth-century showman's axiom, "There's a sucker born every minute." The first cartoon shows a rural gentleman purchasing the Brooklyn Bridge; in the second, the same character is negotiating for a gold brick; in the third, he is listening to the spiel of a medicine-show barker; and in the fourth, he is standing before a pet-shop window looking at a litter of puppies.

The cartoons are arranged in this order because the veterinarian is at a loss to understand how shrewd, strong-willed men and women, who otherwise pride themselves on their business acumen, get caught in phony or diseased-pet deals. This also is a source of bewilderment to such organizations as the American Veterinary Medical Association (the veterinary equivalent of the American Medical Association), and the Better Business Bureaus and Humane Societies of various American cities, all of whom come up with some startling figures.

It seems that some 600,000 dogs and cats are purchased annually from commercial pet shops all over the United States. Of these, nearly half have rickets, worms, or deadly distemper, picked up in unscrupulously run, disease-infested stores; and approximately 25 per cent die within a few days after being taken home. Nearly 30 per cent of the allegedly pedigreed animals have phony or forged pedigree papers, and nearly 5 per cent are "hot" or stolen animals.

The Anti-Cruelty Society of Chicago claims that of the 50 commercial pet shops in Greater Chicago only 5 are scrupulously run; and 25 are such constant violators of the sanitary and anticruelty codes that the inspectors have standing orders to check on them automatically every time they are in the neighborhood. In New York, the American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals estimates that in less than half of the city's 400 pet shops can the buyer expect an honest break.

On the other side of the ledger, there *are* plenty of well-run, sanitary pet shops with fine reputations; there *are* cities where strong local law enforcement has weeded out most of the bad ones; and good common sense on the part of the public *can* drive the bad ones out of business in a matter of months. But in the meantime, the great American pet-shop racket is flourishing.

In Chicago recently, for instance, there was a highway pet-shop owner in the outskirts of the city who had received several warnings from the Anti-Cruelty Society and Building Department inspectors, but still he refused to clean up his filthy, disease-ridden shop—and still gullible motorists stopped by to purchase his sick puppies. Finally, Dr. Wesley A. Young, the able, two-fisted veterinarian-director of the Anti-Cruelty Society, got a summons for the pet-shop owner's arrest. By the time Dr. Young and the police got there, the man had disappeared and the shop was locked.

It took Dr. Young three days to get a warrant permitting him to break the padlock and enter the shop. When he and the police broke in on the third day, he found a scene that in its way paralleled Belsen and Dachau. There were 77 live dogs (mostly spaniels), 3 live cats and 11 dead dogs, all crowded into the tiny area of the shop. The emaciated, disease-racked live dogs were eating the dead dogs.

Dr. Young immediately took the live animals to the Anti-Cruelty Society's hospital in downtown Chicago. But by the end of the week, only 13 of the 77 surviving dogs were still alive. The rest of the dogs, plus the three cats, had all succumbed to starvation and bacteria of the pet shop, in spite of the best medical care that Dr. Young (one of the country's finest veterinarians) could give them.

A few days later, the pet-shop owner tried to slap a $1,000 suit against the Anti-Cruelty Society for the loss of his animals. Instead, the police department slapped the original summons on *him,* and he was hauled up before a police-court judge. He was fined the grand total of $25 for his transgressions. Then, supposedly chastened, he went back to peddling new animals to new suckers from the same old stand.

Another famous case developed in Baltimore a few years ago, when the Better Business Bureau of that city published the following open letter, using the name and address of the shop and its owner:

Dear Dr. X——:

Most everyone we know is a pet lover. Although you may have many satisfied customers, the same as other dealers, it just happens that most everyone we know who has purchased a pet from you is a complainant against you and your shop.

Most every complainant we know states that his or her puppy purchased from you on a guarantee of good health has been taken deathly sick within two or three days after purchase and in many instances the puppies have been returned to you for treatment, only to die while under your care.

It is apparently true, Dr. X——, that you do then offer to these pet lovers another puppy; but usually, and this was verified in my original conversation with you, at fifty per cent off on the purchase price of another dog."

In several instances, Dr. X——, Baltimoreans complain that they have had a second puppy—and sometimes a third—but all puppies showed the same symptoms of illness.

Why, Dr. X——?

Very truly yours,
Better Business Bureau
of Baltimore, Inc.
Dwight L. Holmes,
General Manager.

This letter caused a public furor in Baltimore, and a month or so later the pet shop filed a libel suit for $50,000 damages against the Better Business Bureau and its director, Mr. Holmes. The case was tried before Superior Court Judge Emory H. Niles on December 8, 1944.

Before that day was over, a parade of witnesses had filed to the stands, each corroborating with a personal experience the truth of the Better Business Bureau charges. Then representatives of the Baltimore newspapers reported that they, too, had received so many complaints against the shop that they refused to accept the shop's advertising any longer. It didn't take the jury thirty minutes to throw out the libel charges and decide in favor of the Better Business Bureau.

It isn't often that these cases turn out so well, however, and unfortunately, the tricks of the unscrupulous pet dealers are legion. Their favorite dodge is to buy skinny, half-dead pups for practically nothing, and then feed them water-soaked bread until their bellies swell up and they look temporarily fat—just long enough for a customer to come in and buy them. All over the country, too, it is the custom, when a dog has a cough and a running nose from distemper, to attribute it to the fact that the floor was just swept, or that the pups may have inhaled some flea powder.

Dr. H. Preston Hoskins, editor of The North American Veterinarian (official organ of the American Animal Hospital Association), says that many a pet shop is a hotbed of disease, which is brought in from all sources and remains there. Dr. Young in Chicago has seen pet shops where there was no running water; where puppies were kept in a dirt-floor, garbage-filled basement; where the animals had no fly-screen protection in the summer; and where the puppies were so crowded in their cages that it was impossible to lie down.

One Chicago woman was fined twice for having a dead puppy lying for several hours among live pups in her pet-shop window. A notorious New York pet dealer was fined $100 on one occasion when the foul smell from his uncleaned pet shop drove all the patrons out of a cafeteria four doors away. Concerning another ill-famed New York dealer, the head of the A.S.P.C.A. Complaint Department said, "He has been in the pet business for 30 years now, and for 25 of those 30 years he has been a thorn in our side."

Except for the minority of established dealers with fine, impeccable reputations, nearly every pet shop in the country, according to the American Veterinary Medical Association, violates some part of the Veterinary Practice Act of the state in which it operates. In order to save veterinary fees, the dealer goes to the drugstore for sulfa drugs and distemper "worm pills" serum, and acts as doctor to his own animals—without benefit of college diploma.

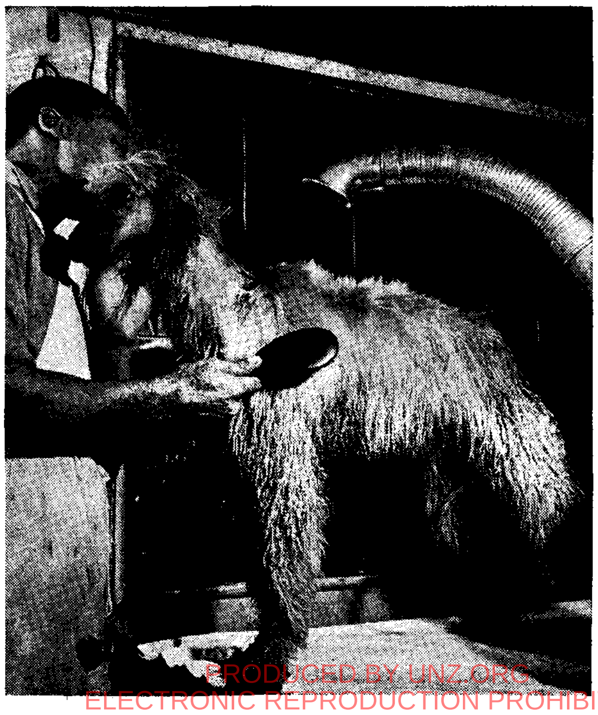
The result of this illegal dabbling with dangerous drugs is passed on to the customer.

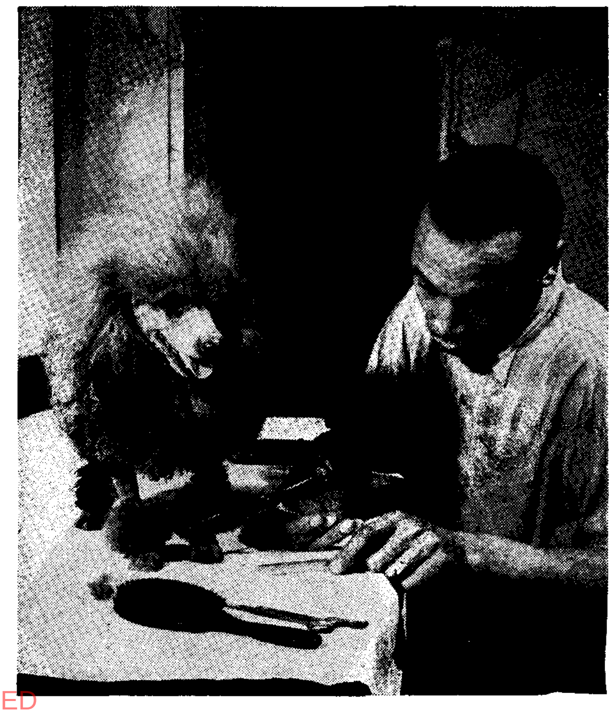
The owner of the pet-shop concession in a nationally known department store carries one bad practice to an ingenious degree. Because of the reputation of the store, the pet shop is forced to carry a 10-day guarantee on its sales slip. When this concession owner sells a sick dog or cat, he apparently poses as a veterinarian and dispenses free medical advice to the customer over the phone, to help the animal survive the 10-day guarantee period. The A.S.P.C.A. lists more complaints against this shop than nearly any other in the city.

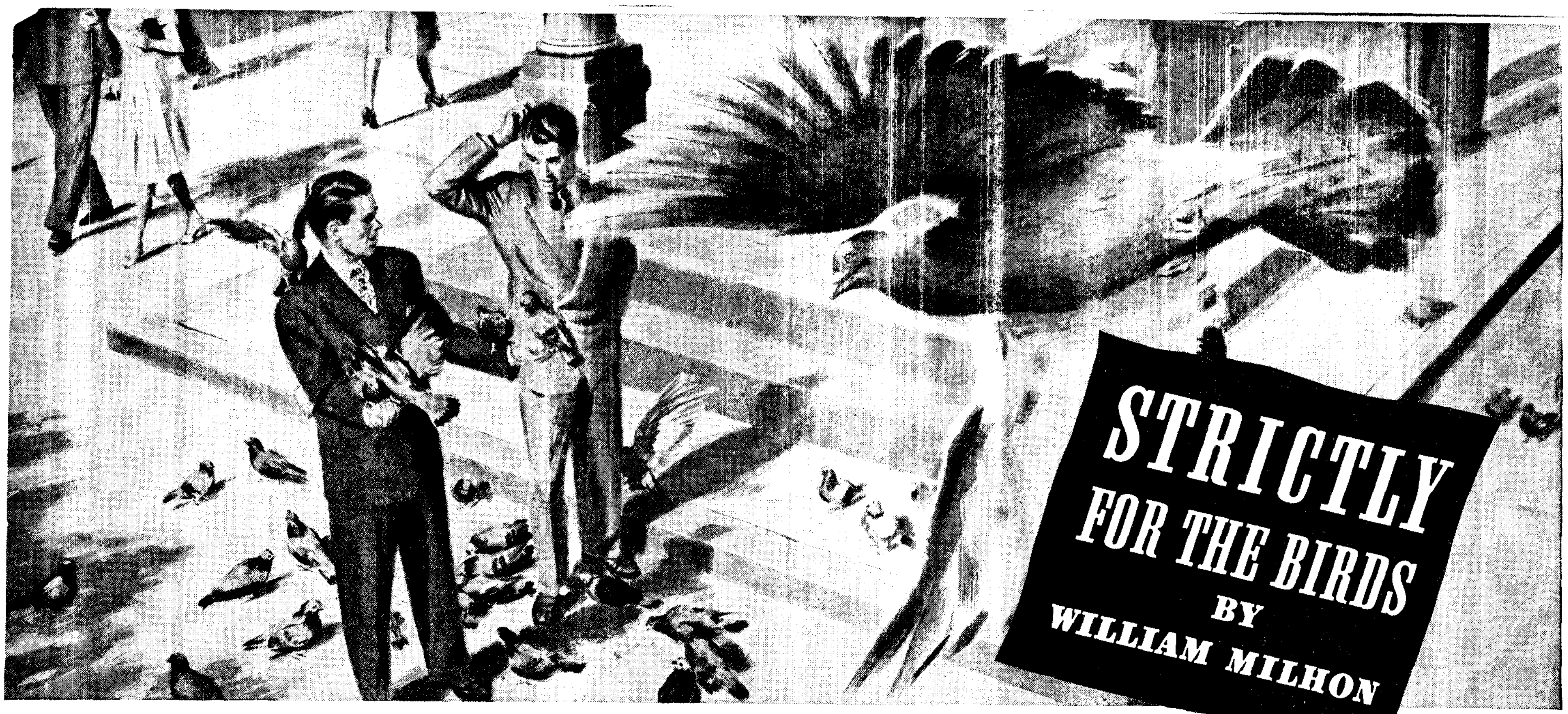
Sometimes the most reputable-looking stores are the worst offenders. The Better Business Bureau of New York, for instance, has a file of complaints against one large, busy shop in the downtown financial district that is

*(Continued on page 51)*

**Lucky dog! An Afghan gets his scrubbing at another excellent New York pet hospital, Dogs, Inc.**


**Thoroughly scrubbed, the Afghan is dried and brushed. Note the electric dryer, like those in beauty parlors**


**This poodle was lucky too. Taken to Dogs, Inc., he seems to enjoy being clipped by a careful attendant**



# STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS

BY WILLIAM MILHON

"You like birds a lot, don't you?" I said. He looked at me and he didn't smile. "I hate boids. Boids is the dumbest things on oith"

THIS guy who feeds the pigeons is driving me silly. I'm about to lose my job on account of this pigeon man, and I don't even know his name.

I pass him every day on my way back to the office after lunch. He stands on Pennsylvania Avenue, across the street from the Federal Trade Commission building, by this monument the birds have adopted. The monument has a stork on the roof, and two big stone fish twisted together inside it. It's for the birds, all right. It has more pigeons per square inch than any other monument in Washington, D. C.

This guy is thin and dark; young, about my age. He usually has three or four pigeons sitting on his left arm and a dozen more circling around him.

I passed right by him the first few days. Then one day the traffic light caught me. I walked over to him. You feel friendly toward a guy who feeds pigeons.

"You like birds a lot, don't you?" I said.

He looked at me, and he didn't smile. "I hate boids. Boids is the dumbest things on oith."

The light changed then, and I left. The boss allows me thirty-five minutes for lunch. I can go to the drugstore, eat four sandwiches, and get back to the office on time if I make all the traffic lights. Today I was two minutes late. The boss glared at me.

The next day I went over to the pigeon man again. I meant to ask him why didn't he feed the squirrels if he hated birds so much.

A pigeon lighted on his head and he didn't move.

"Look at them pink feet," he said. "Look at them red eyes. Look at the dumb way they walk. I hate boids."

"Why do you feed them, then?"

"I got brains, Mac," he said. "Moxie."

"Oh."

He grinned at me. "It's a laugh, Mac. I'm hungry, see? I'm starvin' to death, and here I stand feedin' these dumb boids."

I'm a bookkeeper. You can see how something like this would upset my mind. It didn't balance. A guy hates pigeons but he feeds them. A guy is hungry but he gives food away

Maybe I wouldn't have been so upset if I hadn't been homesick and lonely. I've been in Washington for six months, working, minding my own business. If you mind your own business in a strange city, you get lonely.

Sometimes I think about those big, healthy girls back home in Iowa and I get very nervous. Washington is full of women but they aren't friendly like the girls in Sioux City.

I was four minutes late that day. The boss glanced at his watch and then looked hard at me. I made a note to fix this pigeon man the next time I saw him.

"Look," I said to him the next day. "You're starving to death."

"Yeah," he said. "No lunches."

"You need some dough?"

"Nah," he said. "Thanks, Mac. I got dough. This is my lunch hour, see?"

"Why don't you eat?"

"I got to feed the boids."

The boss cleared his throat significantly when I walked in five minutes late.

That afternoon I got to thinking about this stupid guy with the pigeons and I spoiled a ledger sheet. I had drawn a pigeon on it.

Of course I had to copy a new sheet and put it in the ledger. The boss saw me throw the old sheet in the wastebasket. He walked away, scratching his nose very thoughtfully.

ON FRIDAY the pigeon man had five of them lined up on his arm and he was popping bread crumbs into their bills.

"Look at me," he said. "I lose five pounds. These boids get fat."

"Look," I said, "why do you have to feed these birds?"

"I'm gonna catch me a pigeon, Mac."

"You got five of them right there."

He sneered. "Them's just dumb boids! I'm gonna catch me a certain special pigeon."

I was eleven minutes late. When I came in the boss started humming Nearer My God to Thee. It made me uneasy.

Maybe I could find a job in Sioux City.

I spent the week end thinking about the man with the pigeons. He wasn't stupid. He was feeding those birds for a good reason. The way I analyzed it, this special pigeon he was looking for had to be a carrier pigeon. This bird had a message on its leg, maybe. Something important.

I rejected the theory that came to me first: international spies. The F.B.I. building is only two blocks down the avenue from where he feeds the pigeons. A foreign agent wouldn't have that much nerve, and he wouldn't let anyone suspect him.

I weighed myself on a penny scale. I'd lost a pound and a half.

On Monday, I found out why the boss had been humming. He figured that I was doing a little juggling. Two auditors had their feet on my desk when I got to work. I showed them where everything was, and then sat and chewed my nails until lunchtime.

The pigeon man nodded to me. "Hi, Mac."

"You caught that pigeon yet?"

"Nah," he said. "I seen her. I talked to her. But I ain't caught her."

"Look. This pigeon is banded, isn't it?"

"Say," he said. "You cracking wise? I don't like that kind of talk, Mac."

"Banded," I said, hastily. "Identification, you know. Around the leg, like."

"Oh," he said. "Oh, yeah. I thought you meant like banded in Boston, which is a doity crack any way you look at it, see?"

I didn't see at all. But one thing I was sure of now, he was trying to cover up. The pigeon carried an important message. Atomic secrets?

In the washroom at the office, I found a gray hair on the right side of my head.

The auditors nosed around all afternoon. They were there when I came to work the next morning. I didn't feel so good about this audit. Even the best bookkeepers make mistakes from time to time. I called Union Station and checked on trains to Sioux City.

I didn't eat lunch that day. I beat it to Pennsylvania Avenue and walked up to the pigeon man. My peace of mind was more important than food.

"Look," I said, "I'm on to you."

"I knew you'd catch on."

"But I'm still a little confused."

"Aw, Mac, quit that. There ain't nothin' confusin' about it. I got her," he said, grinning.

"The pigeon?"

"Yeah. Mission accomplished."

"What happens now?"

"You ain't that dumb," he said. "You think I done without noon chow for two weeks for my health?"

"No," I said doubtfully. "Why?"

"It's psychology, see? I don't like boids, but other people likes boids. There's lots of people in the woild what's nuts about boids. Right?"

"Check."

"Okay. So everybody sees me. They think: There stands a right guy, feedin' the poor boids. Follow me?"

"Yeah."

"Awright. I stand here for two weeks. Everybody says, 'I know that guy.' So that's how I catch my pigeon."

I shook my head. "I don't get it."

"There she is now," he said, and he pointed toward the Trade Commission building across the street.

THERE were a lot of pigeons over there. But I didn't see which one he meant, as there was a very pretty girl standing right where he was pointing.

"The first week, Mac," he said confidentially, "I get a dozen telephone numbers. Pigeons from places like Iowa."

"I'm from Iowa."

"No offense, Mac. See, I ain't interested in Iowa pigeons. It is ten days before Rosie gives me a tumble. This little pigeon you obsoive stepping up on the coib is Rosie. A Brooklyn pigeon, Mac."

The pretty girl smiled at the pigeon man. He grinned at her, threw his bread crumbs away, and winked at me. "You get the pitch, Mac?"

"Sure," I said. "Thanks."

The pretty girl grabbed his arm and they walked down Pennsylvania Avenue together.

The boss stopped me. I was late again. "The books are okay, Egbert," he said. "Good work." He folded his arms and scowled. "You've been coming in late."

I told him that I had been held up at the grocery, and when he didn't believe me, I showed him the box I had bought.

"H'mm," he said. "Why were you buying bread crumbs?"

"It's for the pigeons."

"Aaah! A bird lover, eh?"

"I hate birds," I explained.

Let him scratch his nose. Let him figure it out the hard way. Meanwhile, I'm going to catch me a pigeon from Iowa.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ

# Experienced Traveler

PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL on the country's de luxe trains will tell you this, if you haven't already discovered it for yourself . . .

It's a mighty cheery thing, when you're on a trip, to meet up with that experienced traveler, that very aristocratic friend, Four Roses.

For Four Roses is a whiskey with a most distinctive and *different* flavor . . . with a mellow smoothness all its own.

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**Fine Blended Whiskey**—95.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old, and 60% grain neutral spirits.

**FOUR ROSES**

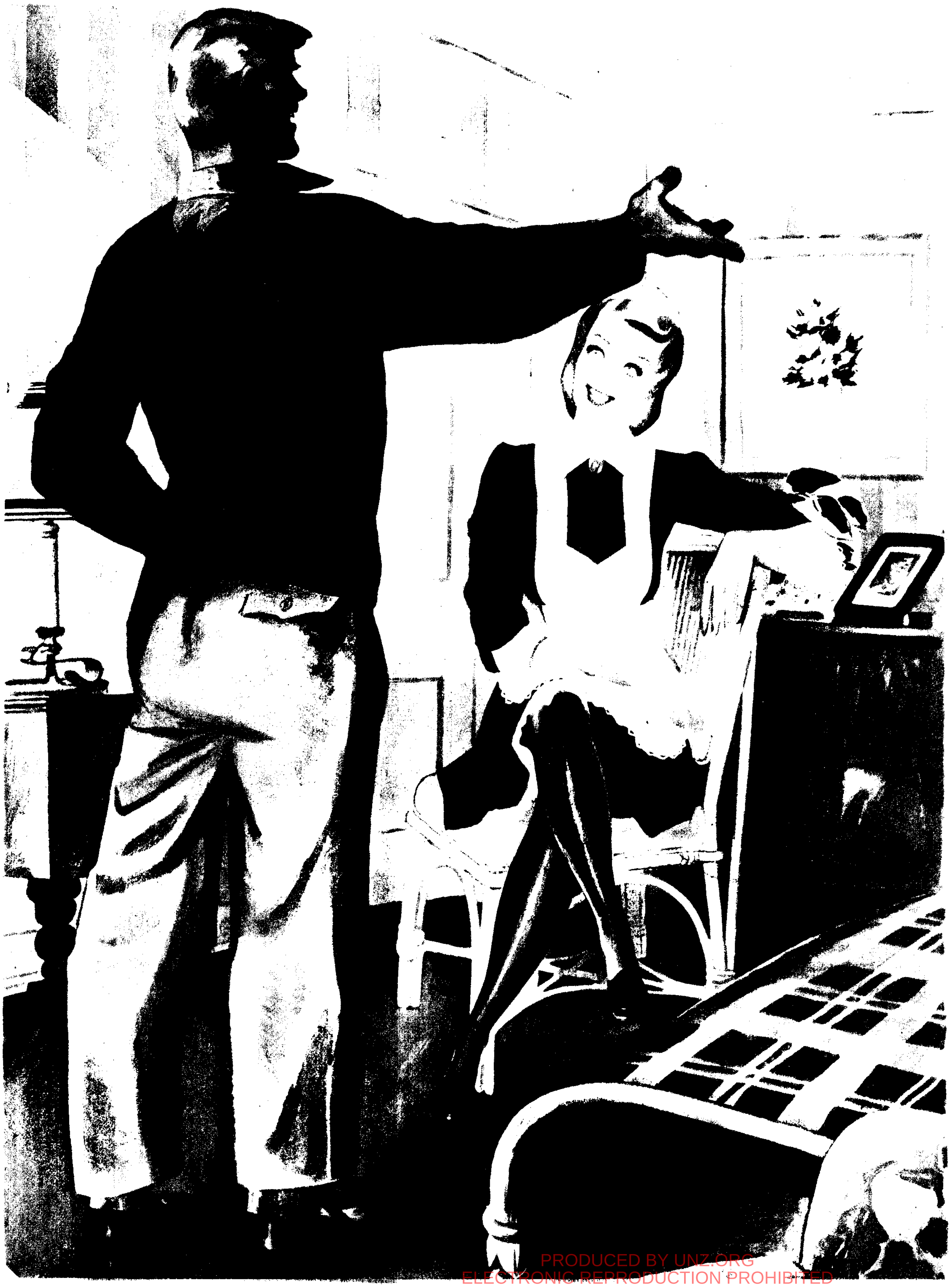
AMERICA'S MOST
FAMOUS BOUQUET

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York

# THURSDAY IS FOR LOVE

### BY HARLAN WARE

A good man needs more than twenty-four hours a day to make the most of life and love



"Such sums I am making, Aino!" Vello said. "It is glorious. I am paid even when I am eating"

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM PACHNER

VELLO NARVA leaped from the streetcar, raced through the winter darkness and threw open the door of the employees' entrance. Rich, heady fragrances wafted up the circular iron stairway, smells of hot fresh coffee and today's Danish pastries and yawning ovenfuls of new crusty bread. He drew deep of the perfume until it gradually dissipated in the less stirring aroma of fresh air from the alley. He banged shut the door.

Then he punched his timecard and clattered down the greasy steps two at a time. At work before sunrise! At work, due to his flash of inspiration, at the magnificent hour of five o'clock in the morning! It was glorious. Why had not such a simple idea occurred to him before? What nonsense it had been, tossing and turning in his rented bed, waiting for seven. What a thickness in the head!

He skidded across the tiles, slammed open his locker and tied on his bus boy's apron with quick seaman's fingers. The hotel kitchens at this superb moment were athrob with promise. Steam tables hissed emptily, waiting for food. Copper pots gleamed warmly in the dimness. Ranges and ovens brooded, unattended. Only in the pastry kitchen, and in the bright corner that served the Coffee Shop, was there the usual hurry and bustle. He yearned to be part of it but, because of a custom of the country, he resolutely turned his back and hurried down the scrubbed corridor to the Help's Hall.

From a giant shining urn he poured a brimming cup of rich black coffee, selected from a tray a glazed yesterday's pastry and sat in lonely happiness at the bus boys' table, eating. What a country! What a custom! Here you punched your timecard *first*, then poured your coffee; and while you ate your exquisite breakfast, the jerking hands of the time clock were earning money for you. In Estonia no one would believe it!

It had been difficult for Vello himself to believe it. But after a week of persuasion in many languages he had accepted the revolutionary idea. Since he spoke none of the gibble-gabble of the kitchens, neither French, nor Russian, nor German, nor Armenian, nor Polish, nor English, ideas were conveyed to him with shrugs, lifted eyebrows, gestures and gentle shoves. He answered everyone courteously in Estonian, saying: "I wish but to follow the customs of the country." He had answered this to Mr. Orloff, the chef, to Mr. Minnon, the banquet manager, to Mr. Lerck, the cashier, to captains and waiters and once, even, to M. Fumagally, the maître d'hôtel. And while they did not understand they recognized in him an indefatigable young man of good will. "Atta boy, Vello!" they said to him. It was splendid.

SPLENDID! It was a world of little miracles! For who would have believed he could have found the lovely Aino so promptly?

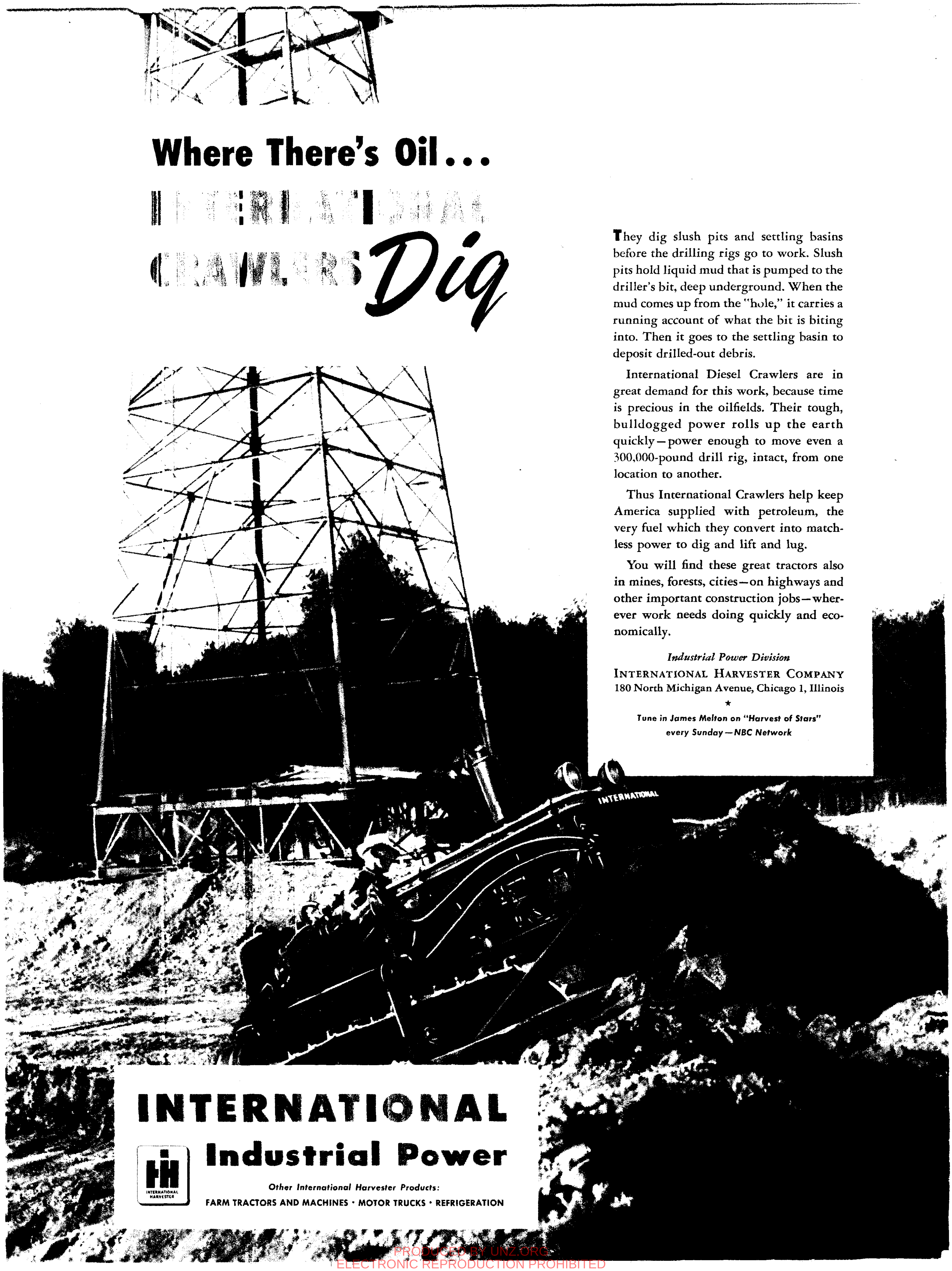
He had worked for the hotel less than a fortnight—spending daily but eight short hours washing banquet dishes—when, one snowy afternoon, he discovered a friendly Nordic face on the street.

"Are you, sir, a Finn?" Vello asked.

"But yes!" said the gentleman,

# Where There's Oil...

# INTERNATIONAL CRAWLERS *Dig*



They dig slush pits and settling basins before the drilling rigs go to work. Slush pits hold liquid mud that is pumped to the driller's bit, deep underground. When the mud comes up from the "hole," it carries a running account of what the bit is biting into. Then it goes to the settling basin to deposit drilled-out debris.

International Diesel Crawlers are in great demand for this work, because time is precious in the oilfields. Their tough, bulldogged power rolls up the earth quickly—power enough to move even a 300,000-pound drill rig, intact, from one location to another.

Thus International Crawlers help keep America supplied with petroleum, the very fuel which they convert into matchless power to dig and lift and lug.

You will find these great tractors also in mines, forests, cities—on highways and other important construction jobs—wherever work needs doing quickly and economically.

*Industrial Power Division*
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**every Sunday—NBC Network**

# INTERNATIONAL
# Industrial Power

*Other International Harvester Products:*
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Guess We're Just Brothers Under the Skin!
THIS KIND OF TREATMENT GETS UNDER A GUY'S HIDE AFTER AWHILE, JANICE! SO QUIT STALLING! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
JACK, YOU'RE AS STUBBORN AS A DONKEY! OR YOU'D HAVE TAKEN THE HINT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH LONG AGO!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
HAY! HAY! JACK'S OKAY! NOW THEY'RE HEADING INTO DOUBLE HARNESS!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

glancing upward at Vello's hat. "And you are an Estonian seaman!"

"That was in the past. Now I am a bus boy in the Grand-Embassy Hotel," said Vello proudly.

It was fascinating that one could speak Estonian when another spoke Finnish and yet communication passed back and forth.

"Sir," said Vello, "I am searching for my sweetheart named Aino Jaansoo who long ago escaped from the protection of the Germans. Now I am here, having escaped from the protection of the Russians. Tell me, if you will, where do I find a small girl named Aino Jaansoo in so large a city as this?"

"Have you tried the Honorary Estonian Vice-Consul?"

"Of him I have not even heard so much as a rumor!"

"Come, I will show you."

The Finn led him into a glittering drugstore, as colorful, almost, as an old-country carnival. There they opened a thick book and decided on numbers. Vello watched in admiration while the Finn expertly spun the dial on the telephone. Like a swift scene in a cinema the search was concluded and Vello found himself hurtling forward in a railroad car toward a town that was both city and country, a suburb. It was utter simplicity. The conductor read a note which the Finn had written. In a kindly way he ejected Vello at the proper station. Then a policeman read the note also, and sent him walking east.

Big lazy flakes were falling from placid skies, the trees about him were heavy with whiteness, and the houses on all sides were snug and secure. What a country, America! What beauty about him!

He came to a palace on the lake shore, walked unchallenged around it and put a big finger on the pearl bell button at the back door.

And there was Aino!

There before his hungry eyes was Aino in a black dress with a white apron, looking at him, almost in disbelief. He spread wide his arms.

The taste of her lips was bewildering, like a sharp recollection—and then real, as though this were actually happening. Her slim arms about his neck were real. Her body tight against him was warm, and real. It was all true.

"Did I not say I would find you?" he asked her, gently, because she was crying. "Did I not promise?"

"Oh, Vello," she said. "Oh, my heart!"

Snowflakes melted on her closed eyelids. Snowflakes were jewels in her yellow hair.

And after not quite enough of this, she took him inside.

Here was another kitchen, a businessman's kitchen, gleaming also with copper and silver and washed tiles, slick with linoleum. Mrs. Eenpalu, the cook, dried her red hands and welcomed him heartily; and then he went with Aino to her bedroom down the stairs.

He sat in the upholstered chair and she on the straight one and they held hands tightly, to keep the moment true. She told her adventures, running away from the Germans, and he told his, of hiding in the woods from both Germans and Russians, and of sailing the sea. And they talked about America, saying in Estonian: "What a country! What a land it is!"

And Aino was laughing now.

"One more kiss to erase all the absence," Vello announced, but a bell rang sharply on the wall above them.

"I must answer the front door," Aino said primly. "It will not take long."

She gave him a newspaper scrapbook to beguile the time. In it were clippings about all the Estonians who had sailed to America in little boats; there was a thirty-eight-foot boat, crowded to the gunwales, and a forty-foot boat, even more crowded, and there was his boat, with himself standing in it, alone. And there he was on other pages, always the same picture, with Miami palm trees in the background, and a variety of American headlines presumably telling the tale of his adventures. This was puzzling. Why so many? Why so much of the same?

But when Aino came back she explained that Mrs. Eenpalu had told her employers of Vello's dangerous journey. They had subscribed to a clipping service for Aino. Though duplicate pictures had appeared in many different cities Aino could not get too many. She hoarded them. They had helped ease the ache in her heart.

"You see, Vello," she said, pressing against his shoulder as he turned the pages, "I am the only one who knows the true story, the one which is not printed."

"Is it not all here?" he asked, disappointed. "The big wind off Hatteras?"

"Oh, *that!* But nowhere does it mention the romance behind it."

"A good thing, too," he decided. "That is our business."

"But to a woman it is thrilling, Vello, don't you see? A woman is proud that a man will sail across oceans in a tiny boat to come to her."

"To come to her, yes," said Vello frankly. "But to escape the secret police also!"

"Oh, Vello!"

But to have hurt her feelings was not too bad, since one could comfort her. One could sit in the rich upholstered chair and snuggle her close and tell how the memory of her lips was the sweetest of all memories. One could explain a man's view of this amazing new world and what could be done in it.

"Aino, in America we can be unafraid," he said, tipping her chin up. "A knock on the door at night is but a friend arriving, or a stranger who has lost his way." Though he knew this for sure it was still remarkable that here were no *salapolitsei* but only big cops in uniforms to show you the way.

He picked Aino up and sat her down in the other chair, then stood before her, gesturing.

Here in America, Vello said, a man with energy could work many hours in a hotel and make much money and save it, nearly all.

"Such sums I am making, Aino! In the days of our republic it would have been enormous in kroons. And later in marks. Or now in rubles. If I work through the noon hour, my lunch is free. Or for the dinner hour, my dinner. My apron is free, fresh and starched every morning. It is glorious, Aino! My hours are paid, every hour, even when I am eating."

She got up and hugged him delightedly. "But it is so with me, too!" she told him. "My meals are free, and my uniforms also. And this room! Have you not studied my room with appreciation, Vello?"

He inspected the room. There were paintings on the wall, and a soft bed. There was a shiny bathroom with many towels. There was a rug on the floor and a closet, all her own, with two dresses in it. Why, in the finest resort hotel at Pärnu there was no better room.

When they were back in the chair again, Aino asked, "We will buy a house, Vello, with all our money?"

"But certainly."

"In this little town, perhaps—this Winnetka?"

"Where you like, Aino."

"With green shutters?"

"With what shutters you like."

"With a red brick walk and a small garden?"

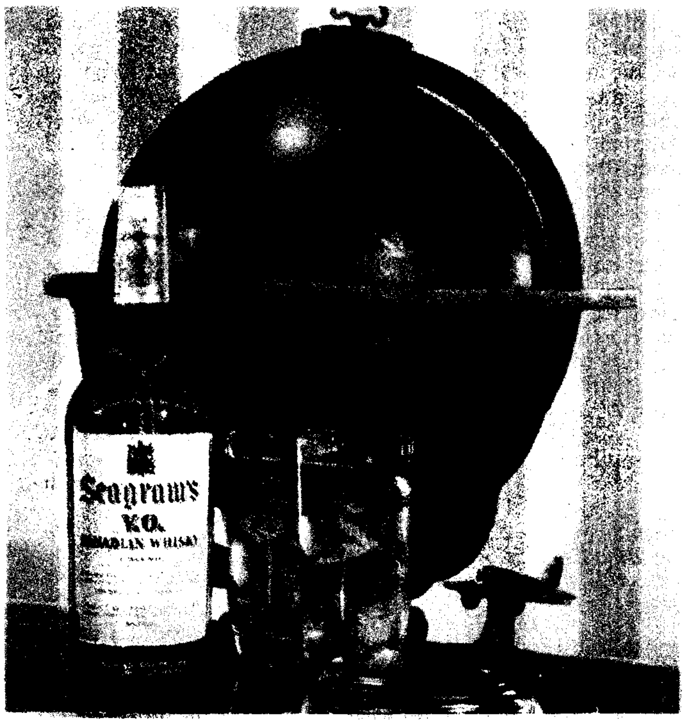
"With whatever you wish!"

Talk was fine, in his own language, but kisses are sweetest after a long sea voyage. There was a moment of drift-

## BY MEN WHO PLAN BEYOND TOMORROW

AIR EXPRESS

# Skyway Delivery Spirals Goods from Non-Stop Planes



Like a maple seedling whirling earthward, this newest "parachute" spirals packages from high-flying cargo planes, lowers them gently and accurately to smaller-city airports. There, they are transshipped by feeder planes, or sent by truck to their destinations. A thick rubber cushion compartment protects contents on landing.

Light as a seedling too—the "precious cargo" contained in a bottle of Seagram's V.O. Canadian. This luxury imported whisky is *clean-tasting*—an important reason why millions prefer it. Seagram's V.O. is an inimitable blend of the finest of Canada's whiskies. Taste it tonight and discover a truly unique flavor experience! You'll tell your friends tomorrow!

Six Years Old — 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, N. Y.

**Seagram's V.O. Canadian**

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND.... OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

*F-N TEST?

*F-N
the famous
Finger Nail
Test

**1.** It's F-N, the test for men! The "Finger Nail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

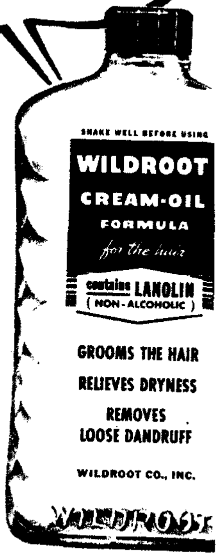
**2.** Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC

CONTAINS LANOLIN!

**3.** LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

**IMPORTANT:** *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming, and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*



TUNE IN . . . 2 Network Shows! "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.

ing before they were shocked from their happiness by another shrill ringing of the bell.

"I must serve the cocktails now," Aino said, rising quickly, smoothing her uniform. Upstairs in the kitchen while Mrs. Eenpalu was preparing a tray of hors d'oeuvres, Aino explained the mysteries of the telephone so Vello could call her.

There was one more unforgettable moment in the snowstorm outside the back door.

He rode the electric train to town to enlarge his experience, carrying a note to the conductor which Mrs. Eenpalu had written; and he tried out what he had learned about telephones in the first dazzling drugstore. O was for Operator. When she answered you said the American word: Winnetka. And gave the numbers. Then you said: "Aino Jaansoo, please—" and waited, your heart pounding.

"Aino! It is I!" he shouted. "It is easy, the telephone."

"But how fortunate you called, Vello. We neglected a matter of utmost importance—will you come Thursday, for my day off?"

"With the sunrise, Aino."

"Oh, not so early," her voice laughed. "With the eight-o'clock whistle."

"No—with the sunrise," he repeated, sturdily. "I will wait in the snow from the sunrise, watching your window."

And that night he was restless, for thinking about Aino, about his magnificent job, and about the house with green shutters. On other nights he had awakened early to toss fitfully until it should be time to go to work, but never had he awakened so early as this, nor slept so lightly. It was four in the morning when the inspiration brought him upright in his bed. What a thickness had been in his head! What indolence! Why should he not work more hours and make more money? Why not have the house with the green shutters as soon as possible?

AFTER the exquisite breakfast he hurried to the Coffee Shop where chairs were still upside down on the tables. The headwaitress blinked in sleepy surprise. His name, apparently, was not on her list. But after a hesitation she wrote it down, shrugging as if there had been a mistake. She told him to start setting the tables. It was a new satisfaction that she could speak in English and he could understand in Estonian. He worked at highest efficiency and at great speed.

For eleven hours he was busy in the Coffee Shop. All over the hotel were people with badges, a convention, eating and eating. He brought them butter and kept their glasses full of ice and water; and not for an instant did he stop moving.

"Atta boy, Vello," the headwaitress said.

And lo, that evening, there was a miracle. When he went to the cashier for his pay there was more than he expected. He counted it twice.

"Not right, boy?" asked the cashier.

He tried to think in Estonian of the English word meaning "too much" but this was impossible. Finally, with shoulders and eyebrows, he tried to convey the idea that while what he had received was more than he had earned, yet he would gladly keep it, should it be honest to do so.

The cashier frowned at his papers. "Time and a half," he said loudly, moving his lips carefully, as though Vello were deaf.

Vello stared at him blankly.

The cashier dug out his timecard and pointed a stubby finger. "From five to seven, time and a half," he bellowed.

Intelligence broke like a whitecap in Vello's mind. "I wish but to follow the custom of the country," he explained in Estonian and dashed out to the nearest beautiful drugstore and dialed O for Operator.

"It is another discovery I have made, Aino," he exclaimed when at last she had come to the phone. "The possibilities are breath-taking. If I work earlier I am paid as much as yesterday but also half more from five until seven!"

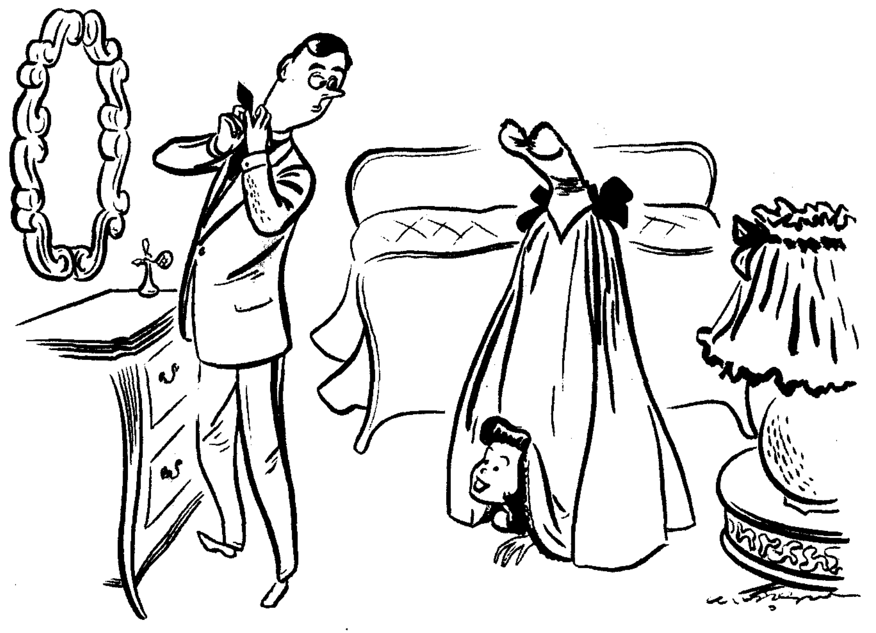
"But, Vello. How can that be?"

"It has been explained to me," he announced firmly. "Why, today I have earned enough for a whole green shutter and perhaps also a door knocker."

"We will discuss it on Thursday," she said doubtfully.

"By Thursday," he promised her, "I will have what would amount to a hatful of kroons. My kisses I will give you in abundance and my riches I will pour in your lap."

He plunged then. It was like working in a revolving door. No matter what hour he awakened he leaped into his clothes and dashed for the trolley. Once, indeed, the Coffee Shop was still in darkness—not even the charwomen had come—but, sure enough, upstairs in the Louis XVI Room kitchen he found drowsy bus boys doing dishes from a late banquet. He joined them, speeding them up; and all the while he was thinking joyously of the time and a half from then until seven, and of the regular pay from seven until three.



"You see—it's guaranteed to stay up no matter what I do!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

It was already superb but then his second and greatest inspiration burst upon him. One afternoon, as he was preparing to go home, the bus boys for the three-o'clock shift, having been delayed by the weather, came trudging in, their faces ruddy, their fingers stiff with cold. He listened absently to their gibble-gabble, envying them the starchy aprons and the next eight hours of work. Then it came to him. Why not? He was not in the least fatigued. He tore off his soiled apron, put on a fresh one, and clattered down the corridor to join the new shift at the elevator. When he got upstairs there was, of course, a flurry of confusion in English and Estonian but the captain in the night club finally put his name on the list and away he went, never stopping for a moment.

At the supper hour he snatched time to phone Aino from the telephone in the Help's Hall.

"This is fabulous!" he shouted. "What it will amount to in marks, rubles or kroons I cannot imagine but this I assure you: It is the least a front porch. Tomorrow is Thursday, my Aino, but I cannot come."

Her lovely voice was tremulous with disappointment.

"But, Vello—why not?"

"When I have such energy it would be foolish to stop. Next Thursday, for sure, I will take my day off. We will walk in the snow. Somewhere we will have a snack and hot water, alcohol and sugar. I promise!"

There was silence.

"It is so we can be together forever in a house with green shutters—it is because I love you so much, my Aino, that I cannot come tomorrow."

Still there was silence.

"You do not believe I love you!" he said, bitterly.

Then she answered. "When you have sailed alone to me from the Baltic in a twenty-eight-foot boat, with others afraid to join you, I know for a certainty you love me, Vello. But Thursday! I had so counted upon Thursday!"

"Had I not, also? But I am giving it up."

"Yes, Vello," she said. "You are stronger. You are wise."

Then, instead of silence, there was a bubbling of Estonian. She was happy again. "Vello, you will phone me before next Thursday?"

"Nightly," he promised. "Am I not terrific on the telephone?"

"You are terrific everywhere, Vello."

It was amazing. It was a gold mine. You would not think it could grow even more wonderful but it actually did. His pay for Thursday rocked him back on his heels. It was not only more than he expected. It was twice as much.

"Sir," he said, in Estonian, to the cashier, "on this occasion there is no doubt about it. This is *much* too much."

"No, no," said the cashier. "Double time."

"Too much."

"No, no."

"But, yes!"

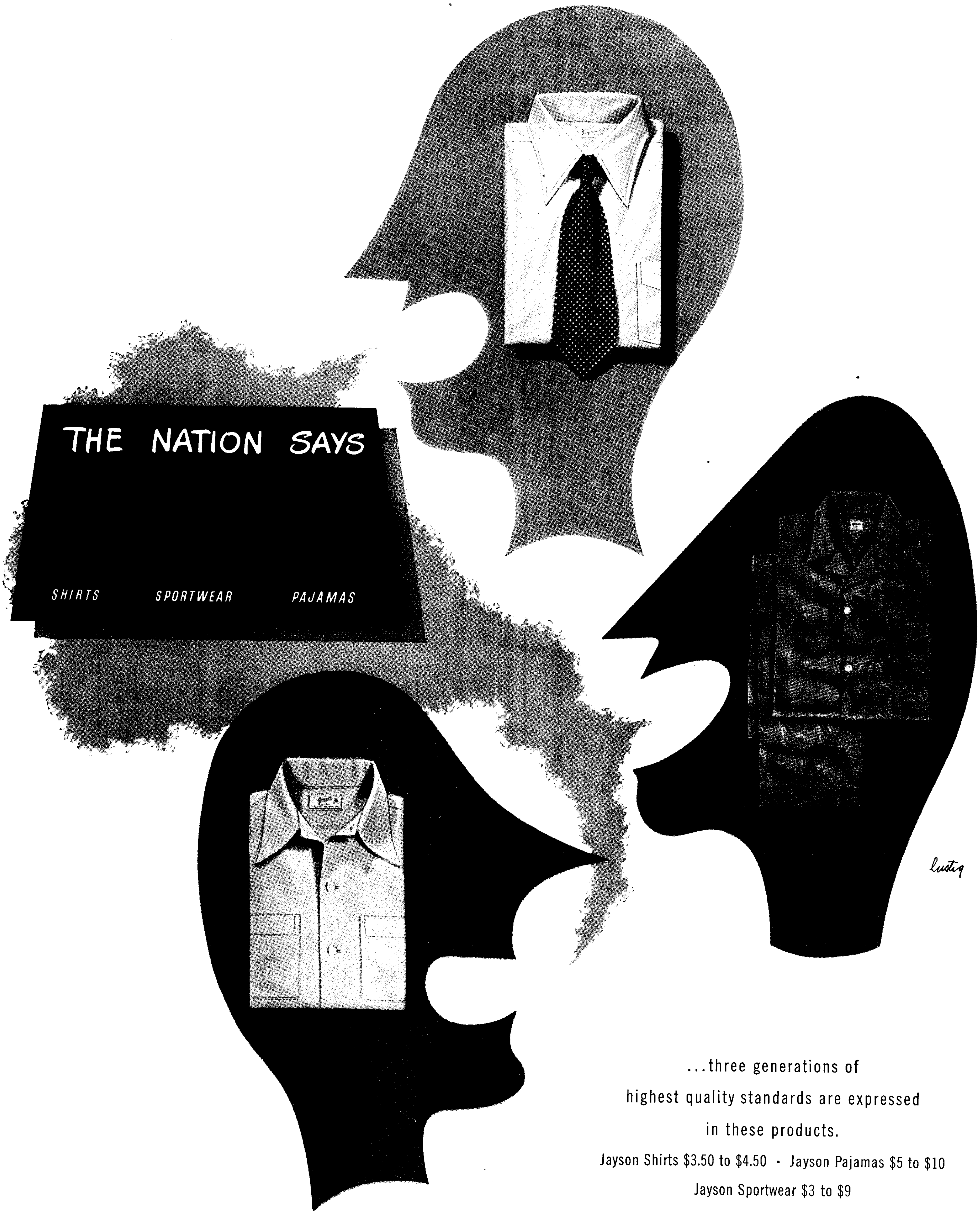
"But, no!"

They sent for a Russian pastry cook who spoke a little Finnish and could sometimes say words that had meaning for Vello. During the long conference a new wave of intelligence washed over him. It seemed that Vello had marked Thursday for his day off; and since, apparently, someone had ordered him to work he was being paid double time to make up for any disappointment. What a country! What a custom! For the loss of a day with Aino he was rewarded with an extra pocketful of kroons.

He dialed O for Operator and when he heard Aino's pretty voice he said, "Hark to this! Instead of walking in the snow I am offered sixteen glorious hours of double money. I have accepted it."

"But Vello—is it right? How can it be?"

"You must not ask. I have had it explained in Russian-Finnish which is only bewilderment. I only know we shall give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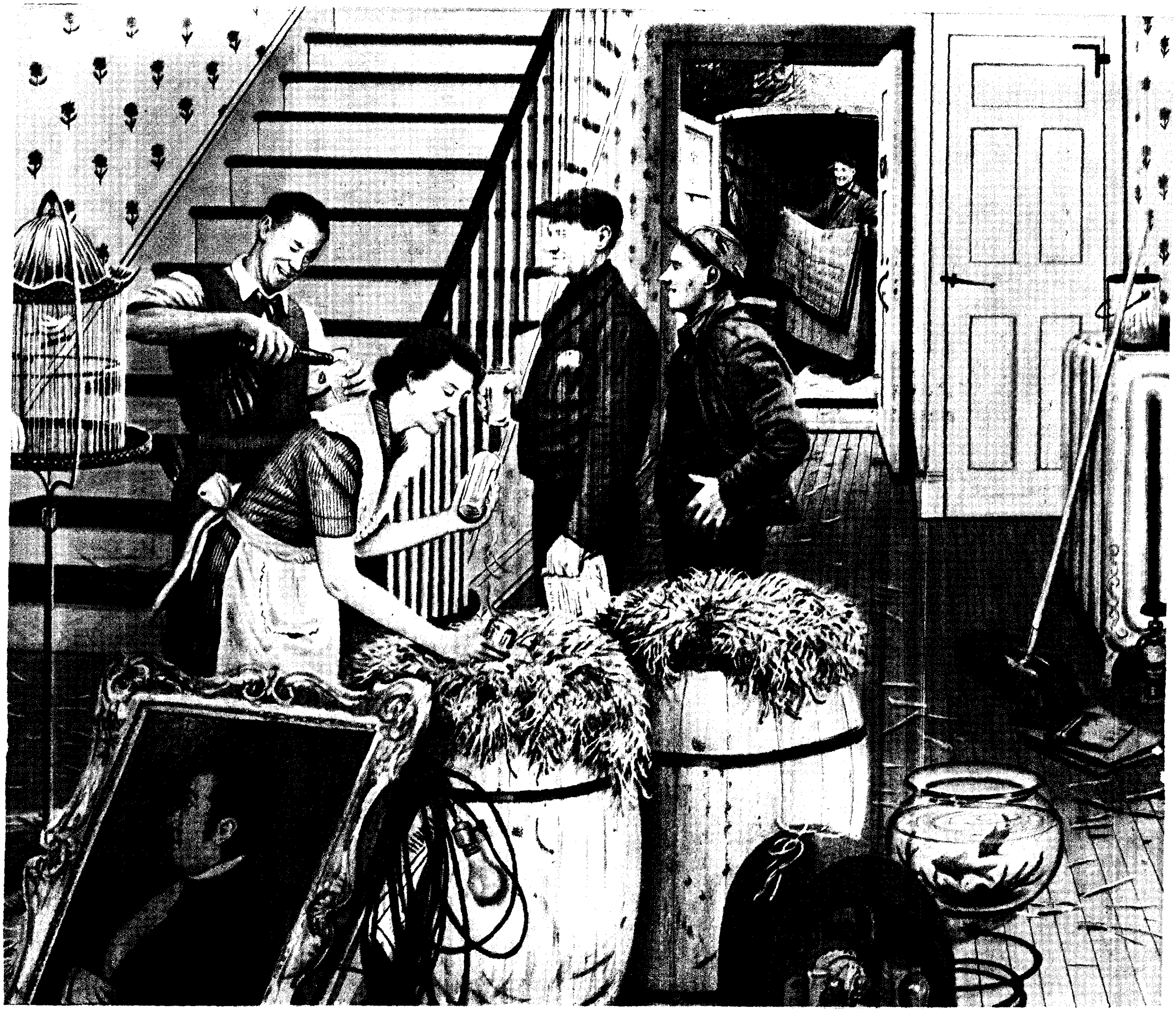

"MOVING DAY" by Stevan Dohanos. Number 2 in the series, "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

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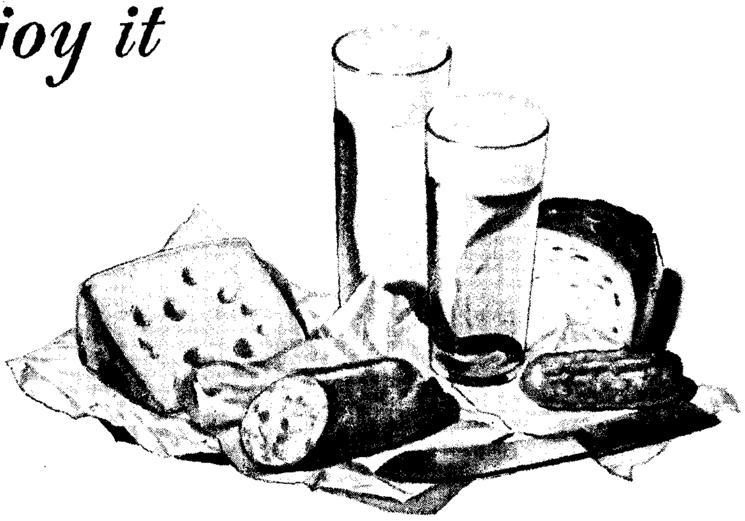


up our Thursdays and I will earn us a palace with hundreds of upholstered chairs and convertible baby buggies. From now on, for as long as I can stand it, I will take only naps."

"About matters of business," Aino said sweetly, "a man knows best, Vello."

Yet, as any Estonian should realize by now, one's happiness cannot go on forever. The next day a mysterious trouble began. Bus boys spoke to him in excited gibble-gabble. Mr. Minnon frowned at him and talked at great length, shaking his head. He went elsewhere, to another kitchen, and worked diligently but a time clerk discovered him and made a long speech. Again he moved elsewhere. Later, when he was setting tables in the night club, M. Fumagally himself came stalking in and screamed at him. He sidled away and went searching for other rooms where work was needed. He wondered if he was being mistaken for someone who had dropped a tray.

THE next afternoon, as he was changing his apron, preparing to join the second shift, five red-faced bus boys angrily surrounded him. There was Otto, a German, and Gustav, a Swede, and Sergei, a Russian, and two others from middle Europe. Vello found them offensive.

"Do not so much as put your hands on me," he warned them.

They were all talking at once, in their various languages, when Otto struck him. The blow did not land squarely. Vello steadied himself. He had not given up his distaste for Germans, when they lost the war, nor for Russians when they won it, so he grasped the necks of Otto and Sergei and banged their foreheads together. Then he knocked them down, pushed the others aside with the back of his hand and calmly joined the second shift.

Trouble, however, was gathering like the storm off Hatteras. He was conscious of dark glances wherever he went and when he was seen coming hopefully into the kitchen of the Louis XVI Room, Mr. Minnon rushed into his office and dialed the telephone. No question about it: Something ominous was in the air.

Vello slipped into the corridor and himself dialed O for Operator.

"Have you a suitcase, Aino?" he asked in excitement.

"But yes. Why?"

"Pack it. If I am any judge there is here the beginning of a revolution." He heard heavy footsteps on the carpet and looked up. The man approaching was unmistakably a policeman. He wore no uniform but the *salapolitsei* are the same the world over.

"Stay near the phone, Aino!" Vello shouted. "It may be we shall go underground and join the woods brothers even here in America!"

As he hung up the hand descended.

"Come with me," the policeman said.

Vello walked defiantly at the big man's side between the tables in the Louis XVI Room, past scores of dark glances, and went down in the service elevator to the mezzanine floor. There he was led through magnificent offices, past clerks and secretaries who glanced at him without sympathy.

"Stand over there," the policeman said, giving him a push.

It was a roomful of furious enemies. There was M. Fumagally, glowering behind his desk, and Mr. Minnon, frowning beside it, and Mr. Lerck, the cashier, with his head in his hands, and Chef Orloff in a high quivering white bonnet, and Otto and Sergei and other bus boys.

Vello stepped hard on Otto's toe and then stood at attention, facing his inquisitors. Much talk. Much gibble-gabble. But, then, a miracle! Out of the incomprehensible sound of many accents one sentence came to Vello in liquid clarity. Standing beside him was a sandy-haired gentleman in a double-breasted suit.

"An Estonian!" marveled Vello.

"Permit me. I am Johan Sabsey, Honorary Estonian Vice-Consul."

Suddenly a swift and awesome silence fell upon the room.

Mr. Kenneth Ashcraft, the owner of the hotel, stood in the doorway. He was a tweedy old gentleman with a calm voice and cool eyes. He came in twirling his keys.

Mr. Sabsey whispered to Vello, "Mr. Ashcraft complains that this tumult can be heard in the lobby."

M. Fumagally bowed low in apology. Then he said, "Ready?"

"Ready," said Mr. Sabsey.

M. Fumagally glared at Vello. "Vello Narva, attend!" he said and spoke loudly while Mr. Sabsey translated. "One day each week you must *not* punch the time clock, *comprenez-vous?* That day—in your case *Thursday*—you sleep—stay home—make love—do folk dances in short woolen pants—but you *do not* come to the Grand-Embassy Hotel for work. Is clear? Gets it? H'okay."

But Mr. Ashcraft interrupted. What he said, as it came to Vello through Mr. Sabsey, was this:

"Fumagally, what the hell is this all about?"

M. Fumagally turned to his employer with sudden humility. "Is no one's fault, M'sieu le Boss," he said. "But for the rush of capacity business it could not have happened. M'sieu Orloff, M'sieu Minnon and myself—we are blameless. It is a thing that is unprecedented and never happened before."

"Well—explain it!"

M. Fumagally exchanged a covert, guilty glance with his staff. "M'sieu, because we are shorthanded we temporarily hired this Estonian refugee. It was our judgment that anyone who sails alone in a rowboat from the Baltic to Miami resembles the American forefathers, the pioneers. This, also, was the judgment of the Immigration Department. They were glad to let him into the country and we were glad to hire him, temporarily, for the hotel."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Ashcraft, impatiently. "Go on, Fumagally."

"M'sieu—look at him! He appears alert, is it not? The impression is one of instant comprehension, yes? In the kitchens, the Coffee Shop, the ballroom, in the restaurants and night club, it is reported to me that he is the eager beaver. But—but M'sieu le Boss, through an unfortunate slip-up in the timekeeper's office, due to Mr. Lerck's new help, it is belatedly discovered that this Estonian starts work at one, two, three, four, five o'clock in the morning—but that is not all! Then he works his regular shift. *Then* he changes his apron and works the dinner shift. And finally, he does not take his day off but also turns up on Thursday! We cannot stop him."

"What?" cried Mr. Ashcraft. "Say that again!"

"It is the simple truth, M'sieu. Each day, according to his timecard, he comes earlier and stays longer. If we cannot soon bring it to a halt he will meet himself going out."

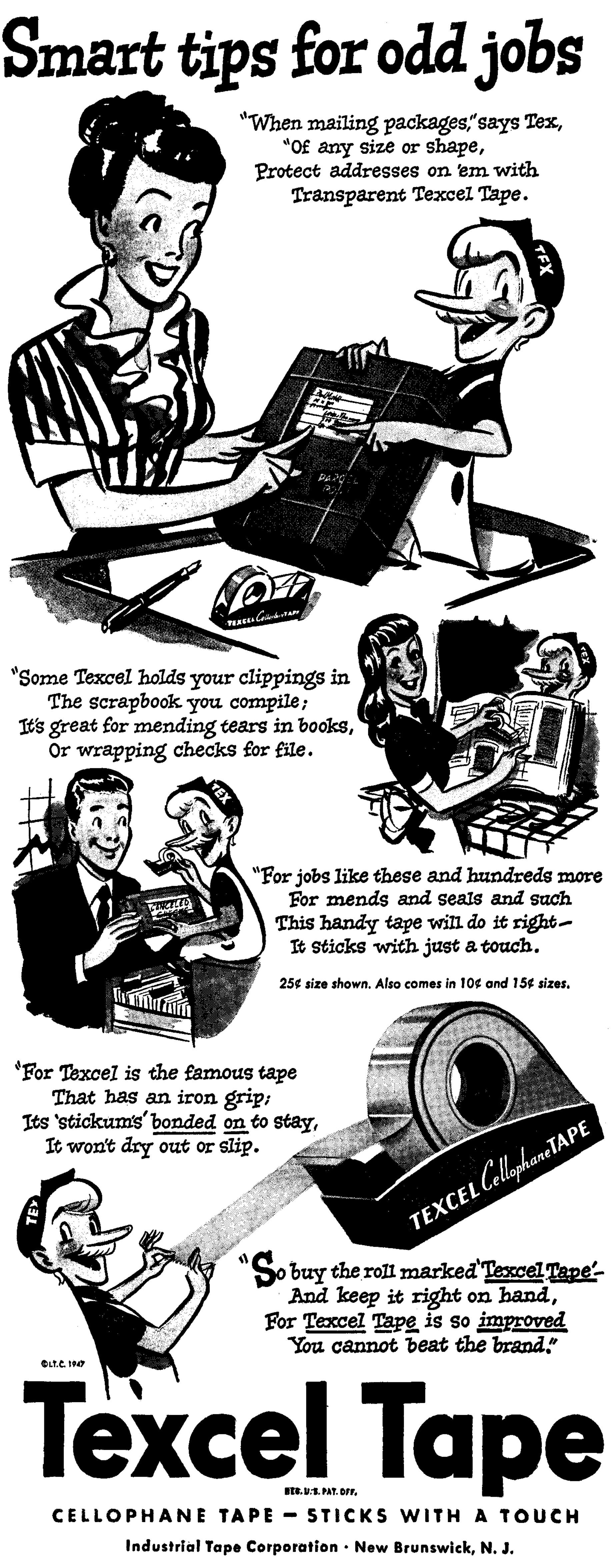
A SLOW smile tugged at Mr. Ashcraft's lips while Mr. Sabsey translated. He had not quite finished and Vello was unprepared for Mr. Ashcraft's rush across the room, the pounding on the back, the fervent handshake.

"Well, damn it all," shouted Mr. Ashcraft. "If the boy wants to work, Fumagally—let him work! Give him his head. Promote him."

Once again M. Fumagally could be heard in the lobby.

"But, M'sieu! We have here the Bus Boys' Unfairness Committee. Vello is working too hard and too fast. They are furious. Do you want another strike?"

Mr. Ashcraft snapped his fingers away



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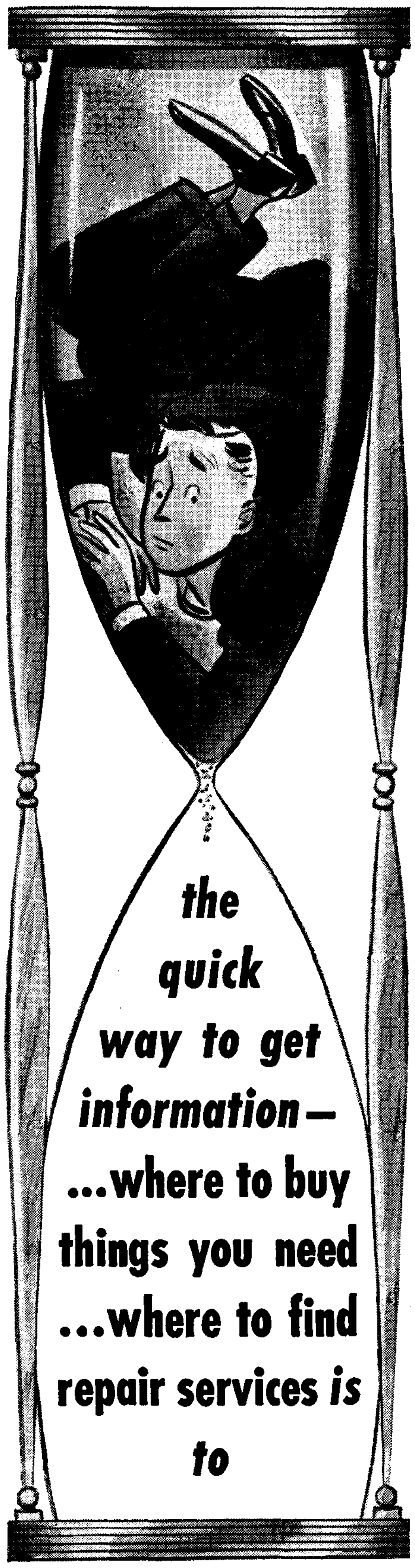

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as if Vello's hand had burned him. His eyes grew cool again. He cleared his throat in embarrassment.

"Oh," he said. "Oh, I see. Yes. Well, stop him, by all means, Fumagally. Explain to him. If he wants to work like that he will have to go back to Estonia."

He moved to the door. There he paused to glance back wistfully at Fumagally.

"Fumagally?"

"M'sieu?"

"If this incident doesn't break the boy's spirit, bring him to me when he has learned English. Tell him to study shorthand and typing. I will make a place for him in my office." Mr. Ashcraft's lips twitched again. "I might even adopt him," he said. . . .

Later that afternoon Vello dialed O for Operator and before long heard Aino's nervous greeting.

He explained quickly. "I was with the hotel police all afternoon, but now I am free. Ah, Aino—what a country! I was in trouble, but not in jail. Don't cry, my heart! The house with the green shutters will be ours—though not so soon as I expected."

And in fluent Estonian he told her what had happened.

"Wait, Vello," she interrupted. "Hold the phone while I speak to Mrs. Eenpalu." He waited. Aino was back in a moment tremulous with new excitement. "Vello! I have a glorious inspiration. *I* can work as many hours as I wish to. I will work on *my* day off and make up what you are losing."

Vello protested in alarm.

"No, no, no! You are misinformed. In this remarkable country one is obliged—each week—to take one day off for love. Thursday, my heart, at any hour after sunrise look from your window and I will be waiting outside in the snow."

THE END

## MANHATTAN IDYL

Continued from page 20

"My hair's a mess." She looked up at him reproachfully.

"A hurrah's nest," he agreed. "In fact," he said, glancing over her head, "there are two large white-breasted hurrahs circling to land." The elevator stopped behind the closed door, started again to adjust the floor levels, then stopped. Tim gently and expertly kicked his wife with his knee, where it would hurt least and annoy her most. She turned toward him, gasping, her arm raised.

"He'll see you!" They could hear the inner grill sliding open; then the outer door rolled back. The operator spoke and Tim replied happily, bowing Eve in before him. She pinched him, hard, as he turned to face front.

"Well, now what, funnyman?" she said when they reached the street.

"A little plundering, perhaps?" He stepped into the street to wave at an approaching cab. "A little looting and rapine in the unprotected parts of the city?"

"We might go dancing," Eve said, from the curb.

"Exactly," he answered. The cab passed, ignoring them. "My idea in the first place, for which you, no doubt, will attempt to claim credit."

"I like the Ambassador," Eve said. "It's nice when you really want to dance."

A cab rolled to a stop. Tim caught the door handle and helped his wife inside. "I have already instructed the driver to take us to the Ambassador Hotel at Fifty-first and Park Avenue, my dear."

EVE sank into the leather cushion. Tim slouched, ankles crossed, heels on the folded seat before him, his legs long and straight under the thin cloth of his summer suit. As always when they sat side by side, Eve was conscious of his impressive bulk. I wonder—the same silly notion always occurred to her—I wonder, she thought, how it feels to be two thirds again as heavy as I am and a good seven inches taller.

She liked to study his profile secretly. It was long and angular, with a deep groove at the curve of the cheek. Nothing boyish there, she thought. It's a man's face. She put her arm through his.

Tim grinned down at her. "No use making up to me, woman. There's lots better-looking babes where we're going!"

The Ambassador was quiet, half filled. It had, Eve felt, a late-summer almost lazy atmosphere which just fitted her mood. The people who sat and those who danced seemed unhurried and content to be here, here in the city, unenvious of those who had escaped it. The music was unspectacular but good, and for a time they sat and enjoyed it in silence.

"I wish they'd play Remember the Dream," Eve said.

"Our song," said Tim.

"Oh, really! I'd never even heard of you when that was new. As a matter of fact, I was seeing quite a lot of a very nice man then. Ellery Harris."

"Sure," said Tim, "Ellery. I met him."

"That's right, isn't it? I was with him the night we met. He *was* nice," she said maliciously. "Not clever, but—"

"No," Tim interrupted gravely, "he wasn't."

"Oh," Eve said, "he was all right. Gentle, kind. And he wasn't stupid."

"Who said he was? He didn't drool when he talked, exactly. Although," Tim went on, "you always had the feeling he'd just missed it by a hormone."

"Anyway," Eve said, "he didn't kick over a lamp the first time he called on me."

"I remember that booby trap. Part of a plot to rattle me and trap me into marriage."

"I wish they *would* play Remember the Dream."

"I'll send them a thought wave." He put his head in his hands. "I'm concentrating. Quiet."

The music had stopped, and now the band leader brought down his baton. Softly the orchestra began Remember the Dream.

"You told them," Eve said.

"Honest—I didn't! I didn't tell them."

"But they haven't been reviving that; I haven't heard it for ages. Didn't you send a note?"

"No, honest. I haven't thought of that song for years. It's thought waves; they really work. Anything else you'd like? A million dollars in nickels?"

"It's amazing," Eve said. "Maybe you really did. Isn't it nice?" They listened and when the music slipped softly into Summertime, they gave themselves up to the yearning notes, eyes half closed, utterly happy. Tim looked at her then, and they rose and began to dance.

*Summertime* . . . the high, sweet notes were clear, beautiful. *Summertime—and the living is—eas-y.* They danced slowly, effortlessly. *Summertime* . . . the music said, and Tim answered softly, "Mmm, d-da-da . . . da, dee, dee . . ."

I love him, she thought, her cheek on his shoulder, her eyes closed. *Summertime* . . . I love him, I love him.

When they returned to their table, they sat for a time sipping their drinks, but they were ready to leave. Tim got the check, paid it, redeemed his hat, and they walked out into the dark, alive summer night.

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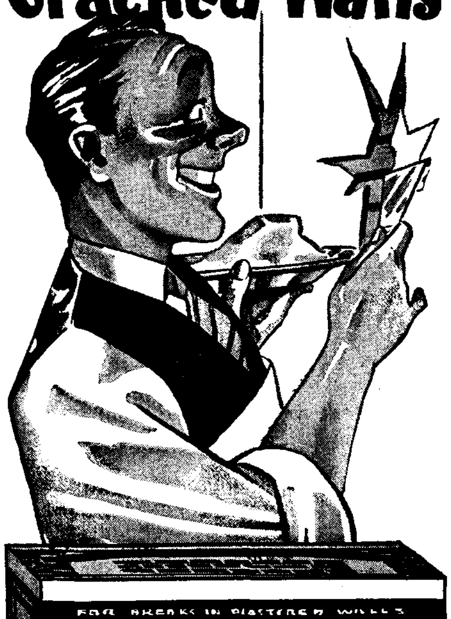

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"Where to now?" Eve asked. "Ready for home?"

"Nope, it's early yet. And we haven't taken our trolley ride."

"Trolley ride?"

"An old summer custom among New York's young folks."

"Since when?"

"Right now. We're starting it," Tim explained. "Nothing nicer than sitting at an open porthole on an old tramp trolley cruising slowly down my favorite New York Street."

"Third Avenue?"

"Assuredly," said Tim. "More character, individuality and honesty than any other street in the city. Every few blocks she reveals a different, unexpected, ever more fascinating side of her many-faceted nature. The inscrutable East Side, the—"

"All right," Eve said. "It's a nice street."

THE car wasn't full, and its leisurely stoppings and startings, its patient waitings at traffic lights, its unhurried progress deeper and deeper downtown, were peaceful and restful. Eve found herself thinking of the small Illinois town where she'd spent her childhood summers.

The shabby store fronts flowed past through the soft summer night. BOOKS—FURNITURE—BOUGHT & SOLD. WING YET — LAUNDRY — FREE DELIVERY . . . ANTIQUES — THE ART SHOP . . . Careful, hand-lettered signs. And beyond at the river, a glimpse of the solemn bulk of Bellevue. Faded electric bulbs: *The Embassy—Double Feature—News Shorts Cartoon.* Eve remembered the excitement of childhood Saturday matinees; there had been a Hoot Gibson serial she'd followed faithfully. She'd missed the very last episode because she was at home with the mumps, and even now she could feel a little of that old frustrated disappointment.

"I don't suppose you saw episode fifteen of The Flame Riders, starring Hoot Gibson? I've always wondered how it came out," she said.

"The gamblers captured Hoot and tied him up, in the room above the saloon," Tim said. "And Ace Dawson, as I remember, soaked the place in kerosene and set it afire. The deed for Eileen's dad's ranch was hidden in the building too, and Ace was getting rid of them both. Hoot lay there on the floor, struggling helplessly, the flames eating their way across to him, licking hungrily up the walls." Tim's voice took on the phony drama of a sports announcer's. "Across the street Ace watched from his office, laughing hideously, and holding the struggling Eileen tight in his arms. Flashback to Hoot. A close-up. His teeth are clenched, jaw firm. From his narrowed eyes sparks a steely flashing glimpse of indomitable courage." Eve saw that the woman in front was listening and she nudged Tim.

"Suddenly," Tim continued, "Hoot lifts his head, cocks his ears, and listens intently. A grin of triumph sweeps over his honest face. Flash to the door. A panel breaks through. The door shudders on its hinges. Another smashing blow, a third, and then it cracks back against the wall, revealing—Old Faithful, Hoot's sorrel-maned horse!"

"Horses don't have sorrel manes," Eve reminded him.

"Hoot's did. Cheers from the small fry. Old Faithful walks to his master, nudges him gently with his velvet nose, and they gaze into each other's eyes. It's the work of a moment for Old Faithful to untie Hoot's bonds with his teeth. Hoot leaps into the saddle. Down the stairs they gallop, emerging through the swinging doors of the saloon below as the building crashes into smoking ruins behind them!

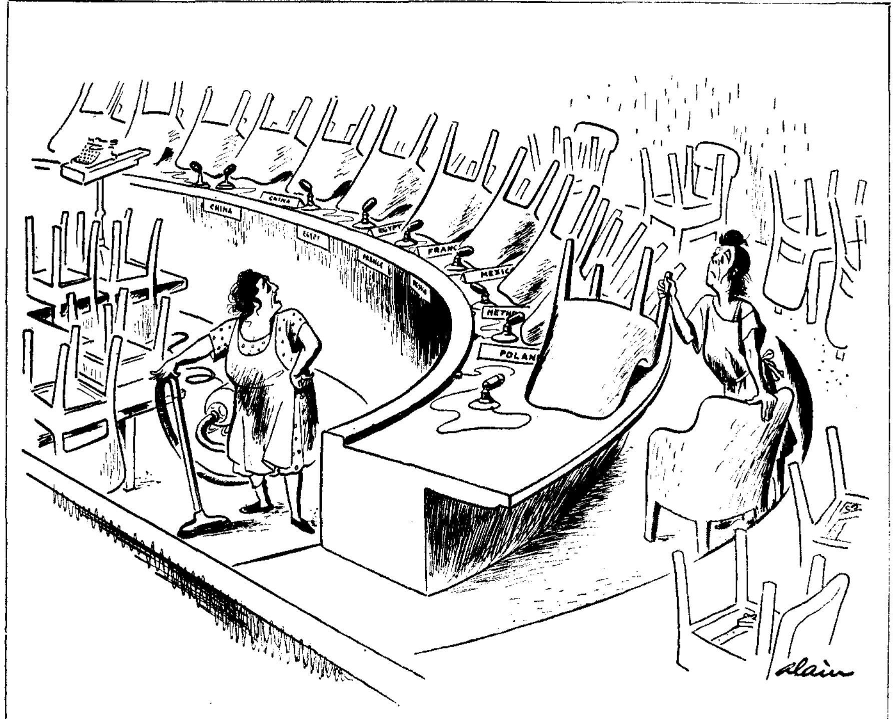
"From his window across the street, Ace gasps in dismay, flings his lovely burden to the floor, and makes a dash for the stairs. But too late. Up they come, Hoot and Old Faithful. The desperate Ace, teeth bared in a revolting grimace of hate, backs slowly up the stairs again. They all go into the room where Hoot, sweeping the swooning Eileen from the floor with a stalwart arm, ropes the desperate Ace just as he tries to leap from the window. Flash to the street. The triumphant Hoot is astride his mincing, almost human companion, with Eileen in the saddle in front of him."

"Sounds crowded."

"And trotting behind at rope's end, arms pinioned to his sides, is the bedraggled Ace—on his way to the sheriff. The townspeople cheer. Dissolve to Eileen's father's ranch. A strong handclasp between these two silent men. Then Hoot, hat in hand, bids a shy farewell to the lovely, mournful Eileen. And finally, silhouetted against the sinking sun, the two companions, Hoot and Old Faithful, ride off into the vastness of the untamed West."

"Thanks," said Eve.

"You're welcome," Tim said. "If you like I can brush you up on some of the



"I did not call you a liar! I said your statement was 'open to possible doubt'"

COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN

THE GIRLS WHO MARRIED TWIN BROTHERS
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HE FEELS SHARP!

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HE IS SHARP!

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more important details of The Sea Wolf, starring Milton Sills."

"Never mind," said Eve.

"Or Daddy Long Legs."

"Nope." The woman in front relaxed, and Tim grinned happily.

Now they passed a large, unlighted church. "That's St. Patrick's Cathedral," Tim whispered loudly. The woman ahead stirred slightly, and Eve drew down a corner of her mouth and rolled her eyes upward at Tim. He grinned again, looking straight ahead. The car moved slowly onward. Tim leaned across Eve and pointed again.

"See that narrow little street? That's Wall Street, center of the nation's finance." Eve jabbed him sharply in the ribs. "According to the book," Tim continued, "we're approaching the Flatiron Building, New York's tallest structure." The woman ahead squirmed in delight.

"Rector's is along here somewhere, too," said Tim, "and Tony Pastor's Music Hall." The car slowed and the woman ahead rose to get off, turning to glance happily back at the innocent smile of Mr. Timberlake Ryan.

"Wise guy," Eve said, when the car started up.

"Too bad she left. We were just coming to Diamond Jim Brady's. Let's walk for a while, do you want to?"

ON THE sidewalk Tim turned east and, holding Eve's hand, ducked out into the street against the light, guiding her through the traffic. Within a block they had reached one of the quiet, dead areas that exist along New York's East River. Deserted warehouses, ancient two-story tenements, and just ahead, an area of several leveled city blocks stretched before their eyes, like photographs of bombed-out Rotterdam. The area was being cleared for a great new housing development and was empty, now, of life and people. Their footsteps were loud on the sidewalk, and their breathing was audible over the suddenly distant murmur of the city behind them.

It was exciting—such complete desertion at the edge of Manhattan. The moon cast a silver yellowness on the scene, giving an illusion of sharp visibility yet somehow concealing the drabness and ugliness which, Eve felt, was all the place had in the daytime. Now the moonlight lay on the soft, crumbling brick sides of the buildings. Their empty windows were velvet black. It was a cemetery of tired exhausted old structures, free at last of swarming humans.

"The only two people left in the world," said Eve.

"Yes," Tim said, "the last survivors. A mysterious malady swept every continent, but through some unexplainable miracle, spared only us. And we can't last for long."

"We don't want to," Eve said. "It's far too lonely. Before it happened we often tried to get away from the crowd—off by ourselves. But loneliness is pleasant only when it's a matter of choice."

"That's right. You have to know there are others to go back to if you wish. You have to know there are people living their lives on every continent. You need them all, everywhere, even though you never see or know them. So we're willing to go too; there's nothing on this planet for us any more. We wouldn't survive if we could." They stopped now, at the edge of the vast, moonlit plain before them.

"But before we go, too," Eve said, "we're taking one last look at the ruined home of man. We're saying goodby for the human race."

Their fantasy seemed real: the crushed brick at her feet became unutterably desolate and sad for Eve. "I'll cry if we don't stop this silliness," she said.

"So long, world," said Tim. "You were quite a place while you lasted. Noisy, dirty, and ugly most of the time. Mixed up and confused and afraid. Evil and vicious and callous. But pretty wonderful, too. There was a humanity in your people that could never quite be repressed no matter who tried it. There were mornings and evenings; there was snow at night, and sun that felt good—and unexpected moments of peace and happiness. People were alive and doing things—and we—"

"You dope," said Eve, "you'd just love to get a tear out of me, wouldn't you?" She smiled at him. "Well, you won't."

"Pretty close, though, wasn't I? I'll bet you cry at matinees."

"Look who's talking," Eve said. "Remember that movie when you—"

"You're crazy. That was a gag as you know very well."

"Well—" she said, and they both laughed.

"I want to see the boats."

"Okay," Tim answered, and they walked on toward the river. "But they'll all be deserted. Silent, drifting hulks with skeletons tied to the wheels, white in the moonlight."

"I'll tie you," said Eve.

The river always made her happy. It gave her a sense of the really important hard, dirty, honest labor that goes to make up a city and a world.

They watched a big tug moving silently along with the current, electric bulbs shining from the guy wires leading to its stacks. A man walked leisurely along the side toward the stern, and it seemed strange to see him walking so calmly in one direction, while the boat carried him in the other. But he didn't seem to mind.

They sat on the heavy bolted beam that formed the top of the breakwater, with their feet dangling over the river. Tim handed Eve a cigarette and took one himself. They smoked, listening to the water as it lapped at the pilings below. Another tug approached towing a string of open barges. It sounded its whistle and the deep growling sound moved across the water. Down the river a way, the Williamsburg bridge hung high above. I'm happy, Eve thought; I'm married to my husband; I'm in love with him, and I'm happy.

FOR a time they sat looking their fill. Then Tim rose, held his hand out to Eve, and helped her up. "Time to go, I guess," he said. They walked contentedly over to Avenue A. Tim hailed a cab, and they rode home with Tim slouched down in the seat, his head on Eve's shoulder. He spoke only once and then just to say, "Left at the next corner, driver," and presently they drew up at the apartment. Tim paid the fare, and the cab drew away; and Tim tucked Eve's arm under his as they walked into the lobby.

"Nice evening, old lady," he said as they approached the elevator.

"Yes, it was." She paused for a moment. "Tim. You know, Tim, it was a very wonderful evening. I sort of think it was—a very special evening."

"What do you mean?" he asked. But the elevator boy was here now, and Eve didn't answer. And upstairs at their door, she knew he'd forgotten his question.

But Eve answered it for herself: She felt she had to put into words silently, and for her own benefit, the thought that had come into her mind downstairs. This evening, she thought, had a happiness, a kind of special perfect happiness. It comes from Tim and me in love and together. It wasn't planned; you couldn't plan it. A casual evening that somehow—was just right. And then she said it aloud. "Tim, I believe I'm always going to remember this evening as one of those special, very happiest times of my life."

"Yes," Tim said, "somehow it had that quality, didn't it?" He kissed her. "Come on, old lady—time for bed. I've got to get up in the morning."

THE END

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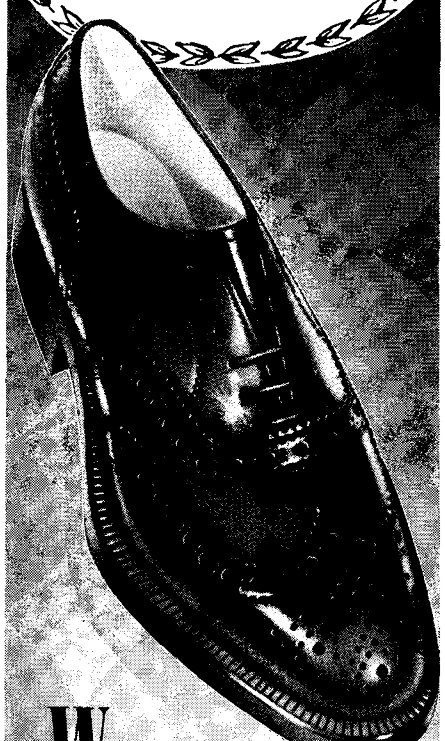

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## OIL TROUBLES IRAN'S WATERS

Continued from page 21

gone completely zombie under the impact of quick war profits, acute shortages and the Oriental tradition, makes graft a habit rather than a sin. These are the men who bribed customs officials not to release imported aspirin, thereby creating an artificial shortage that sent the price zooming 1,000 per cent. Not long ago automobile tires sold in Teheran for $3,000 each and the diplomatic colony still gossips about the homeward-bound American who managed to sell his two second-hand cars in Iran for a reported $54,000.

The Persians brag that no one plays poker for higher stakes than they do. And they tell of the night a Teheran merchant won a beautiful mansion over the card table. It was equipped with a bar decorated with glass mosaics so intricate and dazzling that two artisans went blind before finishing the job.

Such Persians as these pace their palaces and remind themselves that Persia has a very long history. And they know that in her long history Persia never before has had a king who talked about his country making a revolution.

### Whisperings From the Bazaar

But in the bazaar they understand what the shah is talking about. You can learn more about Persia in the bazaar than in all the books or newspapers or in the solemn chambers of the statesmen. The young shah talks of foreign influence, and the echo is heard in the bazaar. The bazaar knows about balance of power; it knows that the old shah brought the Nazis into Persia to offset the Russians and the British. Before that the French had been in Iran for the same reason. So the bazaar knows why the Americans have been welcomed into Iran but it often wonders whether the Americans know.

The bazaar is not a pretty place. The streets are muddy—in the rainy season children often play knee-deep in the gumbo—and the stench of a thousand mules and camels fills the air. For sale on the open street are rugs from Isfahan, samovars of brass and copper, sugar cakes and bread made without salt, new American tires and German electric bulbs. But there among the *arak* stalls, the tea stands and the mean, slogging camel trains you can hear what the average Persian thinks is likely to happen next.

Persia's troubles center around the rivalries of the great powers and today one of the basic causes of those rivalries is oil. Oil runs like a dark stain through the whole fabric of Iran's life and politics. It is a peculiarly Persian paradox that this land, so poor that hundreds of thousands of peasants live in the shadow of starvation, is believed by geologists to hide the world's richest reservoir of petroleum. The franker diplomats in Teheran freely admit that liquid gold lies behind many of the political crises, rebellions and general skulduggery which plague Iran and they know that no holds are barred in the fight for this fabulous treasure.

Headquarters for this international poker game are the British and Russian embassies, facing each other behind their high-walled compounds across a narrow Teheran street.

At the time of the Teheran conference these embassies housed Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill. Then the street was blocked off, the great embassy gates thrown open and the two compounds were as one.

But today the gates are barred and locked. Grim-faced guards stare across from wall to wall and at night there are floodlights which at the flick of a switch bathe the high walls with dazzling light. Within the compounds are virtually self-contained cities with many employees, cipher clerks, experts and specialists of every category. There is a minimum of contact between the rival diplomatic establishments. At formal receptions the British greet their Russian colleagues with no more warmth than protocol demands, and the Russians reciprocate.

In the offices of the military attachés the atmosphere is more like war than peace. Every security precaution is observed and the air is thick with rumors, talk of spies, secret agents and counterespionage. Iran has become a happy hunting ground for the furtive, close-mouthed gentry who used to haunt the cafés of Bucharest, Sofia and Belgrade. Diplomats whisper that "the other side" is spending millions in rials, pounds, dollars or rubles for undercover operations. Your informant will add, of course, that he himself wouldn't think of engaging in such practices.

How much these operations are costing the interested governments is anybody's guess but with Persian oil at stake there is no inclination to be niggardly. Spies literally are tumbling over each other and at cocktail parties they tell about the two NKVD agents who spent days shadowing each other, each in the firm belief that the other was an operative of the British Intelligence.

The stake in Persian oil is so large that its extent still can only be guessed, but the key to the real trouble is so obvious and well known in Teheran that it is hardly ever mentioned. It is just this: A large per cent of the blue chips in this oil game are held by a single power, Great Britain.

How Britain came to possess the only active oil development in Persia is reminiscent of the Tales of the Arabian Nights. The story goes back some 40 years to an Australian wildcatter, named William D'Arcy, who discovered or suspected that there was oil in south Persia. By means that are still obscure, D'Arcy acquired from the Persian government full rights to exploit petroleum in a 500,000-square-mile preserve in south Persia. For this bonanza, in a land area roughly twice the size of Texas, he paid only $20,000 in cash and promised 16 per cent of the net profits. There has never been such an oil deal in history.

### The Lion Keeps His Paw In

D'Arcy found he couldn't raise enough capital to exploit his great prize and, with rare foresight, the British government organized the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, to develop the concession as a primary source of fuel for the Royal Navy. Over the years there have been changes in the terms of the concession—royalties to Persia have been increased and the size has been cut from 500,000 to 100,000 square miles but the deposits still have been only partially tapped. The British government has carefully retained a 52.5 per cent stock ownership in the huge operation.

Anglo-Iranian is by far the largest industrial enterprise in Iran and, as such, is a paramount political power in south Persia. The Anglo-Iranian refineries at Abadan are the world's largest, turning out 17,000,000 tons per year.

Against this, consider the world oil picture. Anglo-American-Dutch interests, highly interlocking in the international field, own or control about 86 per cent of the world's proved oil reserves. Russia has about 8 per cent, mostly concentrated in the Baku field where production is declining steadily. In the face of that Russia has embarked on a program of industrial expansion under which her

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needs for oil probably will expand 10 times in the next 10 years.

Against that background it may not be too hard to understand why the Red Army did not leave northern Iran last year—despite treaty, complaints to the United Nations and mobilized world public opinion—until the outline of an agreement for Soviet-Iranian exploitation of the country's northern oil resources had been hammered out.

That is how the situation stood up to last December 26th with the British in exclusive possession of the only oil production in Iran while the Russians had a promise of future joint drilling in the northern fields.

Last December 26th an event occurred in London which radically altered the situation in Persia and in the whole Middle East. Although attracting little attention in the United States it undoubtedly was more important to the Middle East than anything since the defeat of Rommel at El Alamein. This event was the signature by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, of an agreement under which it will furnish for the first time on a long-term, quantity basis Iranian oil to American firms. In return the American firms agreed to advance money to build a pipe line from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean with a terminus, probably, in Palestine.

The announcements carefully insisted that this was a private commercial transaction between American and British oil firms and that its primary purpose was to give the Americans a source of oil with which to meet their export market commitments without further depleting America's home oil reserves. The State Department and the British Foreign Office, it was pointed out, had been fully and constantly informed on the negotiations.

Regardless of the lack of attention paid this agreement by the American public it did not pass unnoticed by the British press, which seemed to understand its implications very clearly. The London comments said frankly that the new oil commitments were expected to force the complete reorientation of both British and American policy in the Middle East. No longer, the British journals suggested, could the British entertain any thoughts (if they had ever had any) of pulling out of the Persian Gulf.

The United States, said the British commentators, must now adopt a new policy for the Middle East. She must take a second look at her sentimental sympathies for Zionism in Palestine; she must re-examine her interesting dalliance with the Arab states, particularly with King Ibn-Saud, and, said several thoughtful weeklies, it could not be long now before the United States faced up to the question of establishing her own good, strong military base in the Middle East in order to protect her new interests. Reading the comments, you could almost hear Whitehall's sighs of relief at shifting at least half their burden of protecting a slipping position in the Middle East to strong young American shoulders.

### A Tough-Minded U.S. Diplomat

How these events were received in Persia can easily be imagined. The United States has a good, tough representative in Iran. He understands equally well the ins and outs of the British and Russian positions there. His name is George Venable Allen and at forty-three he is recognized by the State Department as one of the most forceful diplomats ever sent abroad. There is no doubt that, sitting behind the ugly, mustard-colored walls of the U.S. Embassy in Teheran, Allen understood perfectly the implications of the December 26th agreement in London.

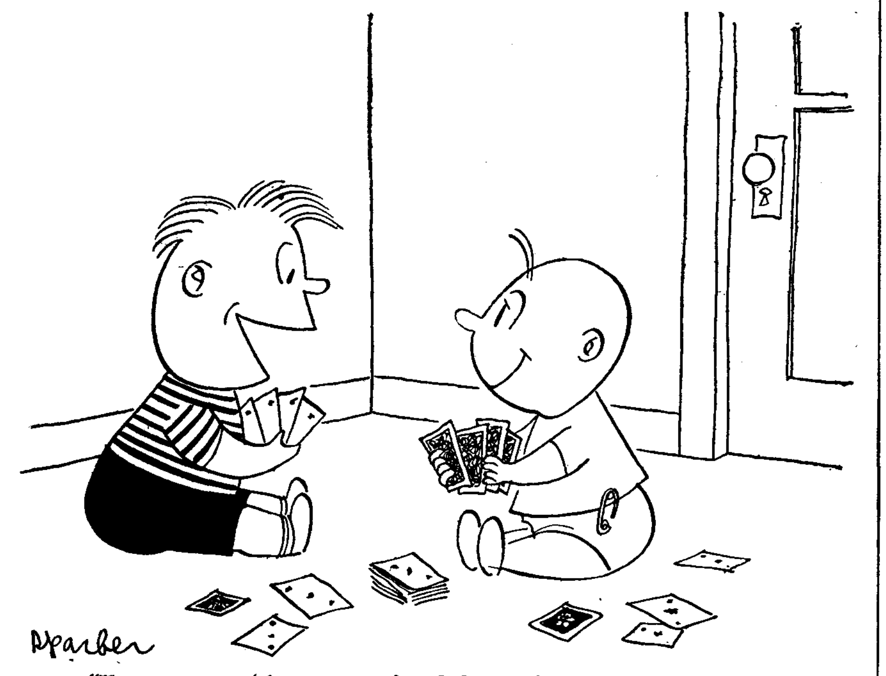
Allen respects the Russians as serious antagonists. His feeling toward them is much like that of a chess master up against a brilliant opponent who has been defeated, occasionally, in preliminary matches.

Allen knows the American position and he plays the game well. It is simple enough once you understand the counters. For instance, one counter is the American Military Mission which advises the Iranian army on transport and supply problems. We have a whole complement of field grade officers scattered around Iran, some of them in surprisingly remote places, to show the army how to run and maintain its trucks.

Another counter is the mission of Brigadier General H. Norman Schwarzkopf which was installed back in 1942 and has only recently gotten a new two-year contract. Schwarzkopf has been applying the principles of the New Jersey State Police to the Persian *gendarmerie*. He has created an outfit which roughly resembles the Canadian Mounties but he is still fighting for more pay for his men as an antidote to corruption.

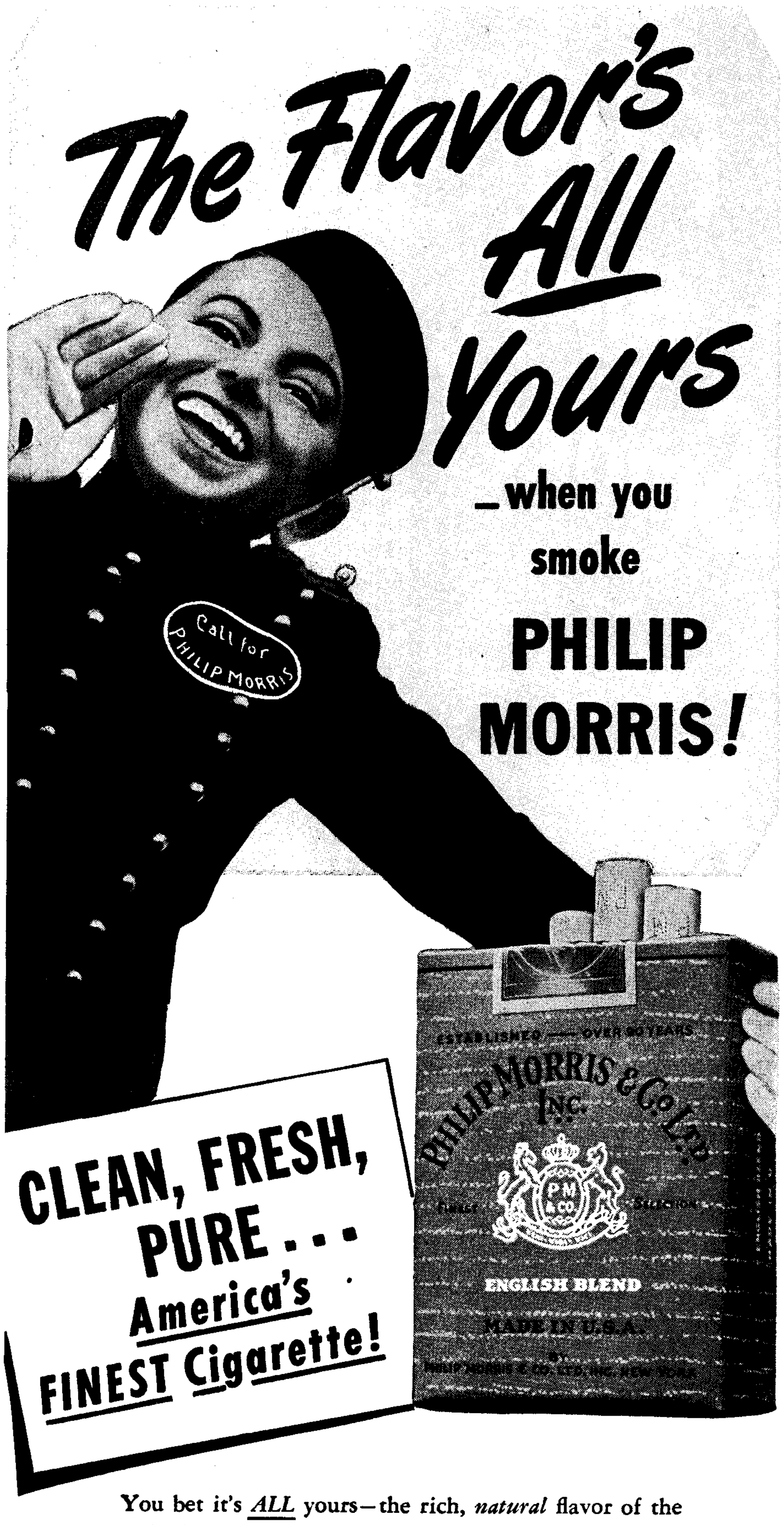
There are other counters—Trans-World Airlines, for example, has a contract under which it is operating a new Persian air line. Under the deal Persia holds 90 per cent of the stock but TWA

**TIMMY** by **HOWARD SPARBER**



"You must say 'six no-trump' and then I throw my cards at you"

COLLIER'S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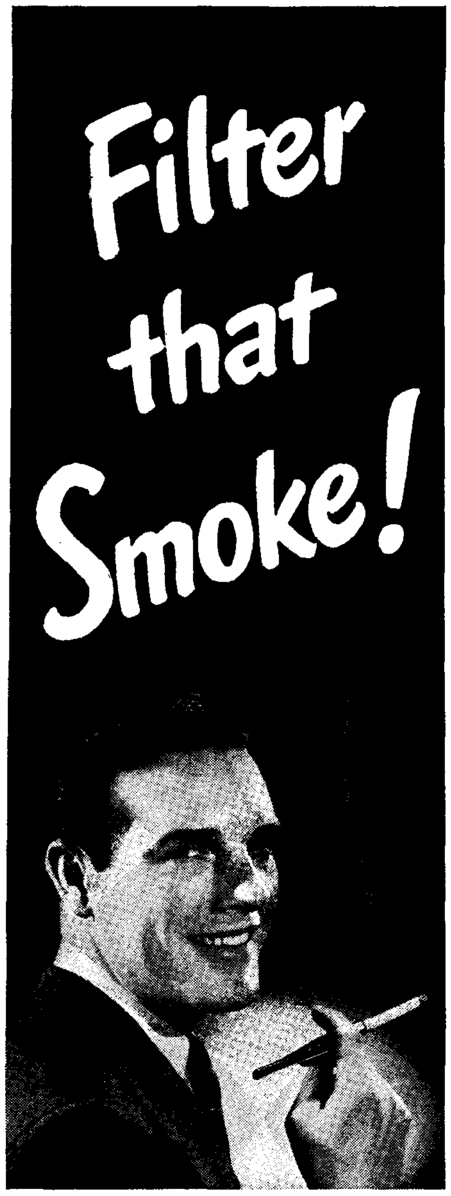
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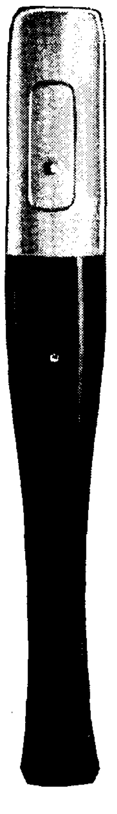

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has absolute managerial control. For a time there was a fourth American pawn in the game.

This was the financial mission of Dr. Arthur C. Millspaugh, designed to reorganize and control, if possible, Iran's finances and to bolster the Iran treasury against a load of graft and corruption so staggering that it was draining off probably half the government's revenues. However, more than a year ago, the mission blew up in an unfortunate cloud of ill feeling with Dr. Millspaugh charging lack of support both from the State Department and the Iran government while his opponents accused him of mismanagement and "dictatorial behavior."

It might be argued, of course, that these American missions were inspired by a spirit of altruism designed solely to improve the downtrodden lot of the Iranians. But a more worldly view has been advanced recently by a British publicist named Sydney Morrell. During the war Morrell edited the British-backed, English-language Teheran Daily News and had a fine chance to see what was going on.

"By 1944," says Morrell, "the British began to look around for some partner to help them hold the wall. They turned, naturally, to America . . . In attempting to persuade America to participate in the Middle East after the war, the Churchill government had the sense to realize that appeals to sentimentality would not work and that arguments about world strategy and its responsibilities would alarm rather than inspire an American public. . . .

"There were two ways, the British reasoned, to lure America into the Middle East. One was to take advantage of Anglo-American co-operation during the war to insure that American officials were given key positions of authority and responsibility, thus arousing the benevolent interest of the American Administration. This, and not any concern for the prosperity of Iran, as such, was mainly why the British continually supported the American missions that trained the Iranian army, reorganized the *gendarmerie* and advised the Iranian Ministry of Health."

### Bait for American Support

The other way of "luring America into the Middle East," as Morrell puts it, was to anchor American interest on a good, solid economic base—in other words, cut the United States into the British oil pie in Iran.

Morrell is not a spokesman for the British Foreign Office, but his view of the London deal undoubtedly coincided with that held in the two most interested capitals, Teheran and Moscow. Iranians have often noted that, with rare exceptions, American and British diplomacy take a common line and that, increasingly, it is the American diplomat who goes out in front while his British colleague, seemingly, tags behind.

For example, when the Central government sent in its troops to take over Azerbaijan province last fall, both the British and Soviet consuls ostentatiously stayed indoors at Tabriz until the trouble was over, to emphasize their "nonintervention." But the American consul, young Lester Sutton, with equal ostentation displayed an American flag on his car and drove around the streets "to encourage confidence in law and order."

The display of the American flag in the streets of a dirty north Persian town may sound trivial, but some Persians tried to see it as a gesture of significance. To them it meant that the United States had put its support behind the Central government of Premier Ahmed Ghavam. They knew only too well that the Azerbaijan "Democratic" party of Jaafar Pishevari had been established with something more than the silent blessing of the Soviets. To the Persians it seemed that when the aged Ghavam, fondling his amber Moslem prayer beads, sent his troops up against the northern passes he was directly challenging the Russians on their home ground. Small wonder that the people of Teheran held their breath.

But when Ghavam's cavalry rode through the forbidding Ghaflankuh gorge, a position which any handful of good machine gunners could have defended for months, they met no opposition. They fanned out into the heart of Azerbaijan, took over the whole province and, after beating a few "Democrats," looting a few houses and smashing up some stores, established their new regime without a single military engagement. The Azerbaijan "Democrats" and the *fedais*, the volunteer peasant "home guard," simply melted away.

Premier Pishevari, the bland, pleasant veteran of almost a decade in Persian jails, ran for the Soviet frontier and no one seemed to know for certain, or even to care, whether he made it or not. There were bloodcurdling broadcasts by the Tabriz radio but the Azerbaijani failed to rise for a "fight to the death" and even Moscow, after a few angry grunts on the radio and some mild diplomatic protests, took the affair with aplomb.

Gossipy Teherani wondered a good deal about how Ghavam managed to twist the great bear's tail and get away with it. They finally decided that something like this had happened. Ghavam is under a pledge to give Russia what amounts to an oil concession in northern Iran. But, under a law passed by the Persian parliament, he is not legally permitted to discuss the oil question with Russia until the Majlis, or parliament, approves such talks. The old Majlis expired early last year. Until a new Majlis was elected this spring Ghavam's hands were tied on the Russian oil deal.

Any Persian will tell you that this put Ghavam in a fine bargaining position. He could tell Soviet Ambassador Ivan V. Sadchikoff that until elections were held he could not talk oil. And he could add that until the Central government's troops took over Azerbaijan, no elections could be conducted.

That may or may not be the explanation of what happened in Azerbaijan last autumn. There are some Teherani who feel that Ghavam played the best of all Persian games—both ends to the middle; that he made a strong stand in the north to please his American and British friends and kept favor with Moscow by promising that once the elections were held the oil deal would go through forthwith.

Whatever the explanation, Iran has now gone through the slow process of holding her elections—and, as this was written, Ghavam seemed a sure winner. When the parliament, firmly dominated by Ghavam, convenes in Teheran the Persians believe the real test will come. Then they will know whether Ghavam really twisted the bear's tail or merely went through an elaborate pantomime. Because then Ghavam—if he keeps his job—must either deliver or back down on his pledge to give the Soviet a crack at northern Iran oil.

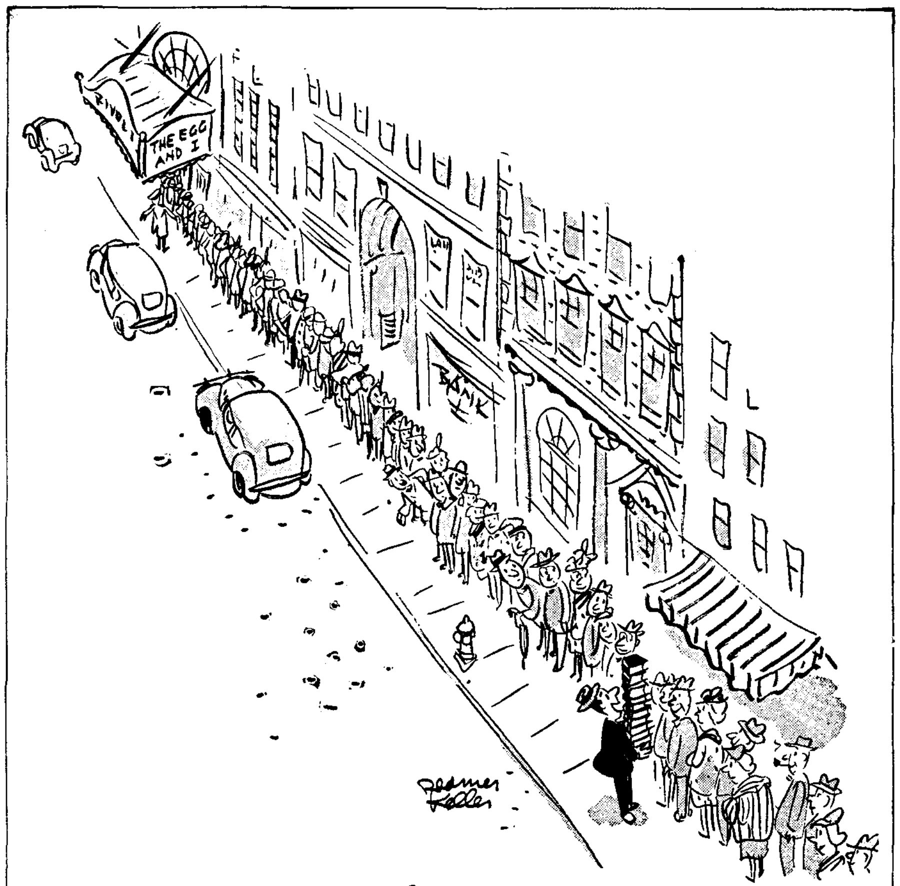
What will happen then is anyone's guess. Possibly the best guess would come from the bazaar. And the bazaar does not think things will get better in the spring. The bazaar does not think there is much chance that the shah's dream of a revolution without outside influence will come to pass; it is realistic. If anything changes in Persia, says the bazaar, foreigners are likely to be behind it. As for the spring—the bazaar foresees trouble. The Persian word for that is *sholuk* and it is a very common word in Iran.

The bazaar hopes that things will get better. It hopes that the World Bank may give Ghavam the $250,000,000 loan he has asked for. But it is not optimistic and it hardly expects that if the loan comes through the money will all go into public works, irrigation and power projects. It knows that many thousands will stick to the palms of the officials. Still, the bazaar is not without hope.

A wise old Persian put the case for the bazaar—and through the bazaar for his country:

"Sahib," he said, "we are an Oriental people and we have known much trouble. What we want now is peace and security. If the Americans and the Russians and the British with all their power cannot give the world that, then we are going to have more *sholuk* on our hands than even we, in all our patience, can handle."

THE END



"Plenty of time to read the book before you see the picture, folks"

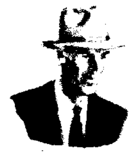
COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

# spring is here here's your hat!

**right** Brown hat with brown and tan suit is a tasteful, color-right blend.

**right** Grey off-the-face hat is widely approved for business and town clothes.

**right** Casual and sport clothes call for colorful sport hats of fabric or felt.



**wrong** Brown hat shades clash with blue suits. Never mix warm and cold colors.

**wrong** Grey off-the-face hat creates the wrong effect with casual suits or tweeds.

**wrong** Sport and fabric hats with business suits result in a mis-matched look.

The lid's off on the new Spring hats!

So top off those swell new clothes with a tribute to budding Nature . . . a smooth, rich felt in soft tan, shimmering green, sky-blue, or tasteful grey. Just choose the hat that's *shaded* right for your coloring. And be sure it's *shaped* right and *styled* right for your face and personality! That's the hat that will freshen your outlook throughout this lively season.

Get in step with Spring . . . step into the store where you see the plaque shown below—and put yourself in the hands of expert *Recognized Hatters!*

RECOGNIZED
*Hat Research Foundation*
1946-47
HATTER

*This plaque identifies a Recognized Hatter*

**the right hat freshens your appearance**

DISCOVER *The Difference*

IN YOUR NEXT

Old Fashioned

*Make it with*

SOUTHERN COMFORT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*The Grand Old Drink of the South*

It's always a thrill to discover, and *re-discover*, the marvelous flavor of a SOUTHERN COMFORT Old Fashioned. What a *delightful* difference! But don't limit yourself to this one fine discovery. Try the others in the booklet on the bottle.

100 PROOF
LIQUEUR

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

# YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

### BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

## Electric Take-Off

Someday soon you may be shot into the sky by an electric catapult, invented in the war but never used. Without jolt or jar it can whisk a heavily laden air liner or freighter off the ground in as little as one seventh the take-off distance required by the same plane under its own power. The catapult is a giant electric motor rolled out flat and stretched 1,300 feet along the runway. The copper and steel that used to be the revolving part are laid flush with the ground; the "stator," several feet long, is mounted just above it on a carriage running on rails. When a heavy jolt of A.C. power is fed to it, this carriage plunges down the track, towing the plane with it and reaching flying speed in a few hundred feet. The electric catapult will enable giant planes to use small airports, and will put transports safely into the air when they are too heavily loaded to take off by themselves.

## Silver Dips Clean

A ten-second dunking in a new chemical, dissolved in a pan of hot water, will shine your dirtiest silver without a stroke of rubbing and with no damage to the finest sterling or plate. The usual metal polish contains abrasives that actually wear off the silver along with the tarnish. But the chemical treatment, acting something like electroplating in reverse, does not grind, and leaves no mess to clean up afterward. It gets into all kinds of inaccessible places, can even polish the inside of the spout of a pitcher. The solution doesn't affect glass or enamelware pans and doesn't hurt your hands.

## Don't for Mildew

Chemistry has at last caught up with mildew, in a solution that kills all sorts of mold and fungus growths. Millions of dollars' worth of shoes, suitcases, bedding and sports equipment have been thrown away every year because of the mildew that attacks them in damp cellars and closets. That loss can be stopped now simply by spraying or swabbing on a colorless liquid. The solution is also good for sweetening garbage pails and keeping the musty odor out of refrigerators. The chemical is harmless to any surface that can stand plain soap and water.

REFUSE
JEFF KEATE

## Glowing Lamp Shades

No more groping in the dark to turn on that living-room lamp, if you fit your bridge lamps with phosphorescent shades. The new shade is made of plastic, impregnated with a "phosphor" dye. While the light is on, the dye absorbs enough energy to glow for as long as ten hours in the dark. Daylight stores up the glow.

## This Toaster Pops Down

Instead of throwing a finished piece of toast up in your face, a new design of toaster shoots it downward into a bin in the base of the appliance, where it is kept crisp and hot till eaten. The pop-down toaster is automatic, and has the extra advantage that it can be opened up wide to brown an English muffin or a roll.

## Scrub and Wash With Paper

A Chicago hotel now provides its guests with paper washcloths. Vegetable "parchment" has been made for some years, but washcloths and dishcloths of this material are new. They do a better job than cotton cloth, because they are made with hundreds of small holes which furnish many small edges that give a scrubbing action ordinary cloth can't match. The paper washcloth is self-cleaning; it won't absorb dirt or grease, but transfers them from face or dish to water. It will last for weeks, but is cheap enough to throw away after one use. You can use it for alcohol rubs, putting on make-up, polishing floors and furniture, washing windows.

## Sproutless Spuds

The potato that bursts forth in the kitchen bin or barrel down cellar, with new sprouts, will soon be a forgotten nuisance. A chemical has been developed by agricultural scientists that prevents sprouting without damaging the eating quality of the spud in any way. The new treatment can be done at home. It will be a big money saver to potato farmers and warehousemen, who have been taking big shrinkage losses on stored crops because the tubers sprout in the bin and can't be sold except for seed purposes. The process is simple: Sprinkle a little dust over the spuds as they are packed or as they come from the store. It is nonpoisonous, washes off readily. ★★★

DRAWINGS BY JEFF KEATE

## SOUPED-UP SPEED

Continued from page 15

business. Some of them began manufacturing special racing equipment; others rented small buildings in the rear of service stations and opened up "speed shops," where the bulk of high-precision motor work is carried on.

Nearly all of them began building up new cars. They combed the countryside for old Model T frames, old roadster bodies with the right curves, ancient motor blocks with plenty of power potentialities. The lights burned late in many family garages, the speed shops got into stride and junk yards filled with old cars took a new lease on life.

One auto wrecker in the town of San Bernardino, who was about to set fire to a pile of old cars, discovered in the nick of time that he possessed a small fortune in old roadster bodies. One popular model of 1932 vintage is currently selling for $250. This, of course, is the bare shell, without the chassis, top or fenders, and no questions asked about paint, bumps and dents or upholstery.

Some of the hot rigs currently seen on the streets or rolling out of the speed shops are things of wonder, if not beauty. There is no loud stuff, no gaudy paint, no chrome plate or flashy ornaments on the outside. Tires, steering mechanism and brakes are mechanically perfect, but there's not much to look at until you open the hood, and then—oh, boy! The car may have a frame 20 years old, a body by Ford (1932) but the motor is likely to be a power plant from a retired Fleetwood limousine, or a 16-barreled mill from an old Cadillac.

It will not, of course, bear any resemblance in either looks or design to its original factory appearance. More likely than not, the stroke will have been lengthened, the compression raised, the bore increased. There will be a special fast-action camshaft, a special manifold and not less than two, probably four downdraft carburetors. The water pumps will be disconnected to lessen the drag on the engine. There may be a blower, or supercharger, to boost the air into the carburetors, and perhaps there will be water injection. The whole thing will be as spotless and clean as a polished jewel.

The owner of such a job has scant admiration for the new models currently being turned out by Detroit. "Gook wagons," he calls them. This is only one of the special terms used by the hot-rod enthusiasts.

### A Glossary for the Squirrels

A "gook wagon" is a fancy stock car with a conventional motor and lots of chrome plate in the wrong places. Carburetors are called "pots" or "jugs"; pistons are "slugs" or "buckets"; cylinder heads are "lids"; brakes, "binders." A motor is called a "mill" and a "stroker" is one that has had its piston travel increased. To "peel out" means a fast take-off; to "fire-up" a job means getting it in trim for the races. Tires are called "skins"; "stacks" are exhaust pipes, and since they are a part of the engine, they may be chrome plated. A "crock" or "goat" is a job built up to look like a racer but lacking the mechanical refinements under the hood. Kids that drive these, particularly those who try to show off in traffic and ignore traffic rules, are called "squirrels."

This year the races are being held every month or six weeks at El Mirage, a hundred miles north of Los Angeles. El Mirage is a shimmering desert waste, without a tree or shrub, without a building of any sort. It is half a mile above sea level, which is not so good for oxygen-hungry motors, but the races are bigger and better than ever.

Sunday is usually the big day, but by Saturday afternoon preparations have been completed. Before nightfall traffic is streaming in. Tents, sleeping bags and cooking utensils are brought out. Racing cars, groomed to deliver the last ounce of speed, begin lining up near the starter's platform. By morning there may be 500 or more entries, and the line may be a mile and a half long.

Starters, judges and timing officials go to their stations. Patrolmen struggle to control the crowds of spectators. The safety committee examines brakes, tires and steering gear in the first car in the line-up. One at a time, at intervals of about 30 seconds, the racers peel out. The line of waiting cars inches forward; one man on the starter's platform has earphones clamped to his head. Wires laid on the ground carry messages back and forth. Two electric eyes and a costly chronometer register the time to the barest fraction of a second. In work, war or sport, young America is a genius at organization.

### Fast Records; Small Money

By two in the afternoon the last car has raced through the traps. The complete results will be announced in the California Timing News, a fan paper published monthly, but the names of the top winners are given over the loud-speaker. In the roadster class Randy Shinn has set a new record of 132.74 miles an hour. Stuart Hilborn, in a streamliner with a hopped-up Cadillac motor, clocked 135.95. In the unlimited class Tony Capana, driving a 16-cylinder Marmon in a Ford chassis, breezed through the traps at 145.39 miles per hour. The rewards are rarely more than a couple of hundred dollars, but since the men design, drive and build their own cars, personal satisfaction is considerable.

Police officials in various towns in southern California reveal varying attitudes toward the hop-ups. Ivan Robinson, in charge of Glendale's traffic problems, does not feel that hop-ups constitute a serious problem except when they are involved in street racing. His men are told to crack down hard on any hot roadsters they catch peeling out from a street signal. But catching them is easier said than accomplished. "We use fast cars," says Sergeant Robinson, "but our equipment is not fast enough if they try to outrun us. If they attempt to elude us by dodging around corners, they're sunk because we have a system worked out."

Sergeant Robinson points with pride to the fact that traffic deaths in Glendale decreased 27 per cent in the last six months of 1946 as compared with a like period in 1945. For the state as a whole over the same period, traffic deaths increased 29 per cent.

Deputy Chief Bernard Caldwell of the Los Angeles City Traffic Bureau considers hop-ups an out-and-out tangible nuisance. He feels that the situation calls for more stringent legislation. At present there is no big stick the harassed authorities can use to put hop-ups out of circulation on city streets. Street racing, Chief Caldwell feels, should be made punishable by arrest and physical custody, like drunken driving. Spectators of street races should be considered partners in the offense. Those caught would have to post considerable bail, or go to jail.

In attempting to solve the problem Chief Caldwell suggests a twofold approach: (1) to find a constructive substitute, and (2) stricter law enforcement with emphasis on lack of fenders, mufflers and bumpers.

Clarence Morris, head of the Pasadena Police Department, puts the emphasis on "training for citizenship." "We run a traffic school," he points out. "It's a

A new way to take the chill off a room—

If a room seems chilly, don't go turning up the furnace—

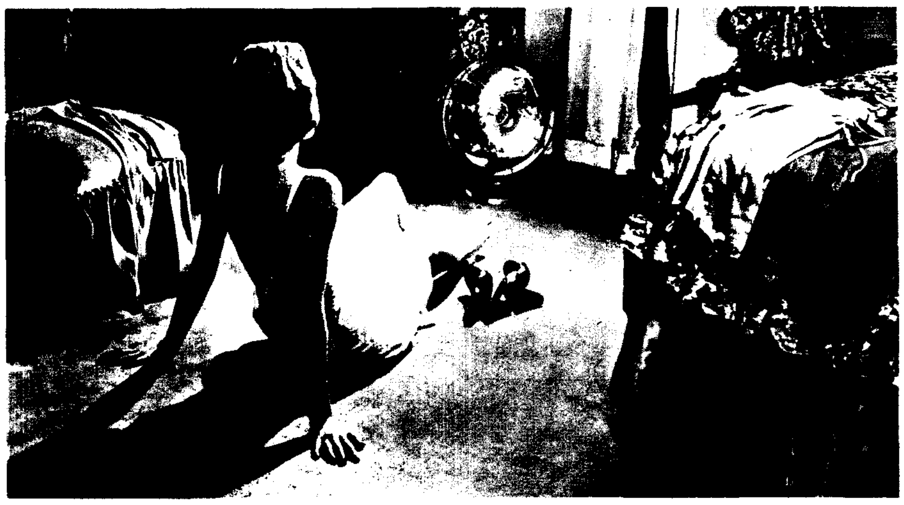
Be modern, save money—plug in General Electric's streamlined, portable Arizona Heater.

Instantly it fills the room with currents of warm, clean air. No noise. No moving parts. It's all done by natural-draft circulation.

Ever so light, the Arizona gives off an odorless, red-warm glow—so safe, even with children around.

Approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, it's all precision built by G.E.

A new way to keep warm when dressing—



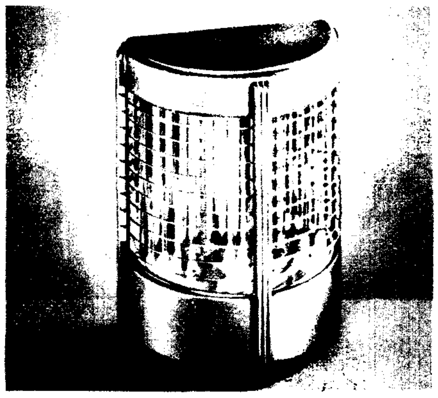
Glory be, what bliss—just plug in General Electric's Sunbowl Heater. Now, spot its heat right on yourself.

Keep warm all over when dressing on chilly mornings. Bathe in Sunbowl's spot of heat whenever you're cold.

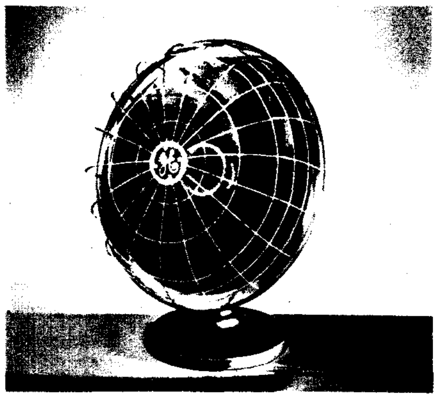
P. S. *In The Early Spring*, turn off your central heating. Save money. Keep really warm, early mornings and late evenings, with G-E Space Heaters.

All the electricity that goes into any G-E Heater comes out as heat! Buy G.E.—a great value! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Always insist on G-E Space Heaters and be sure of the best!



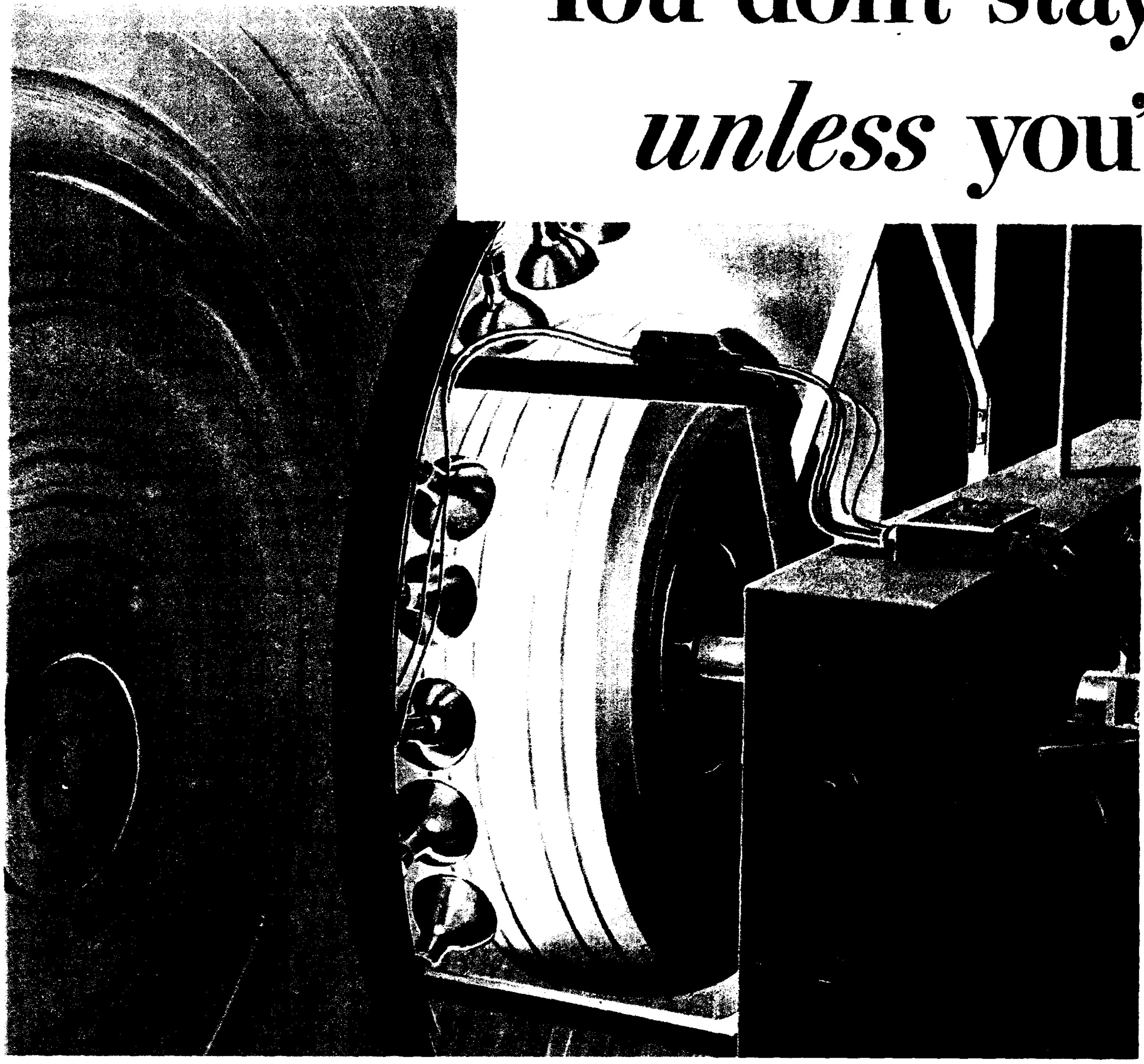
THE ARIZONA—Only $14.95 plus tax

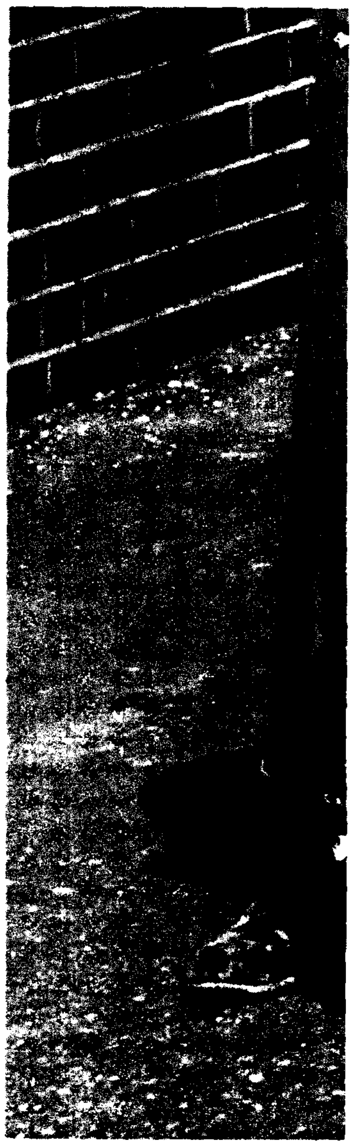


THE SUNBOWL—Just $8.25 plus tax

GENERAL ELECTRIC

# You don't stay first *unless* you're best





**This tire is answering** a very important question! It's:

"How well will a Goodyear tire stand *heat* —a tire's worst enemy?"

Before it's released to the public, every new Goodyear must answer this question *twice* —first in the laboratory, then on the road. And here's what happens in the laboratory:

The infra-red rays keep that tire at 212°—where water boils! Held against the revolving drum with a pressure equal to that of a loaded car, it's as if the tire were speeding along the highway hour after hour—while being literally cooked in the steady, merciless heat.

**And the result?** Long after lesser tires have broken down under this brutal test, the Goodyear rolls on and on!

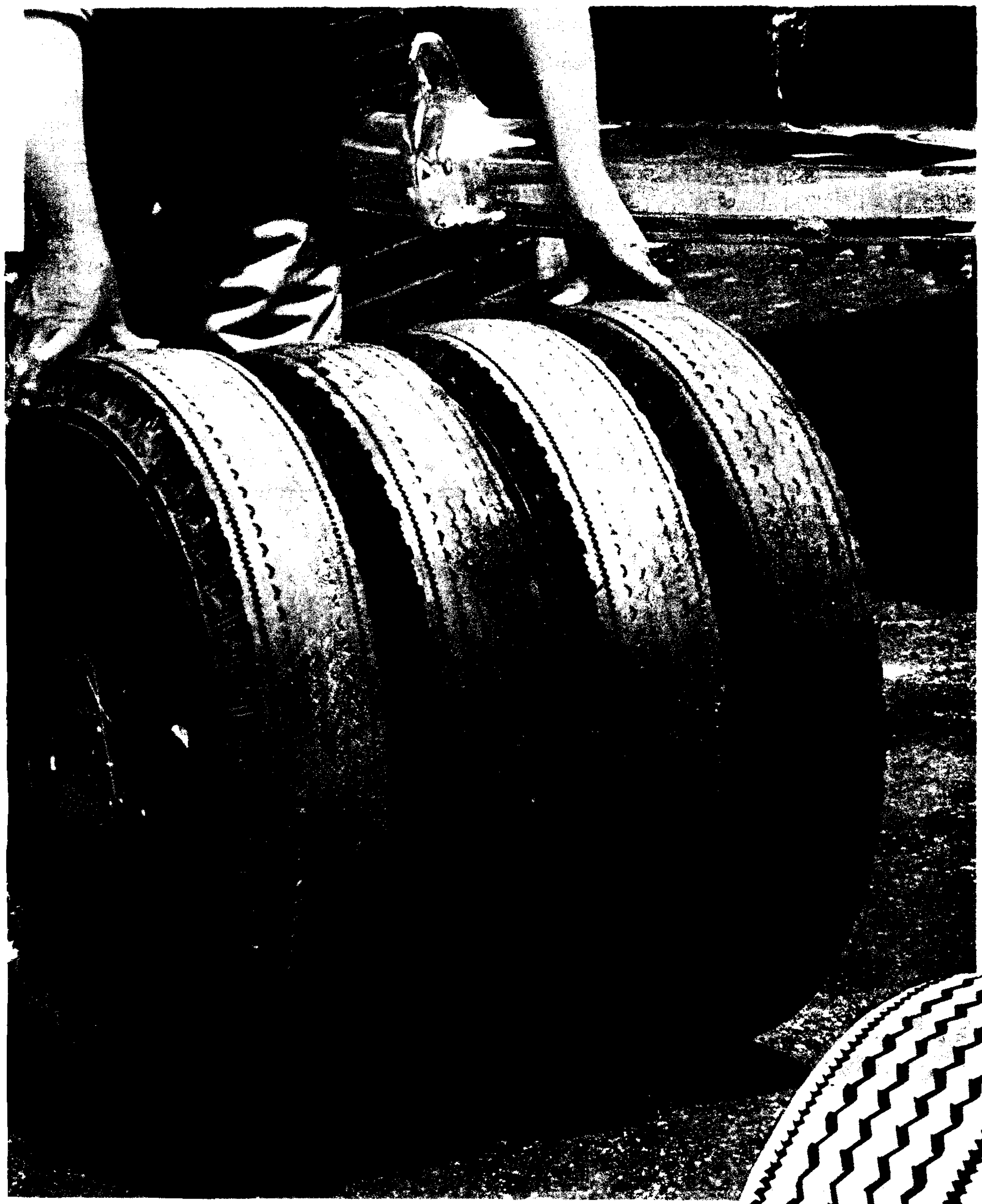
Now . . .

**Here's answer number**
across the western plains,
down and the mercury cli
test car has been running
month.

Stopping only for gasc
drivers, it has been givi
Goodyear tires the tougl
have: a long, high-speed r
so hot it will literally bur

# First–every year for 32 years

GOOD



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the sun beats
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And the result? After 51,000 trouble-free miles at an average speed of 60 miles an hour, these Goodyears were taken off—with no one knows how many *more* thousands of miles left in them!

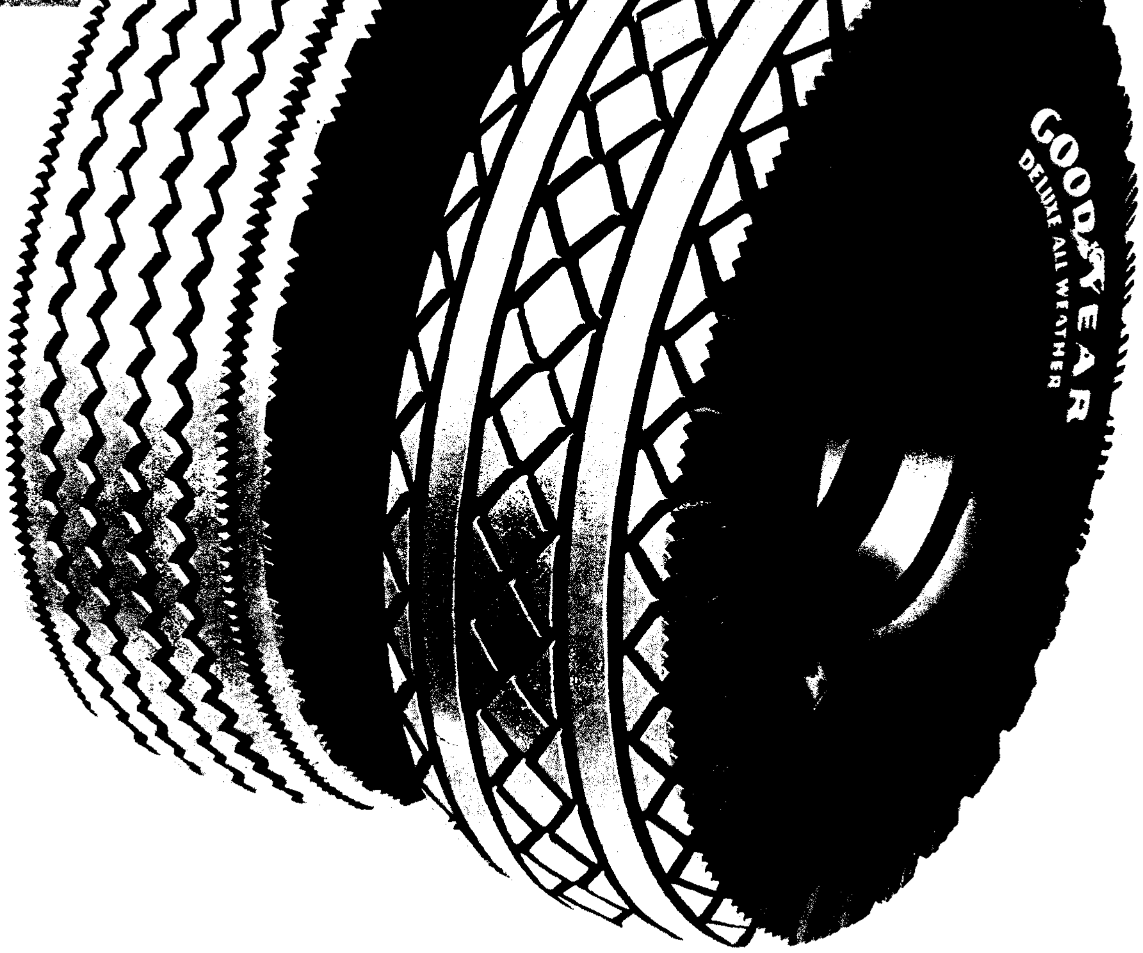
**Special test tires?** No, sir! They're the same tough Goodyears you'll find at your dealer's. No wonder Goodyear holds its place as America's first-choice tire for the 32nd consecutive year!

EAR

GOOD YEAR

# More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

**ANOTHER GOODYEAR FIRST!...**
**Goodyear tires in larger sizes are made with rayon cord.**



I'll wait until you call — 'cause...

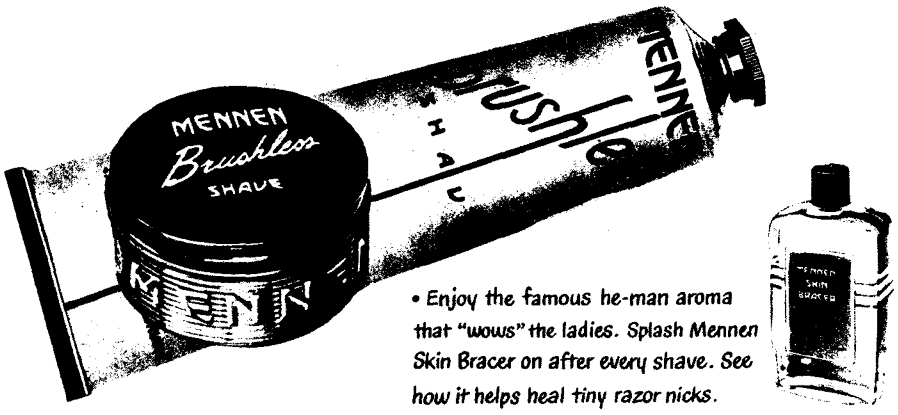
I like "SMOOTH" Men who keep presentable longer with

MENNEN BRUSHLESS SHAVE

WANT PROOF OF A BETTER SHAVE? READ THIS!

YOU'VE GOT HER NUMBER when you rely on Mennen Brushless for that smooth look a lady likes — those smooth shaves that Keep You Presentable Longer.

SUCCESS? YES — nationwide surveys prove it! Mennen Brushless is the first choice of dermatologists — doctors who devote their careers to skin care. It's so creamy... spreads on so easily. Get Mennen Brushless today.



• Enjoy the famous he-man aroma that "wows" the ladies. Splash Mennen Skin Bracer on after every shave. See how it helps heal tiny razor nicks.

pretty stiff course with lectures and slides. That does more good than handing out tickets and light fines. We try to get the older boys to assume adult responsibilities.

"After all, most of them are no longer kids. Most of them spend a lot of time in the family garage at night working on their cars. We'd rather have them at home working on hop-ups than hanging around beer joints and pool halls. A lot of these older men, like Ted Lawson of Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo, were pilots and fighters. During the war they were conditioned to a life full of excitement. You can't run hot and cold water out of the same faucet."

I talked with Don Kidd, who runs a speed shop on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles. Don is a member of a roadster club, served three years in the 8th Army Air Corps. He has a bunch of ribbons and stuff in a cigar box.

### From a Mechanic's Viewpoint

Referring to Detroit automakers, he said, "They think we're crazy—so what? All we're doing is trying to get back to fundamentals. We don't want to haul a lot of gook over the streets. An automobile is nothing but a piece of machinery to get you from here to there. Look at the new cars! Who wants a half acre of chrome-plated grillwork stuck up in front of his car? Who wants to drive a job that looks like a Hollywood boudoir? I'm a mechanic. Try to work on one of those gook jobs! You have to stand on your head to get at the motor. Try to get at a radiator or a transmission! It takes you twice as long to take off the tinware and ornaments as it does to do the job. By the time you get at the real trouble, it's time to close up the shop."

Randy Shinn, an ex-Navy man, is the secretary of the Timing Association and son of a prominent Los Angeles judge. Before the war Shinn was a practicing lawyer, but in the future the legal profession may have to get along without him. Since being released from the Navy he has taken over the family garage, turned it into a shop filled with precision machinery.

Shinn's special plea is for a wide strip of concrete, about five miles long, where the club members could get the speed out of their systems. He sees no reason why the public authorities should not turn over to the speed boys a piece of little-used highway where the races could be held two or three times a week, possibly at night when the traffic is lightest.

"Seventy-five per cent of the guys," he says, "are ex-G.I.s, but some people still have the idea that everyone driving a roadster with a fast motor is a squirrel. There are some like that, kids who play tag in the traffic, but we can educate the squirrels, once we get them into clubs and make them respectable."

In Hollywood I visited the speed shop of Eddie Meyer, brother of Lou Meyer, three times winner of the Indianapolis speed classic. I talked to Frances, Eddie's very attractive daughter, who manages her father's office.

"Where's your father?" I asked.

"Out trying to find a bigger building," she said. "This place is too small. We're swamped."

"Is that bad?" I asked.

"Look," she said, putting her hand on a stack of papers a foot high. "These are back orders. There's enough right here to keep us going a year."

"It looks like the California boys are really going into this hop-up thing in a big way," I said.

"California!" she answered. "Ninety per cent of these are out-of-state orders. They're from Buffalo, New York, Pittsburgh, Cleveland. This morning we had an order from Hawaii. Less than 10 per cent of the stuff we make is sold locally."

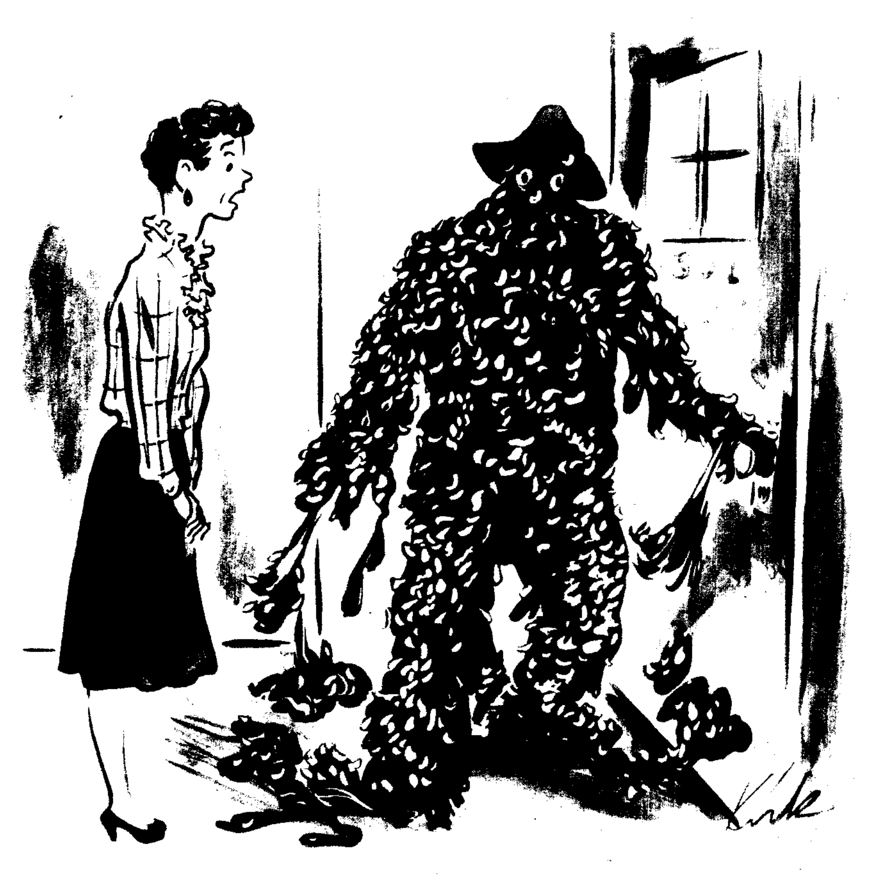
On my way I walked through the shop. A young mechanic with a power grinder was working on a V-type motor block, grinding out the valve ports to enlarge them, the theory being that larger openings cause less resistance; less resistance more power, more speed. A white card, marked "Rush" was attached to the front of the block.

"Working it over?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said, shutting off the grinder a couple of seconds. "It'll be a full race job when it goes out of here. Some guy in Seattle."

It looks as if the speed craze is spreading.

THE END



"Oh, dear! It was so much nicer when they just burned you in effigy"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES

# TARGET: HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 13

and was all set to pick up where he had left off.

His arrival in Hollywood had the typical Stewart touch, i.e., no touch at all. He quietly but firmly vetoed all coming-home parties and celebrations. Like most guys who have been in the war long enough and deeply enough, he had enough of it and wanted to forget it fast. The same thing, the other way around, happened during the war. Stewart never liked to talk about Hollywood and his career. His only contacts with Hollywood were the weekly pin-up girls in Yank Magazine, which inspired in him the same wistful thoughts as in all other men.

"During the war he was a flier and wanted to be just a good flier," one of his friends says. "In Hollywood he is an actor and wants to be just that. While he was in the Army, he refused to capitalize on his name as a movie star. Now he has asked the publicity people who handle his pictures to refrain from mentioning his war record in their promotion and exploitation."

### Prefers Golf to Flying

He's given up flying. Before the war he owned his own plane and piled up 200 hours of flying until the rate of ulcers among worried M-G-M executives shot up unreasonably. But now, after 2,000 hours in the air, he's through with planes and very fond of the ground, which may explain his new passion for golf.

"I started to study with a pro at the Bel-Air Club," he says. "Working hard, you know. Driving, then the irons, then the putter. But the pro won't let me play anybody. He's—eh—ashamed of me."

The pro's embarrassment is not quite unwarranted. Stewart has not yet been able to break 100.

At this writing he is still trying to make the upper nineties, playing with his friend, Henry Fonda, another veteran, but Fonda says they only keep it up because it's a convenient excuse for calling up each other and saying, "Let's skip it tomorrow and sleep late." To be able to sleep late is as great a luxury for movie stars as it was for soldiers. Stewart hates to get up at 5:30 A.M. but not so much as Fonda, who, according to Stewart, has his getting-up routine timed to seconds. "Hank had been wearing a pair of old moccasins, and when he finally changed to half shoes, he was always late at the studio because he hadn't counted on tying up his laces."

There was a flurry of excitement around Hollywood's front offices in September, 1945, when it became known that Jimmy Stewart was arriving in New York. His contract with M-G-M had run out in July and the mere thought of getting Stewart gave frustrated B-picture producers that Academy Award feeling.

Stewart did not sign up with M-G-M—nor with any other studio. He decided to free-lance, so that he could do the kind of pictures he believed in, untroubled by studio politics and stockholders. The current crop of Hollywood pictures no doubt had something to do with Stewart's decision, and perhaps he was also thinking of what happened to Clark Gable in his first postwar misadventure, Adventure.

At any rate, Stewart had a long-distance talk with Frank Capra, who had directed him in You Can't Take It With You and Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, which Stewart himself considers his favorite picture. The conversation didn't last more than two minutes. Colonel Stewart, on terminal leave, said he felt he ought to make his first picture with Frank, and Colonel Capra, on terminal leave, said he'd been thinking along that line himself, and that was all. No contracts, backers, sign-nineteen-times-please, publicity releases. When Stewart, after a visit to his home town, Indiana, Pennsylvania, arrived in Hollywood, Frank Capra called him up and said, "I've got a script I want you to read."

"I'll pick it up," said Stewart.

The script was called It's a Wonderful Life, and Stewart read it at once. In the middle of the night he called up Capra.

"This is it," he said.

There were people who thought Stewart shouldn't have signed up "only as an actor." While he was away, quite a few stars had set themselves up as their own producers, corporation presidents and majority stockholders. It was the *chic* thing to do. Since then, many of those one-picture corporations have folded. Stewart gets $150,000 for one picture, almost as much as his former M-G-M yearly salary. He's frightened at the mere thought of becoming a producer. "I am an actor. After spending ten years learning my profession I would be a fool to try something else. Acting is the thing I know best."

He could have done a lot of other things. He could have become president of an air line, but he shrugs that off. "I have no business experience for commercial aviation." Back in his home town, a few admirers of Mr. Smith Goes to Washington asked Stewart to run for governor of Pennsylvania. Stewart explained patiently that he was only good as a make-believe politician.

"But don't fool yourself," one of his closest friends said not long ago. "Jimmy knows what the score is. He's smart about money and he has good investments. Real estate and so on."

The three months between his arrival in Hollywood and the start of his first picture were unadulterated fun. He would drop in at the Henry Fondas and after a while Mrs. Fonda would find her husband and Stewart in the basement busily toying with a model railroad train, or outside flying a kite. Stewart's favorite relaxation is to play the piano, with four fingers and plenty of false notes, and to sing. He sings even worse than he plays the piano but in his fonder dreams he fancies himself a poor woman's Sinatra.

And he likes to be with his friends; they are still the ones he made when he came to Hollywood ten years ago. Some of them—Henry Fonda, Benny Goodman, Burgess Meredith—he knows from the old New York days where they had formed The Thursday Night Beer Club.

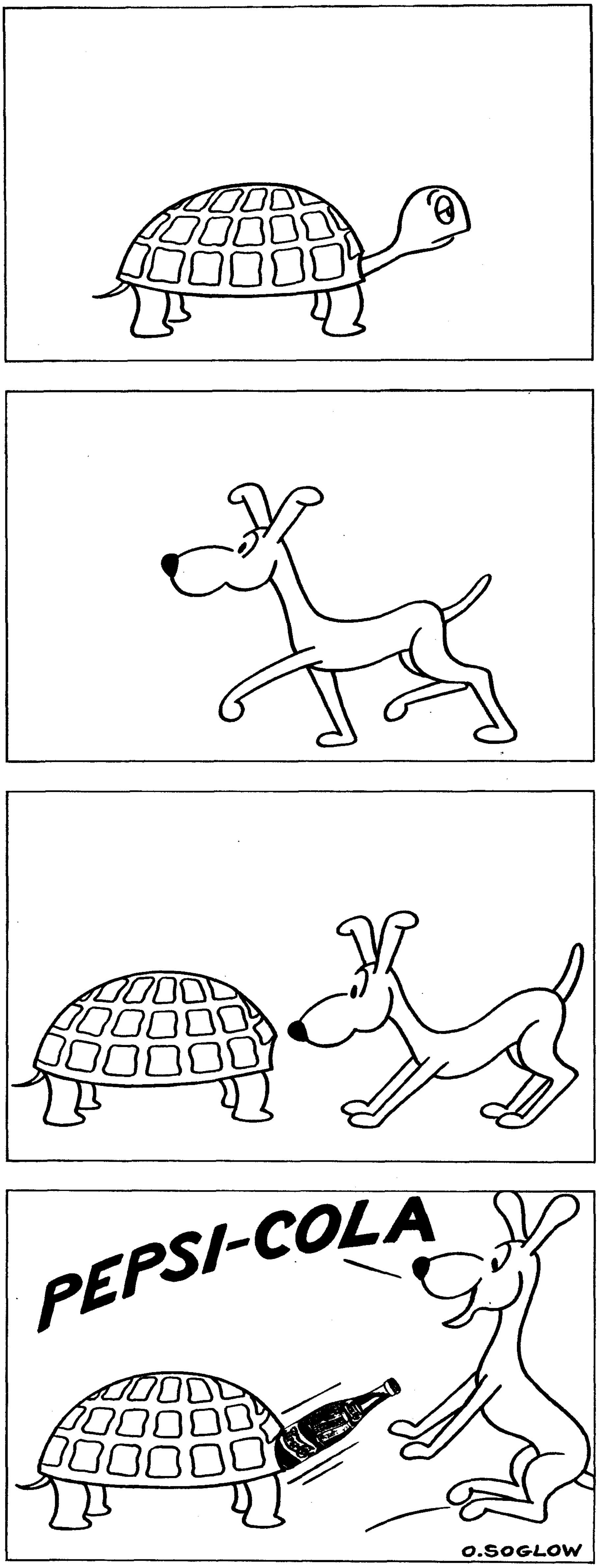
### Seeing California's Outdoors

He set out to discover the State of California. During the five years in prewar Hollywood his heavy schedule had never permitted him to take a few weeks off and go roaming the country. All he knew was the inside of the sound stages and a few night clubs. So now he got himself a 1940 car and courageously crossed the Los Angeles city limits, going to Baja California, Carmel, Palm Springs and Coronado, swimming, fishing, golfing, sailing. As the starting date of his picture approached, his activities grew increasingly frantic. One evening, as he sat at Chasen's Restaurant with his friends, he decided to face the issue.

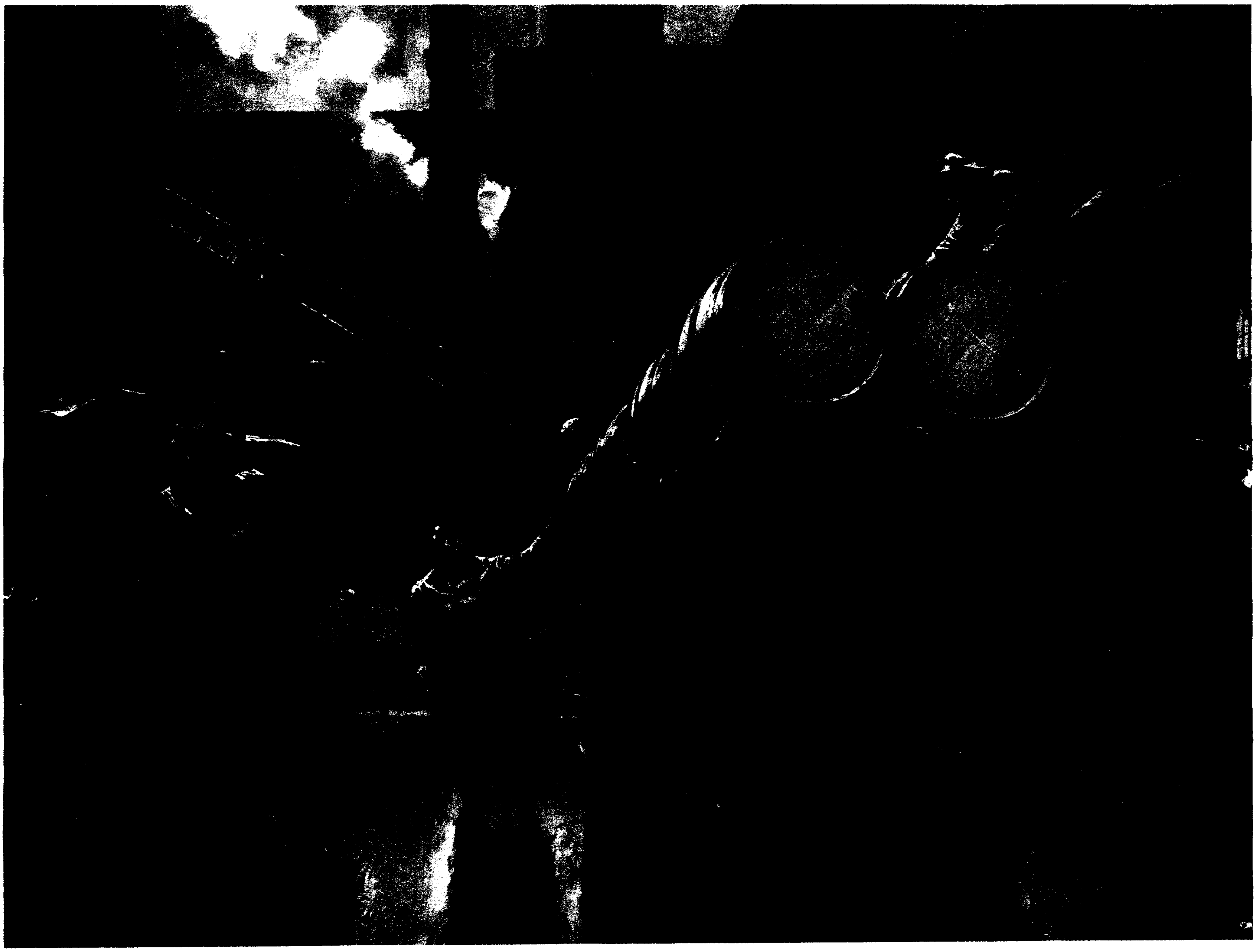
"No sense running away," he said glumly. "The truth is I'm scared as hell."

A radio performance in Destry Rides Again for the Lux Theater didn't help much. His hand holding the script was shaking so hard they could see it from the control room.

A few days before the start of his picture, he called up the production department of Liberty Films and asked them what scene was going to be shot first. They told him page 33. Stewart sat down



**Is there a season for whiskey ageing?** In winter, cold white snow piles high—and in summer hot sunlight floods the plains. The cool days of many autumns pass while the rich base whiskies age in Hiram Walker's rackhouses. But inside the rackhouses there is only one season. For only in a warm, even temperature can whiskey reach the rich, full flavor of Hiram Walker's whiskies. One day Artist Peter Helck came to the Hiram Walker distillery at Peoria. Beside a rackhouse, in a warm spring rain, he painted this picture. We would like to have you, too, visit us and see Hiram Walker's 89 years of whiskey-wisdom at work. In the meantime ask for Imperial. We're sure once you taste its fine, light flavor you'll enjoy it often.



*It's good to know!*

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like a high-school student the night before the exam and boned the scene until he could recite it in his sleep.

He was at the studio, bright and early, trying his damnedest to look lanky and relaxed, full of that old Stewart charm, so they wouldn't notice how scared he really was. He thought he was doing quite a job of acting there. He stepped into place with Donna Reed for his first scene, the scene on page 33. Then Frank Capra thumbed the script and said, "Jimmy, I meant to call you last night, to tell you our first scene starts on page 31, not 33. Ready?"

Stewart had time only for a quick, panicky glance at page 31, and felt himself pushed by Capra in front of the camera. Donna Reed was speaking her line.

"Are you going to walk me home?" she said.

Stewart gulped and stuttered, "N-no."

"That's it," Capra said. "Cut!" He grinned at Stewart, without a word.

"Come to think of it," Stewart now says, "Frank must have seen how badly I felt that morning. Maybe I didn't play the relaxed fellow so well, after all. Anyway, things eased up later on. It took me a few weeks to get over this business of trying too hard. I could see the strain on the daily rushes. To be with Frank in those critical weeks was the luckiest thing that happened to me. Now I am all right. In my new picture, Magic Town, I'm playing a Gallup Poll man in a small town. The next one will be George Stevens' One Big Happy Family. After that, perhaps a few weeks off, if they let me. It's the old rush again and I love it. Sometimes I wonder whether I've been away at all."

When Stewart went away to enlist in the Army, on March 21, 1941, America was not in the war. Stewart was "the biggest thing in pictures," having won the previous Academy Award for his performance in The Philadelphia Story. His draft number hadn't come up yet. Worried-looking executives told him ten times a day that "Hollywood needed" him. After all, no other star had joined up and besides, they had a terrific new picture lined up for him.

It was a lot of small talk and got Stewart awfully mad. One day he went down to his draft board without bothering to tell his employers. He was thirty-three, a bachelor, sure to be inducted sooner or later, and he just didn't feel happy making pictures. "I know it sounds corny. But I didn't want to keep on making $12,000 a month while others made $21. Anyway, I felt I had to be part of it."

### When Celebrity Was a Handicap

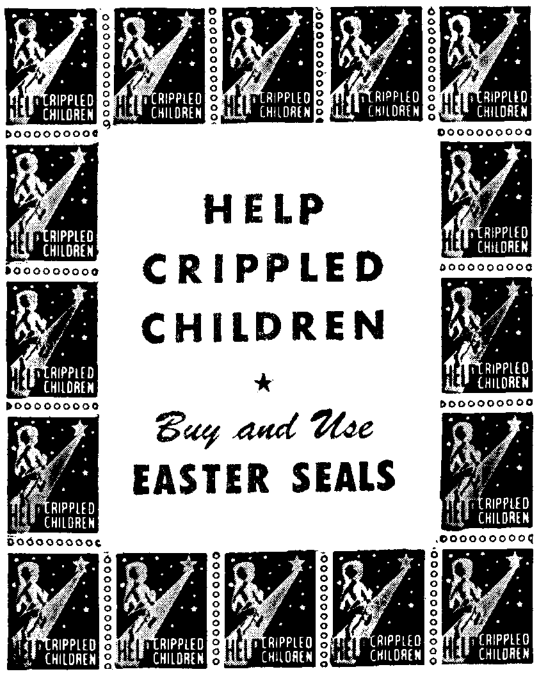
At M-G-M they lowered the flag of the lion at half mast. His friends gave him a going-away party, and he was off to Moffet Field to take his basic training. His biggest problem in those days was to make people forget that he was Jimmy Stewart, the star, and fade into the anonymity of Private James Stewart. It wasn't easy: He would see the funny look in the eyes of other soldiers. Celebrity-hunting brass hats wanted to have their picture taken with Private Stewart. Autograph hunters besieged him. "I didn't mind so much—but I was embarrassed for the other soldiers with me. It made me a special case and I didn't want to be a special case. I had to go on radio shows but I quit when I became an officer."

He was commissioned a second lieutenant, passed the instructor's course in the advanced flying school at Mather Field, California, flew bombardier students from Kirtland Field, New Mexico, went through a grueling 100-hour course for four-engine pilots at Hobbs Field, New Mexico, and became a full-fledged B-17 airplane commander.

He wanted to go into combat with the other men he'd been flying with, but there seemed to be a certain reluctance in high circles to send "that hot potato Stewart" as an "expendable" overseas. Instead he was ordered to Gowan Field, Idaho, as squadron operations officer. He had to give a personal sales talk to his superiors before he was ordered to the 445th Bombardment Group (Heavy), equipped with B-24s, at Sioux City, for overseas duty. But he made it. When Captain Stewart, squadron commander, arrived in Tibenham, England, in the bleak November of 1943, nobody paid the slightest attention to him. Nobody had time for that.

Ten days later Stewart led his 703d Bombardment Squadron through flak bursts and Focke-Wulf nests against Kiel. More missions followed. After a tough raid on Ludwigshafen he was commended by Colonel Robert H. Terrill for "leadership ability" and "good judgment." Behind this terse commendation is a grim story of savage *Luftwaffe* resistance that caused heavy losses among the American planes. But Stewart brought his squadron back all right.

After a dangerous mission against Brunswick, Stewart was awarded the D.F.C. by General Doolittle. The citation says: ". . . In spite of aggressive fighter attacks and later heavy, accurate antiaircraft fire, he was able to hold the formation together and direct a bombing run over the target. . . . The courage, leadership and skillful airmanship displayed by Major Stewart were in a large measure responsible for the success of this mission. . . ."


HELP CRIPPLED CHILDREN

★

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EASTER SEALS

Stewart wasn't infallible. He messed up a mission against Troyes when he hit the wrong target. But he always brought back his crews. He received an Oak Leaf Cluster to his D.F.C. and was made a full colonel one month after D-Day.

"If the war had lasted a little longer I might have wound up a general," he said recently, with a musing, somewhat horrified look on his face. Stewart has always been bewildered by his own prominence, both in the movies and in the Army. The son of a hardware merchant in Indiana, Pa., where he was born on May 20, 1908, he is still the small-town boy at heart.

Although his early ambitions were to be a magician and a big-game hunter, he settled for the less dangerous acting profession. Jimmy's career began rather early when he wrote, produced and acted in Boy Scout plays. He acted in school plays at Mercersburg (Pa.) Academy, and at Princeton University he was considerably more interested in the Triangle Club and playing the accordion than in the dull courses for civil engineering, steam engineering and architecture. He also had a short, inglorious career as cheerleader, but whenever Stewart was on the job, Princeton lost the game.

He played summer stock in West Falmouth on Cape Cod and moved on to Broadway, where he impersonated chauffeurs, housemen, a man-in-a-mask, Viennese aristocrats (with a distinct Indiana, Pa., continental accent) and banco players. In Goodbye Again he had one of his biggest parts—eight lines—but he caused the drama critic of the New York Sun to write, "Mr. Stewart makes a definite impression on audiences because he makes them laugh so hard."

### In a Talent Scout's Notebook

Bill Grady, M-G-M's chief talent scout, discovered Stewart for Hollywood. He has a big, leather-bound book on his desk which among other things gives a few high lights on Stewart's career. In a play called All Good Americans, Stewart's name is way down among the also-rans without any comment. The next mention of Stewart is in Sidney Howard's Yellow Jack, where Mr. Grady wrote, "He interests me." And after Divided by Three there is a note: "This kid is unaffected and sincere in everything he does."

Grady got Stewart to Hollywood and found the part of a reporter for him in a mystery drama, The Murder Man. Unfortunately the script called the reporter "Shorty," and the producer refused to "rewrite" the script on account of a six-foot-three Shorty, and proposed to fire Mr. Grady. Undaunted, Grady put Stewart into the picture anyway. When the producer saw the rushes, he said he was going to get Grady a raise.

Stewart was upset when he saw himself for the first time on the screen. "I was all hands and feet. Didn't seem to know what to do with either." Evidently he learned fast, for in 1939, the New York critics gave him their annual award for the best acting performance as Mr. Smith.

He has played a wide variety of parts and never had to worry about being typed; he was successfully employed in such divergent pictures as Rose-Marie, After the Thin Man, You Can't Take It With You, It's a Wonderful World, The Shop Around the Corner, Made for Each Other (with the late Carole Lombard), Destry Rides Again (remember the shy sheriff who was afraid of guns?), No Time for Comedy, Pot O' Gold and a score of others. He was one of the most popular Oscar winners when he walked away with the award for his work in The Philadelphia Story.

He also became a man about town and Hollywood's Most Eligible Bachelor, by grace of the lady columnists. He found himself engaged an average of twice a week, mostly, by odd coincidence, to the leading lady of his current picture. It was said that the gals were crazy about him, which irritated a lot of Hollywood Romeos with far better physiques than Stewart's. They spread the word that the girls were mothering the lanky big boy from Indiana.

His close friends agree that if Jimmy Stewart ever gets married, it won't be a glamorous actress but just another girl that would be more at home at the corner drugstore than at Ciro's. But, they say, the requirements are high: Jimmy is also a perfectionist about women.

Stewart himself dismisses the subject with a cautious shrug. "I don't know," he drawls. "When a fellow's been a bachelor for thirty-eight years and sees those white threads in his hair, he sort of gets used to it. But then," another Stewart shrug, "one never knows. A lot of strange things have happened to me."

THE END

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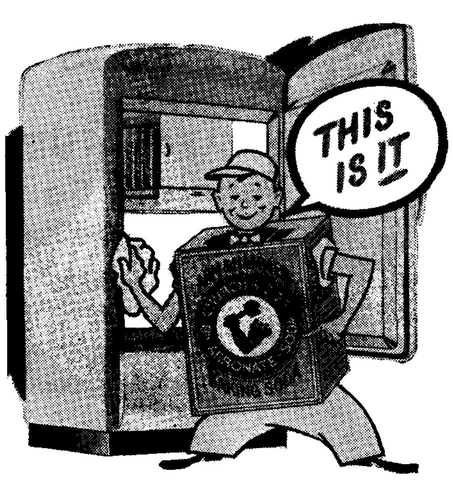

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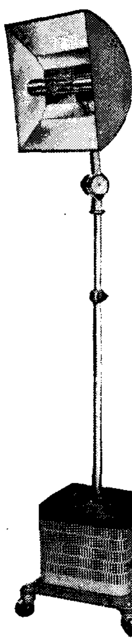


# THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

listen to it nightly. Yet when I had read that description I laid down the book and laughed until tears came into my eyes. I wondered how I could so thoroughly enjoy that which brought pain to others. Perhaps if the situation were reversed, I'd feel differently.

Either way, three cheers for James Dugan and his Bedlam in the Boudoir (Feb. 22d).

(MRS.) RUTH E. MYERS,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

*We see no reason for having a guilty feeling about snoring. In that cacophonous pastime, it's every man for himself, and let the listener provide his own earplugs. Besides sometimes snoring is downright musical. Petrillo, we hear, is forcing coloratura snorers to join Local 802.*

### UNBROKEN BLOSSOM

DEAR SIR: The item This Week's Cover (Week's Work, Feb. 22d) explains how Artist Blossom arrived at his design; it mentions the chopping down of the cherry tree, the cast of a silver dollar across the Potomac and the genuine Valley Forge pants and the Washington wig in which the artist dressed his model.

Unless the best authorities be wrong, George did not chop down a cherry-tree. Parson Weems is careful to state that "he so hacked and barked it that it was little likely ever to be the better of it."

It was the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, and not the Potomac across which Washington threw the dollar, a feat later duplicated by Walter Johnson.

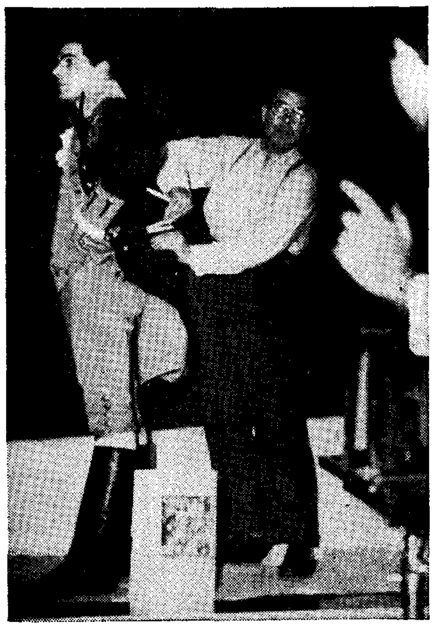
It is most unlikely that George ever wore pants (pantaloons) except possibly in infancy.

Such was the garb of field hands and perhaps overseers. What he wore all his adult life, both in uniform and out, were *breeches*.

Lastly, he never even owned a wig, but all his life long wore his own hair, sandy in youth and gray later, combed back and tied in a short queue.

He probably powdered it for formal occasions.

R. M. KAUFFMANN, Chevy Chase, Md.



*Unable to tell a lie, Artist Blossom admits he knew the Washington legends. He even knew that Washington never wore a wig and made a trip to the Peabody Library at Yale University to copy Washington's hair-do from Gilbert Stuart's famed painting. Above we show Mr. Blossom carefully trimming his model, using what scarce materials are available, to the best of his painstakingly researched ability. Mr. Blossom feels Reader Kauffmann has missed the point of an essentially whimsical cover, meant to chop down a foolish Washington conception.*

### PLUG FOR A SERIAL

DEAR SIRS: I sincerely believe that your serial The Dark Device by Hannah Lees is one of the finest of stories. It has dealt with many familiar personalities in a very convincing manner.

PHILIP D. LANDSBERGER, Providence, R. I.

### LUNKHEAD LANDLUBBER

DEAR EDITOR: Relative to The World's Craziest Sailors (Mar. 1st) tell Ted Shane for us who sail ships that the "mainsheet" is a line (rope) and not the mainsail. Hence if the "mainsheet" fell from a snapped mast (in 2d paragraph, page 34) the boat wasn't rigged right. The mainsheet is fast to the boom, not the mast.

We sail Frostbites here in Nova Scotia also—for deep-sea fishing—and we love Ted Shane just the same.

PHIL H. MOORE, Chester, N. S.

... Please ask Ted Shane to ask me sometime about centerboards. . . .

J. A. MAWRUSS, New York, N. Y.

*For his unseaworthy blunders, Mr. Shane offers his broken, battered body, stripped to the waist and lashed to the smokestack of any sailing vessel, for belaboring by offended sailors with rope end, belayin' pin or invective—provided said craft is in drydock or on dry land. No crazy sailor (or intellect), he!*

### LAST CALL FOR THE "WHAT IS IT?"

DEAR SIRS: Those foolish answers or guesses printed in Feb. 15th number of our dear Collier's telling the purpose for which the What Is It? machine was built! Now, I tell you. When we Americans had to use animals' skin for our coats and shoes, when this leather was tanned it was stiff and hard to sew and uncomfortable to wear so such a machine was used to pound it until it was soft and also stretched out larger. It was laid over this flat block with some kind of oil smeared on rather thin, then beat with a wooden mallet attached to an arm and was run by the foot of the operator by treadling.

The Eskimos accomplish the same thing by chewing it.

MRS. OLA HOWARD, Newkirk, Okla.

### CUTUP

DEAR SIRS: I am interested in Collier's in an unusual way. I use the magazine as a feature in an act I perform in night clubs through New England and upstate New York.

Every other week I memorize the book complete in detail; at each performance a magazine is cut up and passed out to the audience, and any page called is described from memory. I use Collier's because it is well balanced with ads and stories and is widely known.

Work under the stage name of Chas. Navada.

CHAS. BEAUSOLEIL,
Nashua, N. H.

### FABULOUS FROGS

DEAR SIR: What in hell is so fabulous about Billy Rose? Let's leave the fabulous theater people out of it for a while. Let's write something that interests the greatest number of readers.

A guy raises frogs here, gets $1.25 for the hind legs—sure, that's good reading.

DAISY M. HURST, Upland, Cal.

### IT'S THE CATS!

DEAR EDITOR: On your cover page of March 1st, you show a sleeping cat and you show a wide-awake cat, who by his expression seems to be disgusted with the sleeping cat. I say this is tops in or on any magazine.

W. N. SIMON, Columbia, Mo.

*So said scores of other readers by mail and telephone.*

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"there are no better Cough Drops than LUDEN'S"
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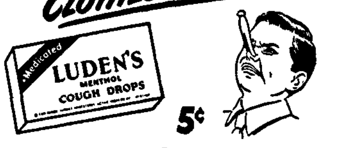

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## BEWARE OF THE DOG RACKETEER

Continued from page 23

nearly ten times the thickness of the file of its closest rival. Recently, there were no less than 43 complaints in the file. A man from Teaneck, New Jersey, brought a fox terrier home from this pet shop and called a veterinarian about two hours later when the pup developed convulsions. The vet informed the man that the dog not only was close to its Maker, but it was a female instead of the male he had paid for.

Two other customers discovered within 24 hours that the puppies they had purchased were suffering from extremely contagious distemper. After threats of lawsuits, both wrung refunds from the store, and both then watched their dangerously sick puppies get tossed into a cage with well puppies, to be sold again to the next customer. Another client reported that, after raising a legal fuss about a sick animal, she had received a mysterious phone call from a man purporting to be from the Better Business Bureau, advising her not to make any more fuss. "The only trouble," she wrote to the Better Business Bureau, "is that I heard noises over the phone which were unmistakably those of a pet shop."

### A Cute Puppy to Take Home

It must be emphasized again that there are reputable shops where things like this do not happen and where the animals are under the regular supervision of a veterinarian. You also can go directly to a reputable breeder and rarely have any trouble. In the average commercial pet shop, however, the pattern is drearily the same. You walk past a pet shop and you notice a cute puppy (or kitten) playing among several others in the window. You take a closer look at the animal. It seems healthy, and the dealer informs you that it can't be infected because it just came in from the farm that very day. You fall in love with the puppy. It goes home with you.

That night, however, the pup becomes listless and quiet. Maybe its nose begins to run and maybe it has diarrhea. In the morning you phone the pet-shop owner. "Oh," he says, "it's just a cold, and it takes a dog a little while to get used to its new home, you know." By this time you are so fond of the pup that you treat it like a sick child. But it doesn't eat and it seems to be getting worse. Finally, on the third or fourth day, you call a veterinarian.

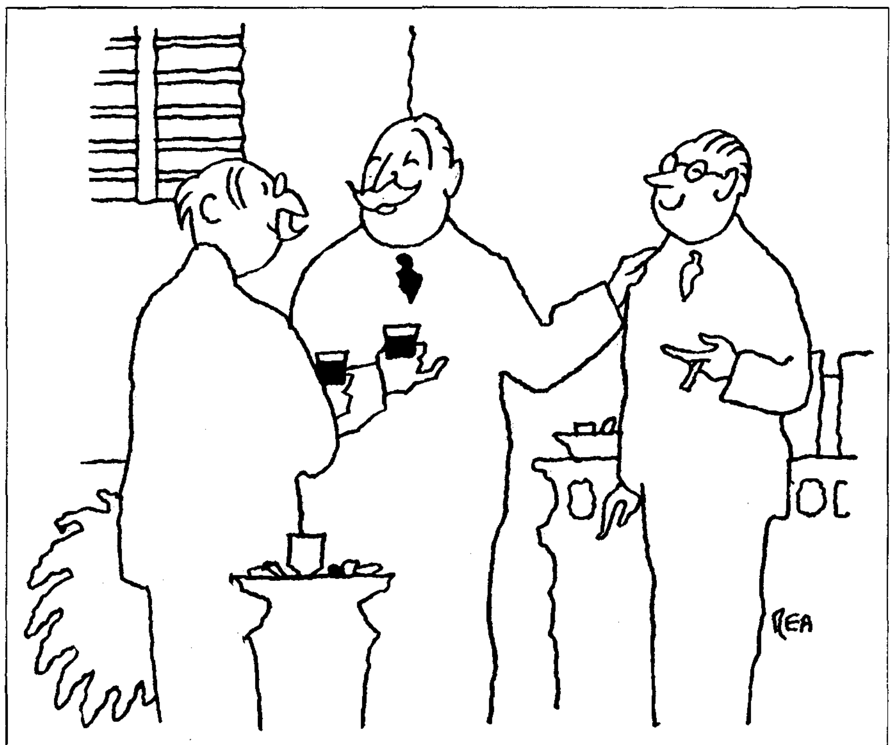
He tells you that the dog has worms from licking worm eggs from the contaminated floor of the pet-shop window, that it has distemper, undoubtedly caught from one of the other pups in the window, and that he averages four similar cases a week involving pets purchased from this same shop. The pup, he says, is so hopelessly ill that it should be destroyed to spare it further suffering. Brokenhearted and brimming with anger, you storm into the pet shop. The dealer looks at you blankly and shrugs his shoulders. "It isn't my fault," he says, "if you got the pup sick after you took it from the store. If it was sick when you bought it, why didn't you bring it back right away?" You give up, realizing that you don't have a legal leg to stand on.

The pet-shop owners' callous indifference to this exposure to disease is the cause of 95 per cent of the complaints. Your puppy *may* have been free from disease germs when it came in from the farm. But how long could it remain uninfected when it was thrown into a filthy pen filled with perhaps a dozen other dogs in various degrees of health, and with the bacteria of countless previous occupants? A puppy is as susceptible to disease as a human infant, and you wouldn't think of selecting a baby for adoption under the same circumstances.

It is interesting to note the conditions under which pets are housed in the country's veterinarian-run animal hospitals.

In New York, for instance, Dr. J. R. Sterling has a specially-constructed glass-brick building, completely air-conditioned and without a single draft-causing window. Each room is fitted with germ-killing ultraviolet lamps, and each animal, ill or healthy, is kept in a separate metal cage which is porcelain-lined so that there isn't the slightest crevice for bacteria or parasites to hide in.

Dr. O. N. Christensen has a contaminationproof, concrete and ceramic-tile ward in his Wilmette, Illinois, hospital, which also is protected by germicidal lamps, and has individual stainless-steel compartments for the animals. In the nationally known North Shore Animal



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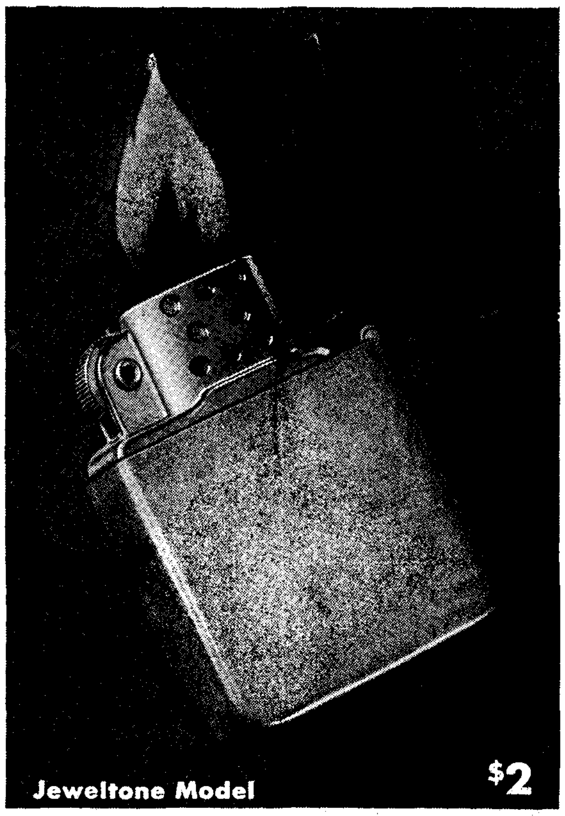

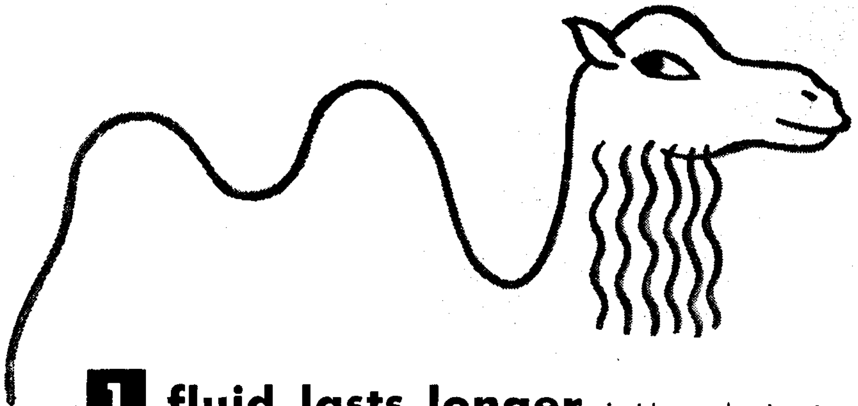

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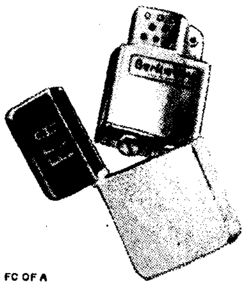

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Hospital in Evanston, Illinois, Dr. J. V. LaCroix uses many of the same features, plus five veterinarians in constant attendance and enough kennelmen around 24 hours a day to clean out each all-metal cage the moment it becomes soiled. There is no smell in any of these hospitals.

Compare this with the conditions in many pet shops—especially the smell, and the animals infecting each other in one cage, and soaking through the torn-up newspapers to a wooden floor which absorbs and sustains countless generations of parasites and bacteria.

It is rather impractical, however, to expect every pet shop to be run with the prohibitively expensive, scientific methods of modern hospitals, but the animal experts of the country have come up with another solution which Dr. O. N. Christensen says gives the buyer protection in 99 cases out of 100. It is a simple piece of advice to the pet buyer, and it is the fixed policy of the American Veterinary Medical Association, the humane societies, and nearly every government and local health agency.

"When you buy a pet," says the American Veterinary Medical Association, "don't leave the store with it until you have a written guarantee from the shop that they will allow *your* veterinarian to approve the health of the animal, and that they will take the animal back within a stated number of days if *your* veterinarian finds the animal infected with disease." If every prospective purchaser used this piece of advice the unscrupulous pet dealers would be out of business in a matter of months.

### Advice From Two Doctors

"Not only is this a sure way of getting a healthy animal," says Dr. Wesley A. Young, "but it is an even surer way to discover whether you're dealing with an unscrupulous shop. If the shop is honest, it has nothing to hide and won't mind your veterinarian examining the animal. If the shop is dishonest, they'll refuse to let your veterinarian take part in the purchase—and that's the time to beware. If they begin to hem and haw when the word 'veterinarian' enters the conversation, drop the animal and get out of the shop as fast as you can." And Dr. H. Preston Hoskins adds, "In the old days, no one would think of buying a horse without having his veterinarian examine it first."

The more unscrupulous of the pet shops are guilty of even worse than selling diseased animals. Sydney H. Coleman, vice-president of the A.S.P.C.A., tells of a case in New York where a valuable Dalmatian was stolen from a man's back yard. The owner reported the loss to the A.S.P.C.A., which for some time had had its eye on a "hot" pet shop—one that deals in stolen dogs. They sent the owner to the "hot" shop and told him to try to buy a Dalmatian of the general age and description of the dog he had lost. The pet-shop owner said, "I don't have a Dalmatian like that available, but if you want to come back I think I can get one for you in about two hours."

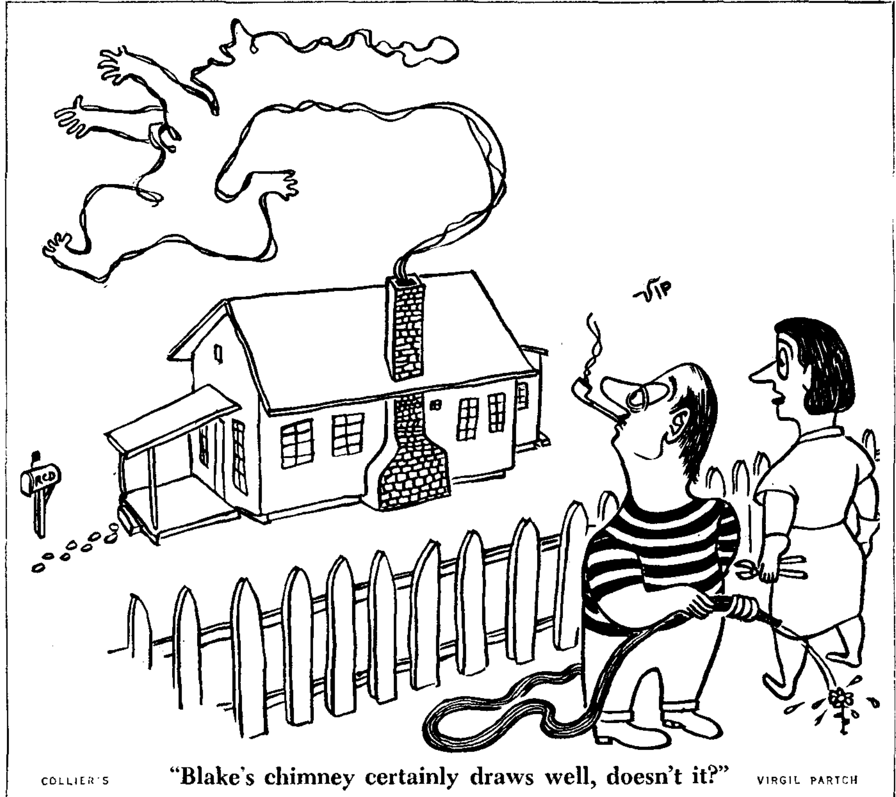
The man waited outside the store, and in less than an hour the pet-shop owner came walking up the street with the stolen Dalmatian on a leash. The moment the Dalmatian came within range, he made a wild leap into the arms of his master. The pet-shop owner made a leap, too, but into the arms of a waiting cop.

Dr. Wesley A. Young tells of a two-city gang that successfully operated for years in Chicago and Milwaukee. The Chicago branch had headquarters in a pet shop, where the owner always kept three or four female dogs. When one came into heat, the gang loaded her into the back of a car and drove out to the fashionable North Shore suburbs of Chicago, where people have the habit of letting their dogs out early in the morning.

When the gang spotted a valuable male dog, they pulled up, opened the car door and let their female dog bat her eyelashes a few times at the interested male. The male, being a male, would waste no time bounding into the car. The gang would then slam shut the door of the car, and cruise around until they spotted another victim.

Finally, when they had about six valuable animals securely trussed in the car, they would drive off to Milwaukee, where a pet-shop "fence" received the stolen dogs and sold them to other unscrupulous pet-shop confederates in Milwaukee. The Milwaukee branch of the gang, in the meantime, went through the same procedure in Milwaukee and took their haul of dogs to the Chicago pet-shop "fence." In each city the police were on the lookout for stolen dogs of their own city, but the exchange of animals prevented detection.

You generally can count on an unscrupulous pet shop to do a little pedi-



COLLIER'S "Blake's chimney certainly draws well, doesn't it?" VIRGIL PARTCH

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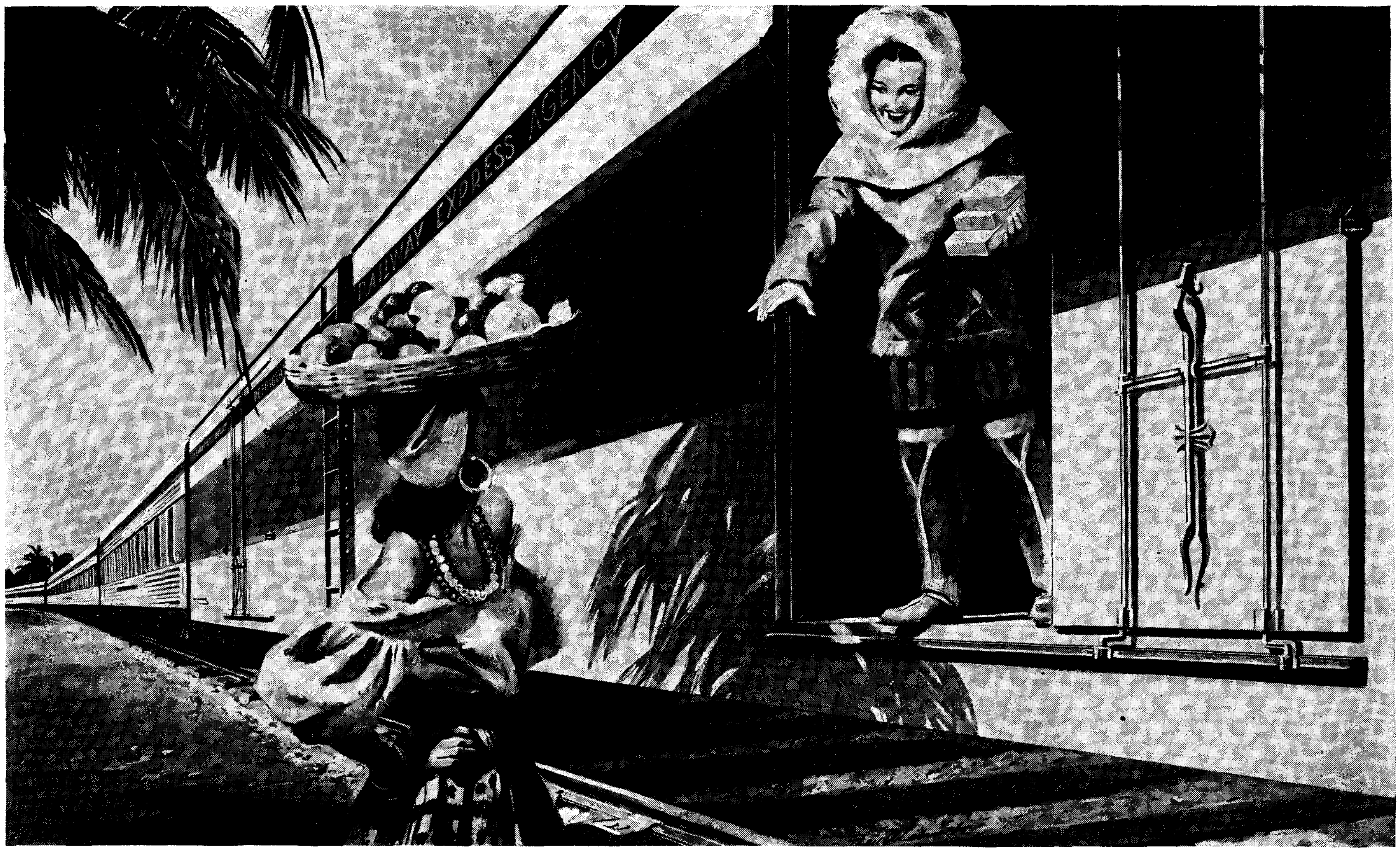

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And WHAT a pace! For these cars are designed to carry any merchandise in express service at a speed of 100 miles an hour! With 500 of them to be added to the cars now operating on 10,000 express trains daily, the Railway Express Agency will offer sensational new service to America's most exacting shippers.

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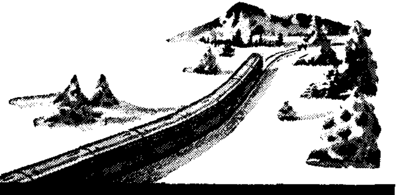

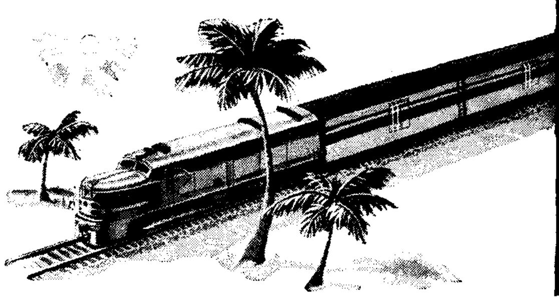

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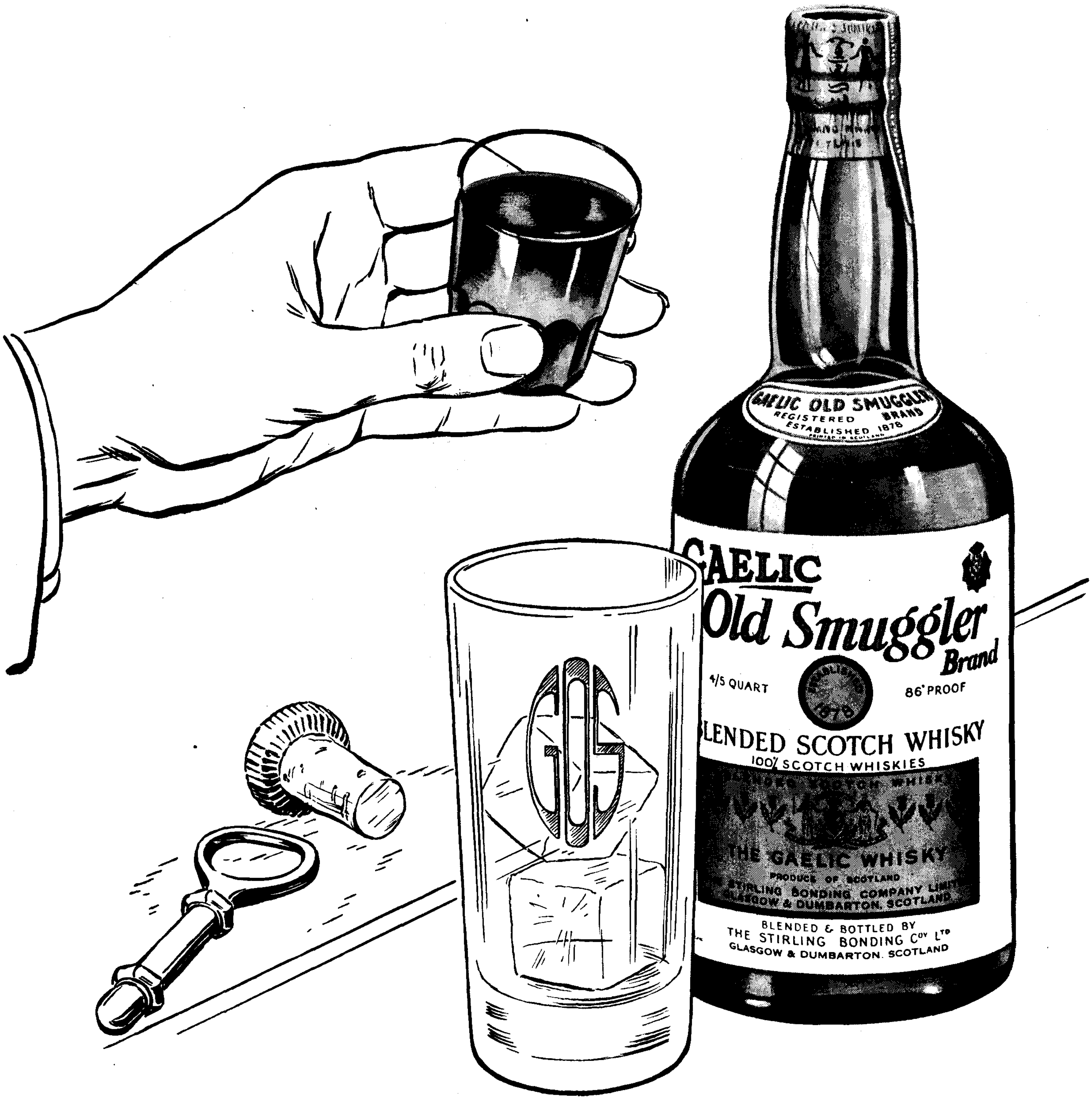
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gree faking, too. When a pedigreed dog has four pups, for instance, they take three nondescript pups of the same general breed and age and register all seven with the American Kennel Club as the pedigreed offspring of the pedigreed mother. If a pedigreed pup dies, they find a passable-looking substitute and sell it under the deceased's authentic American Kennel Club registration. Often they print their own counterfeit breeding papers and make out official pedigree papers themselves, blithely inventing the names of ancestors.

If you look gullible enough, they'll sell you anything under any available pedigree. One buyer in New York paid $125 for a pedigreed Alsatian wolfhound that turned out to be a cross between a chow and a shepherd. The department-store pet-shop concession mentioned previously brazenly sold a Seal Point Siamese kitten with a Blue Point pedigree, even though a Blue Point is a cat of a thoroughly different color.

The pet buyer in most cities has little defense against the unscrupulous pet dealers, except to use a good veterinarian; to insist on a statement from the dealer as to the source of the animal (any honest shop will gladly furnish this); and to beware of any pet shop that advertises, "Wanted, 100 puppies, male or female, any breed."

### Some Cities Protect Pet Buyers

In a few cities, the buyer gets fairly good protection from the local authorities. Boston, for instance, has three full-time city veterinarians whose principal duty is to inspect the pet shops of the city and keep them on their toes with a constant threat of heavy fines and license revocation. Toronto has an ordinance that each pet shop must file reports to the police department listing all the animals in the shop, the state of their health, and the source from which they were purchased. Further it is illegal in that well-regulated Canadian city to sell a puppy under eight weeks of age or to keep animals in anything but metal cages.

Most cities have good laws but no effective means of enforcing them. In Chicago, the city recently transferred pet-shop supervision from the Health Department to the Building Department, leaving the burden of inspection on the Anti-Cruelty Society, which must run to a police court every time it wants to serve a summons for a violation. In Denver, Omaha, Los Angeles, Milwaukee and Madison, Wisconsin, pet-shop inspection has been turned over to the local humane societies, too, but here again they are hampered by the use of nonveterinary inspectors and the lack of effective police powers.

On the surface, New York City has a fine Sanitary Code relating to the regulation of pet shops. Section 18, for instance, emphatically states that "Individual cages shall be provided for dogs and cats over three months old, and each such dog and cat on the premises must be kept or harbored in an individual cage and at no time shall there be any commingling or consorting of these animals while on the premises." There are few pet shops in the city where you can't find open violation of this law, and of three or four others.

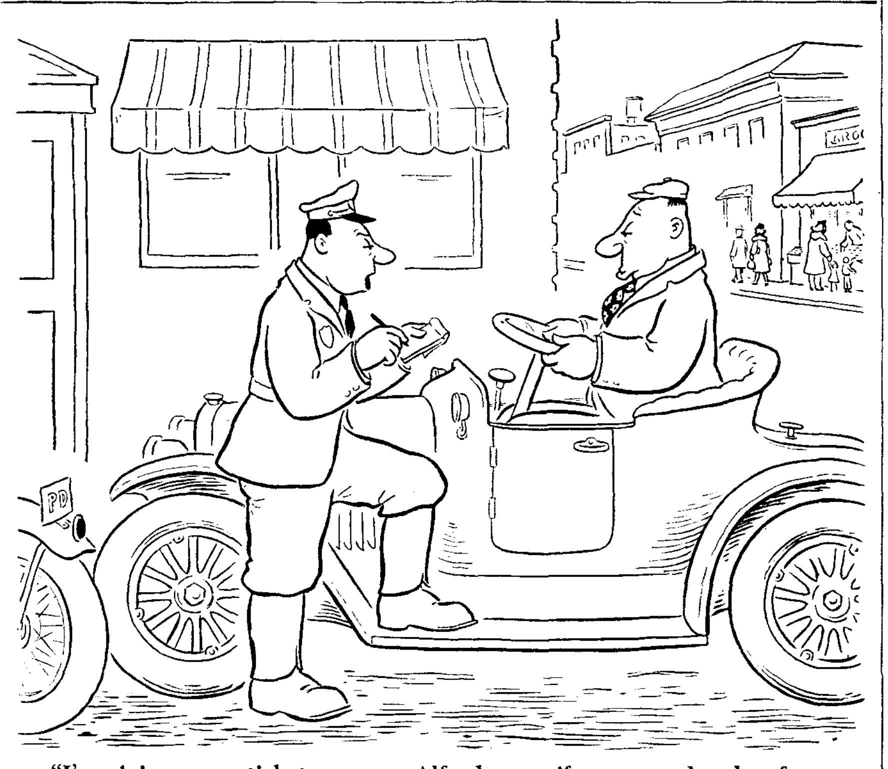
The reason for this is that New York has exactly 10 veterinarians on the Health Department pay roll. They are so busy with their other duties—rabies control, poultry-market inspection and slaughterhouse and meat inspection—that they get around to examining each of the city's 400 pet shops (according to one city veterinarian) perhaps once in two years.

Violation of the New York City Sanitary Code calls for revocation of the license, plus a maximum $500 fine, or a year in prison, or both. In the memory of a top-ranking official of the A.S.P.C.A., there never has been a prison sentence, or a fine that exceeded $100; and in the past 40 years, just *one* license has been revoked. The violator merely plunked down his five dollars for another pet-shop license, and shortly thereafter was back in business.

Many of the unscrupulous pet shops, ironically enough, display in their windows a beautifully printed poster bearing the photograph of a noble-looking Irish setter and an inscription entitled A Dog's Prayer For His Master. This prayer reads, in part, "O Lord of humans, make my master faithful to his fellow men, as I am faithful to him. . . . May he be open-faced and undeceptive as I am. . . . Make him as good a man as I am a dog. . . ."

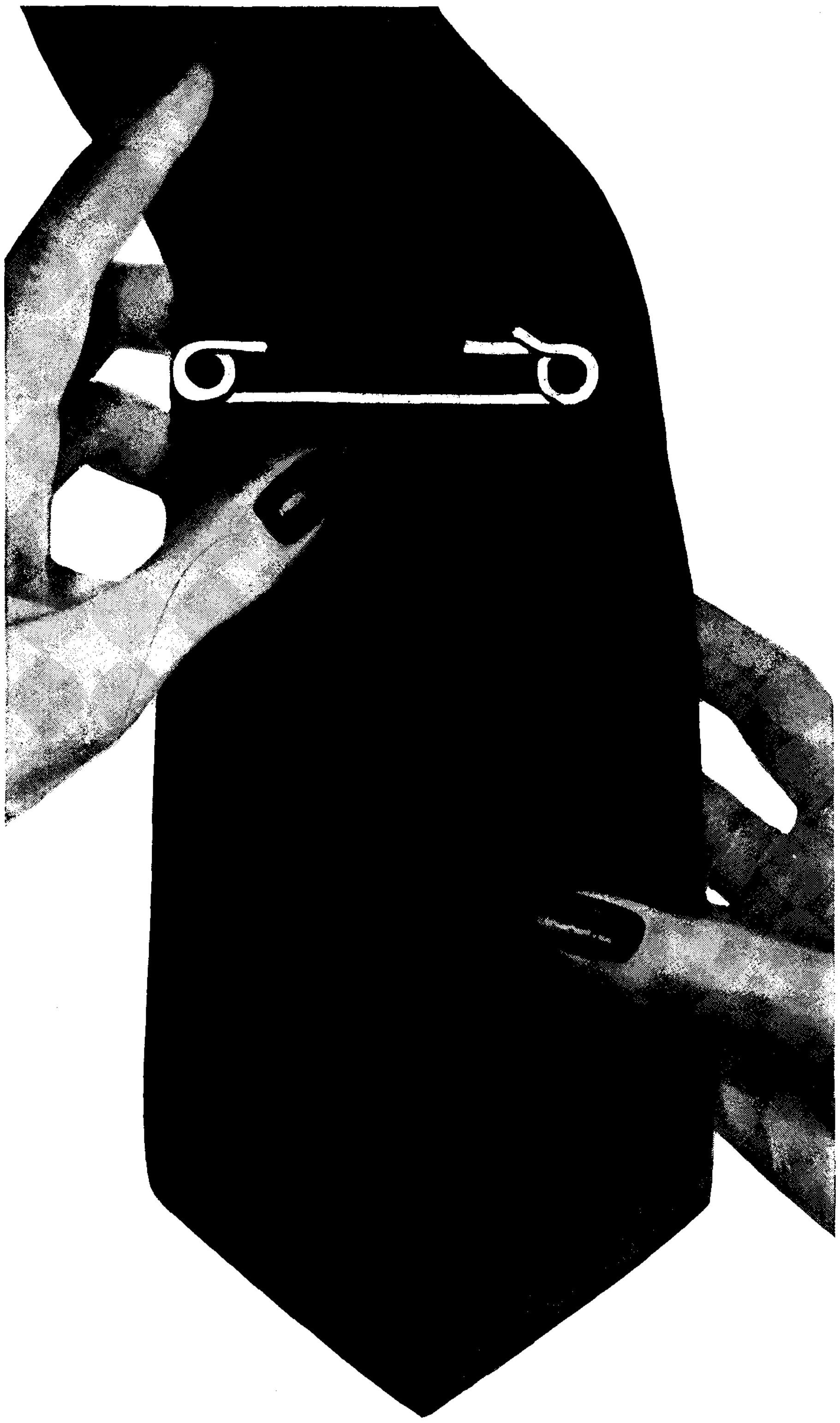
THE END

**ALFRED** by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



**"I'm giving you a ticket anyway, Alfred, even if you are related to former President Millard B. Fillmore on your mother's side of the family"**

COLLIER'S



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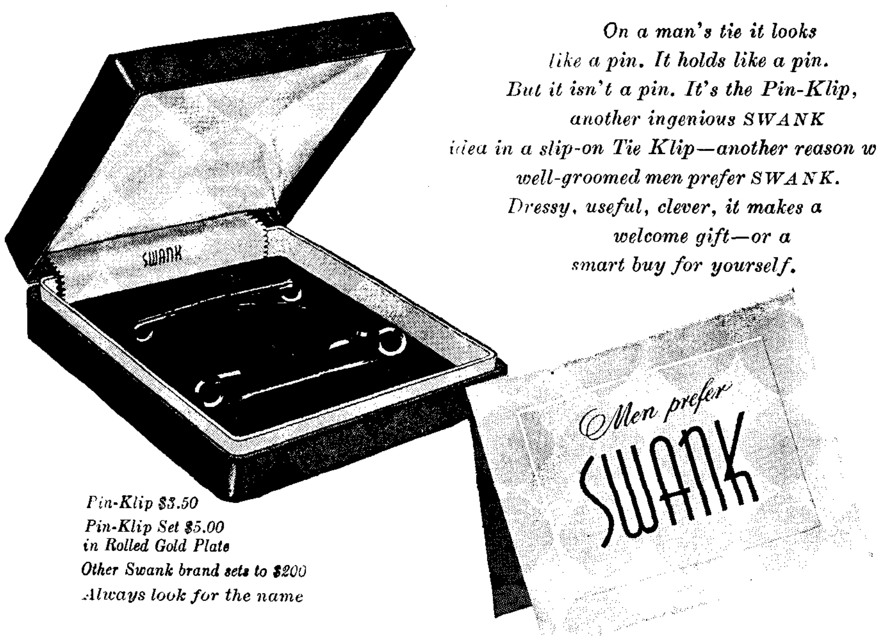

*Pin-Klip $3.50*
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*in Rolled Gold Plate*
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*Always look for the name*

SWANK—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

What a Strike did to The World's Busiest Spot—Times Square, New York
Eagle Clothes
PUBLIC TELEPHONE CENTER for the ARMED

INTERNATIONAL

One of the causes of the public's anti-unionism is illustrated here: Times Square during the 1946 tugboat strike

# STATE OF THE UNIONS

### BY LESTER VELIE

**Labor, becoming a target for public abuse, has mostly itself to blame. Its smartest friends think it needs a change in line to build up its public relations**

IKE the tycoons who went through the "public be damned" phase to the "millions for public relations" phase, labor leaders sense it's time to change their line. During the last dozen years the line was militancy. It paid off so well that union membership mushroomed from 3,000,000 to 17,000,000 dues payers.

But now Big Labor is on the receiving end of such brickbats as "predatory monopolist," "economic bully" and other verbal sticks and stones which Americans once used on Big Business.

"Labor asked for it," says Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, a former War Labor Board member and one of labor's best friends. "They're pulling down their own house with their war inside its walls. The real Samsons are themselves. Their gains in real wages are wiped out, and they've lost their pants. Now they're going to lose some skin."

The man in the street feels that the unions have gone out of their way to make him personally uncomfortable. The tugboat strike that cut off 7,000,000 New Yorkers from rail life lines across the Hudson, the utility strikes that shut off Milwaukee's gas and Pittsburgh's power—these so aroused the public that the man in the street regarded the strikes as his own personal brawl.

There'll be some changes made, Congress makes clear. How many of them will be union made?

For Americans this may turn out to be one of the most explosive questions of our time. For the unions are entering the third and final phase of their development. First came the organizing and membership drives, the struggle for power. Then in the second phase came the consolidation of gains through protective laws. This phase ended with Franklin Roosevelt's death. Now in the final phase, the unions fight for public respect. Their failure to win it will lead to restrictive legislation.

When England passed such legislation after the general strike of 1926 it was the signal for English labor to intensify its drive for political power. The result was the political victory of the British Labor party and the present experiment with Socialism.

How can our unions improve their public relations? To answer this question let's see how they got on the spot in the first place, and how government and business contributed to put them there.

During the war, labor largely kept its no-strike pledge so that time lost through walkouts was only a fraction of what it was during World War I. Yet small strikes for small gains, branded by one labor periodical as "short-range stupidity and long-range suicide," left their abrasive mark on the public's nerves. Thus with the war ended, the unions faced their reconversion ordeal (to maintain wartime pay and union prestige) with the first round of the public-relations fight lost.

Other more important rounds were lost because of the split in labor, and the consequent competitive rush among leaders to bring home the biggest slice of bacon. Administration fumbling on the economic front didn't help matters either. And the publicly declared views of some employers who were determined to show the unions who was boss added to labor's troubles with the public.

When V-J Day came, labor leaders vied for the credit of setting the new wage pattern to offset the workers' loss of war overtime pay. Although Phil Murray's steelworkers usually set the pattern, Walter Reuther, then vice-president of the United Auto Workers, beat the steelworkers to the punch with strategy that still makes "Phil Murray's skin prickle when Reuther's name is mentioned," as one C.I.O. official put it.

Offered a 13½-cent-an-hour increase by General Motors, Reuther chose to fight for more, launching his 250,000-man department of the U.A.W. on a 103-day strike, which rivals within the union excoriated as costly and futile. He won an increase of 18½ cents and set the nation's pattern, but living costs have wiped out the gains.

## Labor's Uncrowned King

When John L. Lewis ordered the United Mine Workers from the pits last November, Louis Stark, dean of America's labor reporters, asked in The New York Times:

"Why is John L. Lewis . . . courting jail . . . risking the very life of the powerful miners' organization . . . ?" The answer, Stark reasoned, lay in Lewis' ambition to lead America's wage earners in the second round of wage increases, to become "uncrowned king of American labor," to split the C.I.O. away from Phil Murray and eventually become boss man of a reunited A.F. of L. and C.I.O.

In this power game the wage earner's legitimate demands got badly mauled. The residue of ill will left over from last year's strikes hurts his bargaining power now, although all of his first-round gains have been wiped out by higher prices. The struggle within labor has grown so virulent that many observers regard it as the greatest single menace to the unions and to collective bargaining.

At a time when labor should be closing its ranks to protect the gains of the last 15 years, the splits widen. When the C.I.O. contended that industry could boost wages 25 per cent this year out of profits, one assault was more savage than others:

"They (the C.I.O.) have learned nothing from experience. To deceive workers to believe that they should receive such a general increase (without hiking prices) is . . . most irresponsible. Communists (within the C.I.O.) want to create chaos and discredit free enterprise."

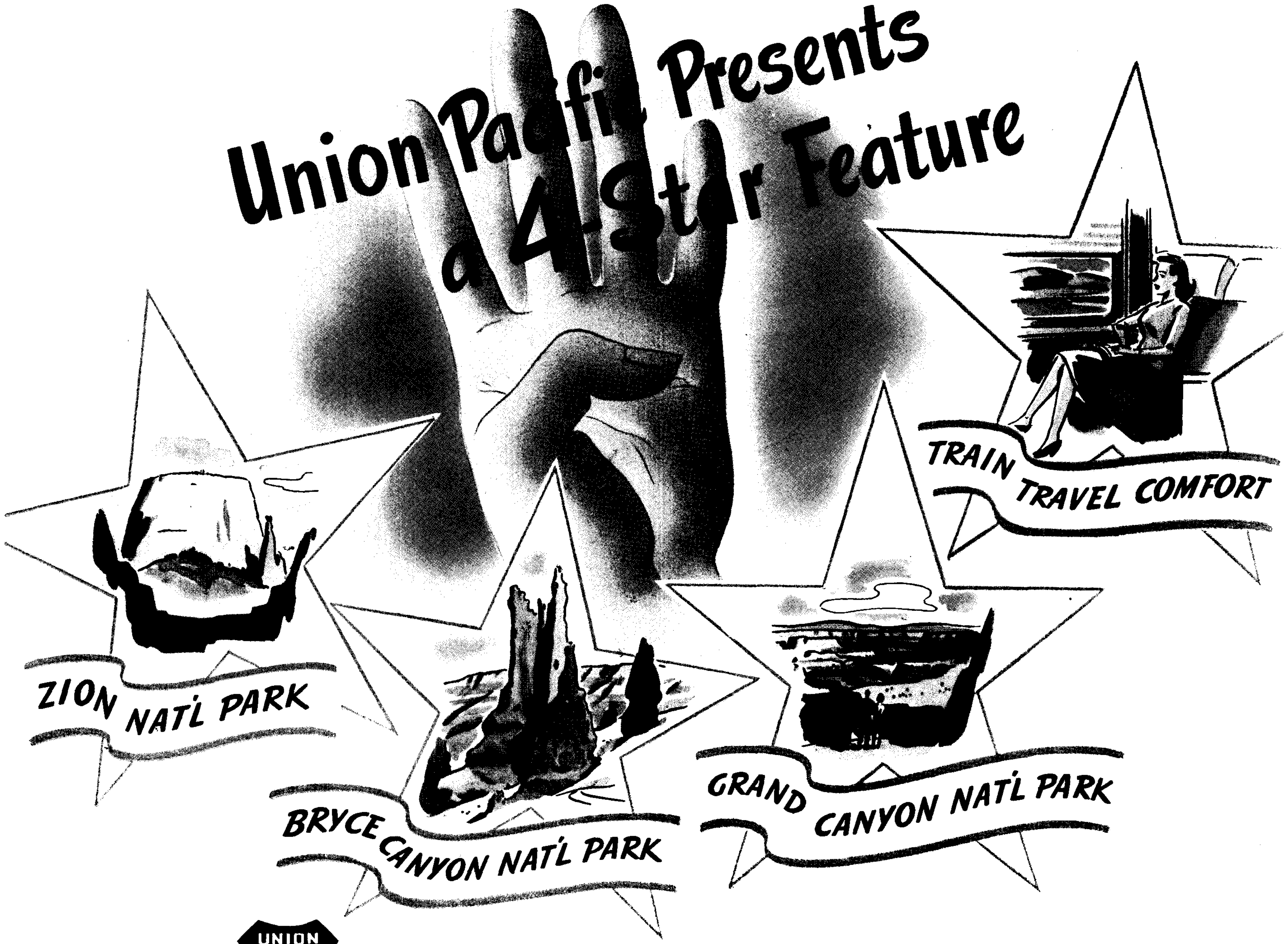
Who makes this bitter charge? An industrialist sounding off? Not at all. It was the January issue of Labor's Monthly Survey, mouthpiece of the A.F. of L., which was itself busy negotiating second-round wage increases.

The struggle for power, a grim fight for great stakes on the national level, reaches down to the grass roots, too, and piles up public resentment over fantastic jurisdictional strikes.

For 14 months an A.F. of L. union and a rival independent quarreled over the right to lay 500 feet of telephone cable at New York's new Idlewild Airport. A Rutgers University housing project at New Brunswick, New Jersey, was stymied when A.F. of L. sheet metal workers and ironworkers couldn't agree who should handle the metal because of its thickness.

*(Continued on page 65)*

# Union Pacific Presents a 4-Star Feature


ZION NAT'L PARK
BRYCE CANYON NAT'L PARK
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TRAIN TRAVEL COMFORT

**UNION PACIFIC**

Grand Canyon National Park in Arizona, Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks in Utah . . . so closely grouped that all three may be visited on one thrilling tour . . . comprise one of the world's greatest scenic attractions—a three-star feature.

Magnificent in natural formations, brilliant in color, these National Parks offer vacationists an unparalleled experience.

As a fourth attraction, there is the enjoyment of traveling in air-conditioned comfort—by Union Pacific. Complete relaxation all the way.

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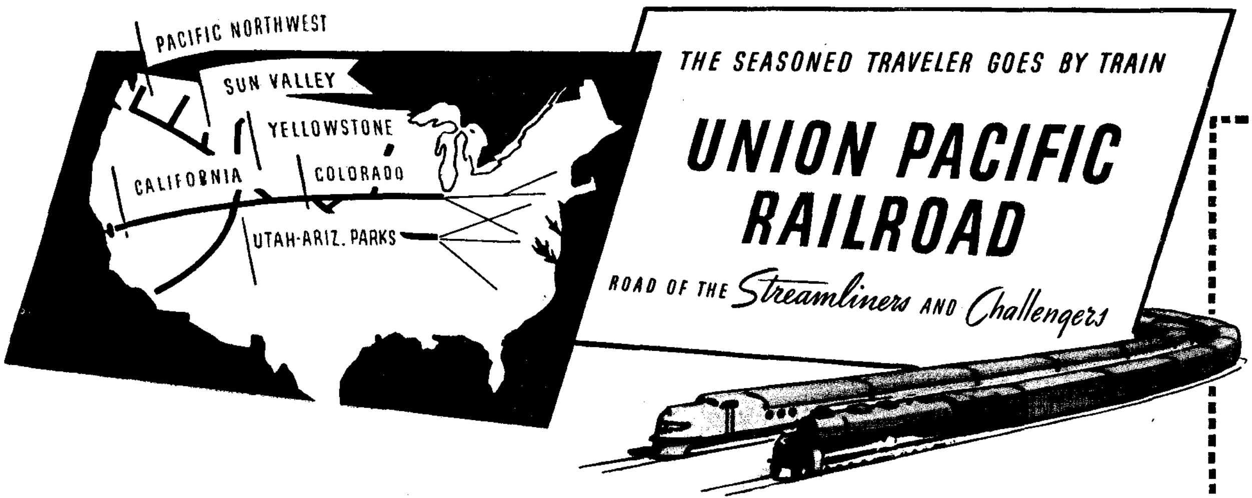
If desired, the Southern Utah-Arizona National Parks may be visited as a "stop-over" enroute to or from California.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SUN VALLEY
YELLOWSTONE
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COLORADO
UTAH-ARIZ. PARKS

THE SEASONED TRAVELER GOES BY TRAIN

## UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

ROAD OF THE *Streamliners* AND *Challengers*

Union Pacific Railroad,
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I am planning a train trip to the Southern Utah-Arizona National Parks. Please send me further information.

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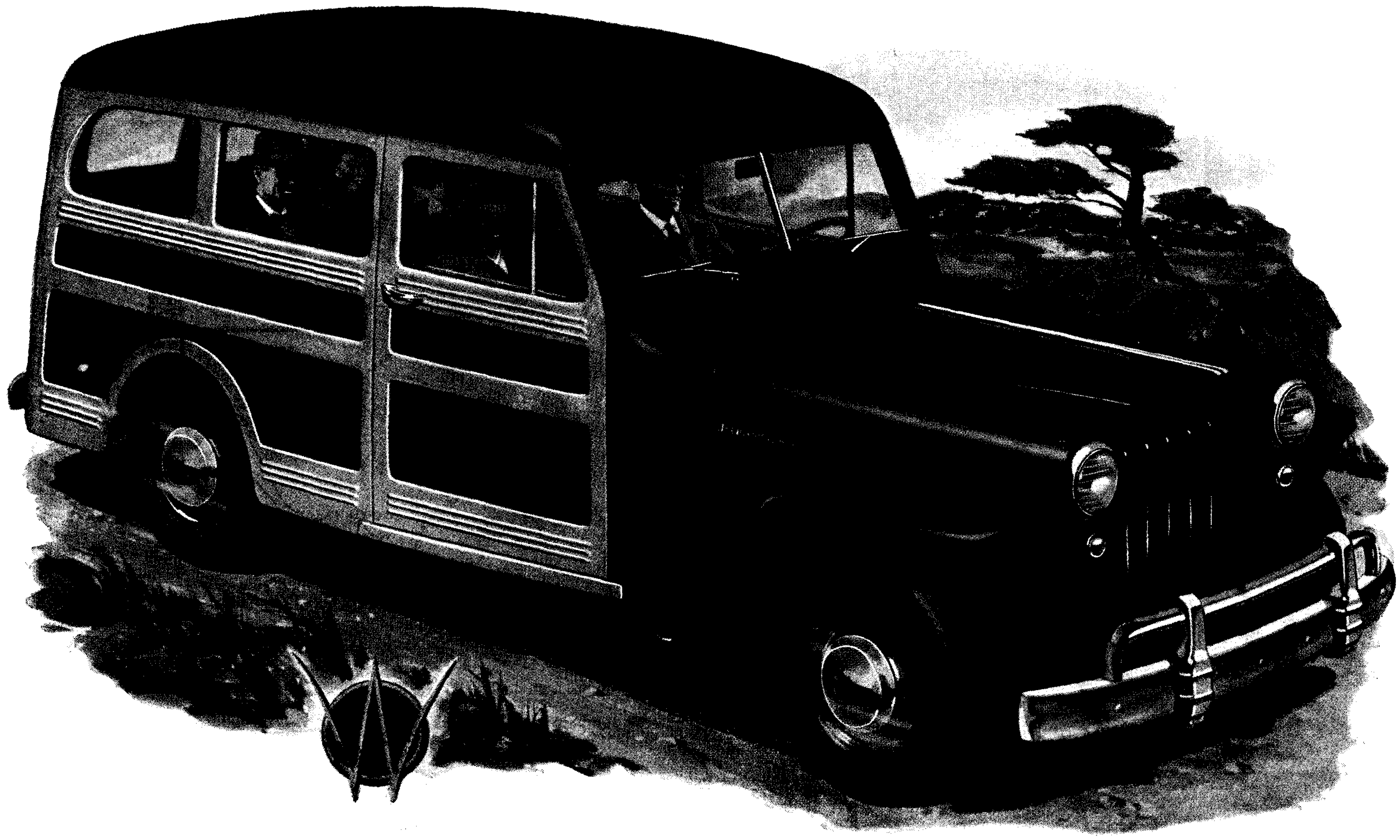


# One Car you can use for 'Most Everything

With its steel body and top, big cargo space, and functional styling, the "Jeep" Station Wagon sets a new pattern for all-around usefulness.

It's a smart, comfortable family car—fleet and smooth-riding. And it also serves as a utility vehicle, practical for business and farm hauling. Economical, too, thanks to its low weight, 2-wheel drive and famous "Jeep" Engine with overdrive.

Look to Willys-Overland for cars that really fit your needs—functionally designed for usefulness, engineered for low-cost operation and long life.

**Willys-Overland**
TOLEDO, OHIO
**Makers of America's Most Useful Vehicles**

## 'Jeep'
## Station Wagon
**WITH STEEL BODY AND TOP**

With seats removed, the "Jeep" Station Wagon has 98 cubic feet of usable cargo space, and even bulkier loads can be carried with the tailgate down. Steel floor, grained panels and seats are easy to wash.

Even with passenger seats in, there is large carrying space at the rear of the "Jeep" Station Wagon. It is the practical, *useful* car for the farmer, the craftsman—for every family. It is quality-built throughout to give years of low-cost service.

The versatile "Jeep" Station Wagon, with all-steel body and removable seats, is great for hunting, fishing and vacation trips. The roomy body and *flat* floor provide sleeping space equal to a double bed.

# THE WOOING OF YEOMAN WEBSTER

**Continued from page 12**

Meekly, Fireman Dunnevan lumbered after his friend as Seaman Linn set a straight course for the Happy Hour Drive-In. This large and thriving hamburger joint was an airedale rendezvous, noted for the beauty of its young lady car-hops and the quick circulation of carrier scuttlebutt.

"Hi, Benny—Hi, Tim!"

"Hi-yah, Sonia!"

"Yerse—hi-yah?"

Miss Sonia Loevak, wearing crushed raspberry-colored slacks, an orange shirt and a rich brown cummerbund, patted her flat stomach and giggled.

"I heard about the fight," she said. "It must of been somepin—no kidding. Why aren't you in jail?"

"We was, but—"

"Tim's uncle died and left him about twenty grand," said Seaman Linn, casually. "We squared the bar guy. Now all we got to do is pay Harold Webster the dough we owe him. Then we're all set for a big bust in L.A."

"No kidding? Twenty thousand dollars?"

"Minus thirteen-hunnert and twenty-nine bucks' inheritance tax. Right, Tim?"

"Y-yerse."

"Gee! You boys *are* in the money!"

"It ain't little and it ain't much, Sonia. I tell Tim that Webster can wait for his dough, but Tim don't want to shove off owin' nobody."

Nodding to Miss Loevak, Benny and Tim entered the Happy Hour and sat down at a table. They ordered fried shrimps, chocolate-marshmallow sundaes and coffee, with beer on the side. This bit of a snack occupied them, counting in numerous chitchats with girls and sailors, exactly forty-one minutes. And while they were dawdling over a second round of chocolate-marshmallow, Sonia rushed in with news.

"Harold Webster's girl friend is outside. She says she wants to talk to you!"

"Which gal is it?"

"I never saw her before, Benny. She looks like a schoolteacher or somepin."

"Thanks, Sonia. Come on, Tim."

Yeoman Webster's new girl friend was seated at the wheel of an old and dirty coupé. The girl herself was not too neat; she had red hair, absent-mindedly tied in a knot, she wore glasses with horn rims, a sloppy-Joe sweater and pedal-pusher dungaree slacks. She was about thirty years old, and her expression could best be described as bitter.

"Mr. Linn? Mr. Dunnevan?"

"Yeah?"

"I have a note from Harold."

Benny took the note and read it while Tim peered over his shoulder:

> Dear Benny and Tim: Congratulations on your good fortune. My friend Miss Christine Walton will collect the $38.50 you owe me, as I am tied up with work. Thanks and all the best. . . . HAROLD

Seaman Linn glanced amiably at Miss Walton.

"Where's Harold at?" he asked.

"He's busy. He said for you to pay me what you owe him—thirty-eight fifty, I believe."

"Ner, Miss. We don't owe him that much."

"Harold's forgot that we paid him eleven bucks on account."

Miss Walton's attitude was less than friendly, in fact, downright antagonistic.

"I don't know anything about it," she said. "I suggest that you pay twenty-seven-fifty and settle the dispute later—that is, if you really mean to pay anything at all!"

Tim began to breathe snortily, as he digested this crack, but Benny continued to be ingenuous and bland.

"I don't get it," he said. "Harold is an old buddy of ours. Why didn't he come himself, personally?"

The girl looked at Tim and Benny, her dark eyes cold.

"Harold will be out of the Navy next week," she said. "Anything that reminds him of it makes him acutely ill. He's fed up with all of you. I've advised him to make a clean break with Navy acquaintances."

"Yerse?"

"Pipe down, Tim. You got us all wrong, Miss Walton. Anything Harold's got against the Navy is mild compared to what I and Tim feel. We're getting out ourselves in a couple of months."

"Really?"

"Yeah," Benny said. "No kidding. Right, Tim?"

"But Benny, we dint—yerse, that's right."

"Tim is fussed about it because we don't want them jerks on the ship to know. Chief Mulcahy would be apt to apply moral pressure against us, so on and so forth."

MISS WALTON thawed a little. "Mulcahy?—oh, yes. Harold calls him Sitting Bull."

"We call him worse'n that, Miss Walton."

"Oh—you're bitter, too?"

"Our dungarees are greasy, and God hates us!"

"But Harold thought—oh, this is entirely different from what I—" The girl hesitated, but then she decided that there could be no guile in Linn and Dunnevan.

"Look, I'll be frank with you. Harold was afraid you'd try to talk him into reenlisting. That's why he sent me to talk to you."

Seaman Linn flicked a match with his thumbnail and lighted a cigarette.

"If we thought Harold would be dumb enough to take another hitch after what he's suffered—Judas! Why, we'd kidnap the poor guy until he come to his senses!"

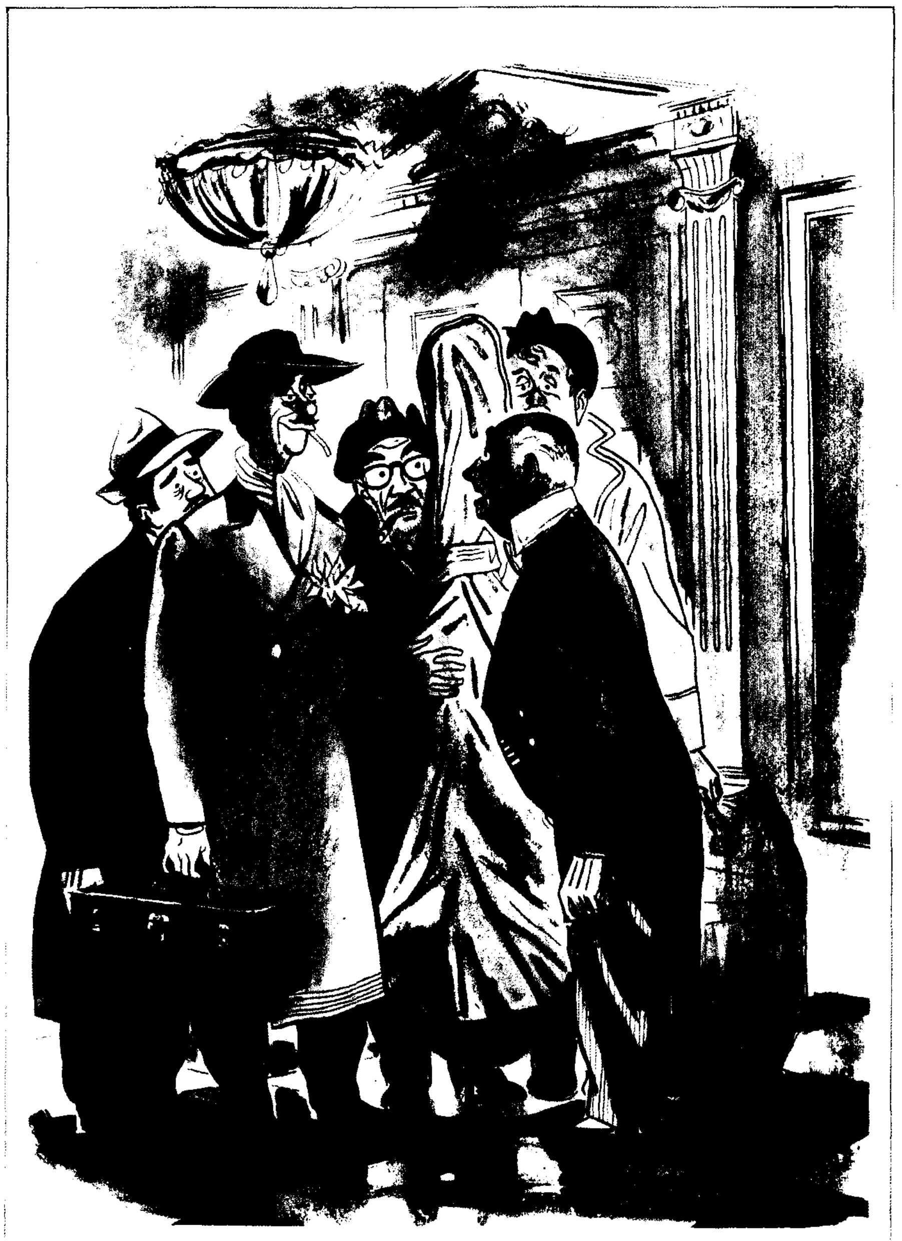
Miss Walton was a girl of strong will and crisp decision. She opened the door of the coupé.

"You boys hop in," she said. "I want you to tell Harold just how you feel. He gets sentimental and maudlin occasionally. He's like a woman who forgets the pain of childbirth. The fact that you're going to quit will brace him."

"Yes'm—that's right!"

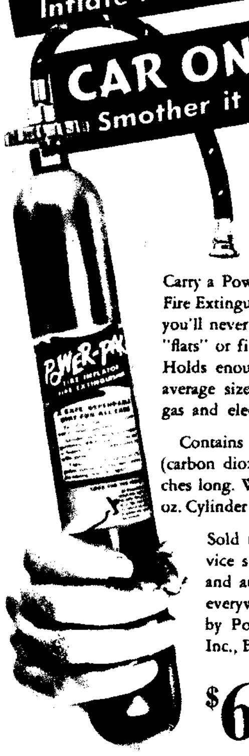
Benny and Tim got into the car, and Miss Walton drove off with a roaring lurch and a crashing of gears.

"The Navy is a hopelessly Fascist organization," Miss Walton said, as she headed the car toward the Coronado ferry. "Hopelessly Fascist and obsolete. It should be abolished—the Army too, for that matter. If all you boys would tell the truth about our brass hats as Harold has done—oh, but that's top



"We are expecting a quartet, but I'm afraid no one named Slam Scarolla and his Solid Seminoles of Swing"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE



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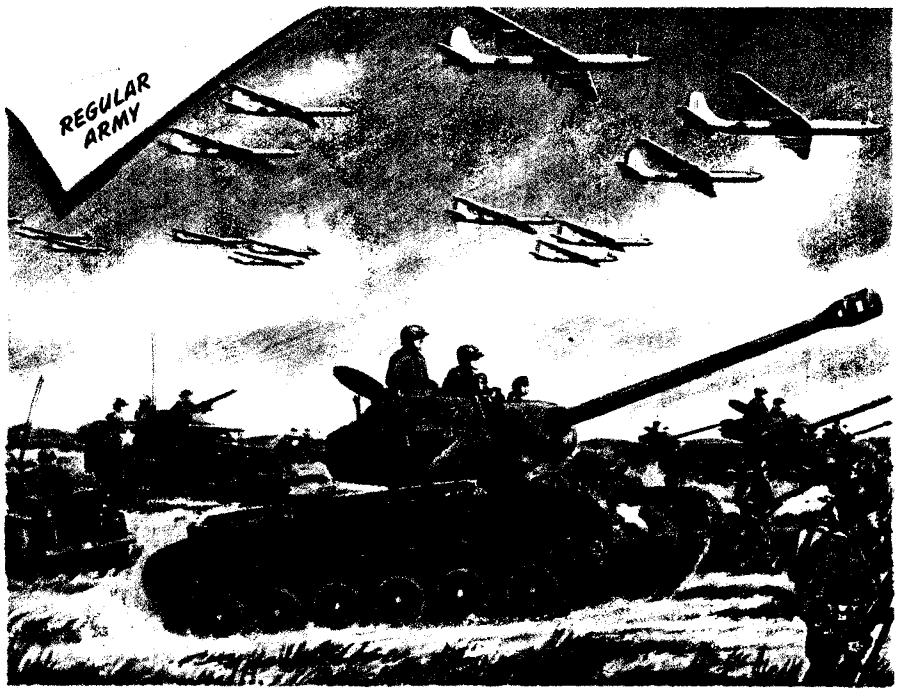
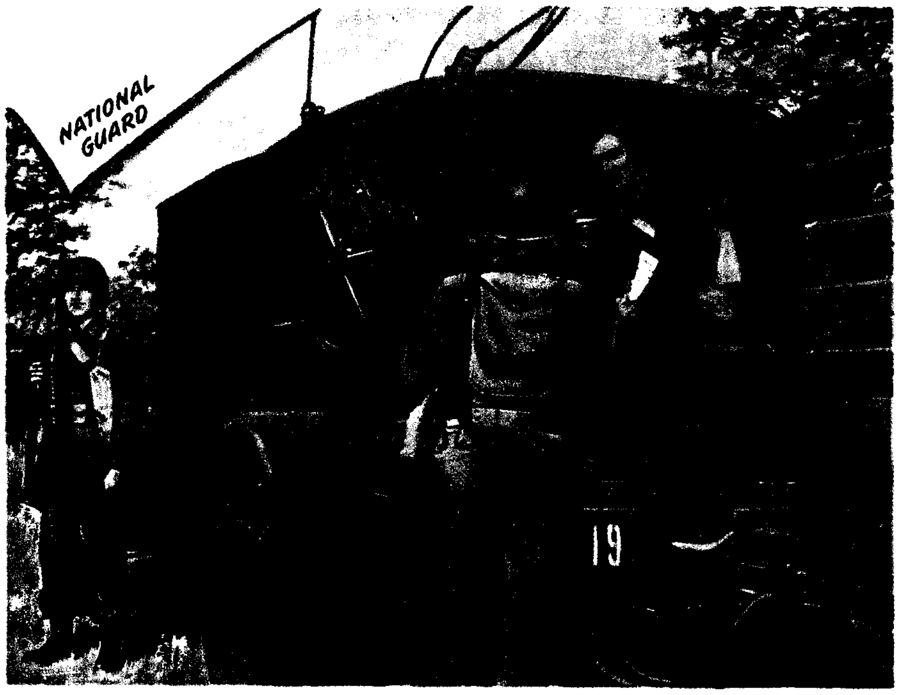
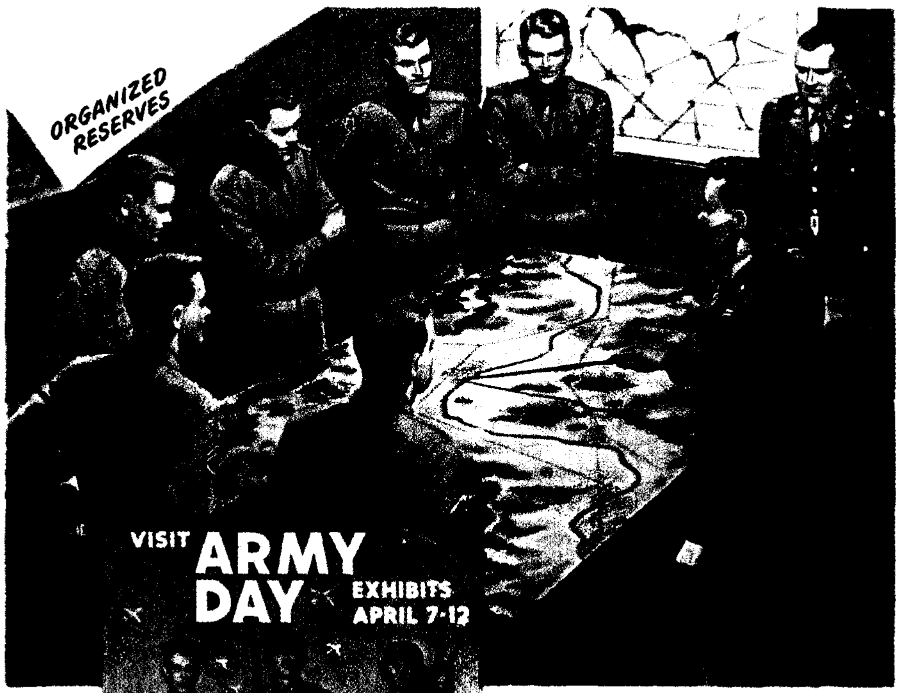
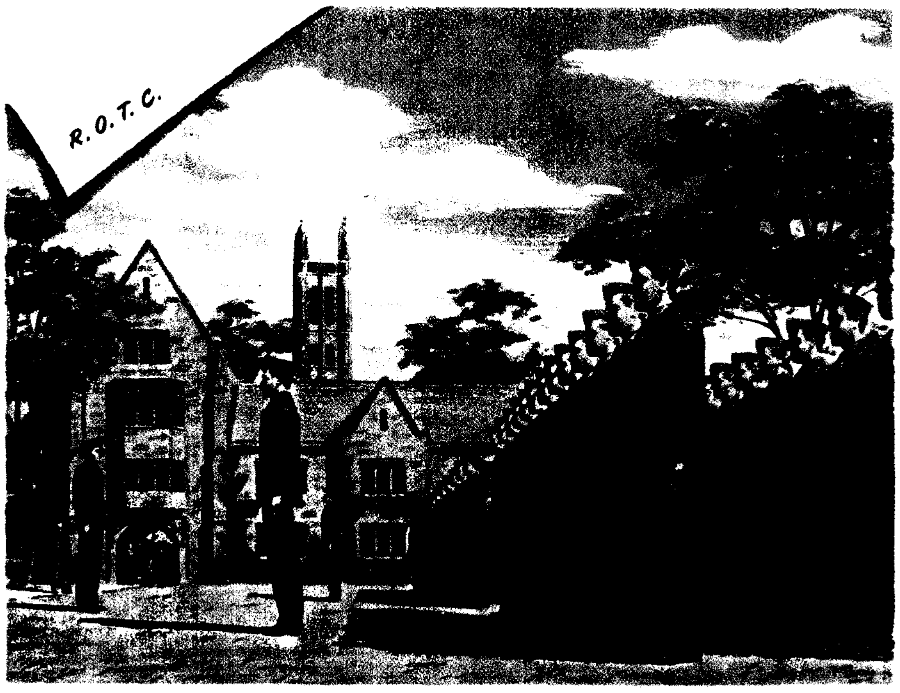





ORGANIZED RESERVES
VISIT ARMY DAY EXHIBITS APRIL 7-12



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**ON ARMY DAY, APRIL 7TH, ASK YOURSELF,**

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This is *your* country. It will remain a *safe* country only so long as it stays a *strong* country. When tomorrow's history is written, will *you* be able to say, "I did my part for the peace"?

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"Oh, did Harold write a book?"

"I can't say another word," Miss Walton said. "He'll have to tell you himself."

Fireman Dunnevan opened his mouth to say something but merely grunted from the pain of an elbow jabbed into his ribs.

Seaman Linn changed the subject, asking Miss Walton if she had lived in San Diego long.

"Oh no, I work in pictures," the girl said. "I'm a story analyst for Leviathan Productions. Just down here on a lay-off." Then, bluntly, "Harold wants me to marry him, but he's got to be officially out before I even consider it."

BENNY and Tim found Yeoman Webster in a seaside cabin on the Silver Strand—a tourist shack and trailer camp below the Coronado Hotel.

"Darling!" Miss Walton said, "your friends are going to quit the Navy too. They're on our side! Isn't that wonderful?"

Yeoman Webster, an earnest young man with curly blond hair, was not immediately convinced. He wore civilian slacks, sport shirt, sweater and—like Miss Walton—an expression of bitterness.

"George, you had us completely fooled. This isn't a real fireplace"

COLLIER'S I. KLEIN

"That I'll have to see," he remarked. "And where's the thirty-eight fifty, you guys?"

This ungracious welcome brought a hurt expression to Tim's St. Bernard face, but Seaman Linn took it in stride.

"Tim ain't got the check from his Uncle Terence's estate in Brooklyn yet," he said. "What's the idea of holding out on your best buddies, Harold?"

"Yerse!"

Harold looked questioningly at Miss Walton, who promptly said, "They're just as bitter as we are, darling. They despise old Sitting Bull Mulcahy, and they agree with me that the Navy is a Fascist concentration camp."

Seaman Linn nodded.

"I and Tim done our last time in the brig, and we've paid our last fines. We ain't re-enlisting neither. Right, Tim?"

"Well—yerse."

"Tim's a little scairt of life on the outside," Benny commented; "but with all the dough that's coming to him we'll do all right. I and him are thinking about starting a motorsickle agency in L.A."

Miss Walton smiled grimly.

"You see, darling? These boys aren't afraid. And they don't get sentimental about Navy blue-and-gold."

Yeoman Webster caught Benny's glance straying toward a big stack of manuscript on a typewriter table in the small living room.

"I had to catch up on some reports for the Old Man," he said, nervously. "Want to turn over a clean desk to the next guy."

But his lady friend would have no stalling.

"Oh, don't be so timid!" she said. "I told them you'd written a book. It's nothing to be ashamed of. It's a damn' good job. It tells the truth about the *dear* Navy. I bet they'll think you didn't go half far enough!"

Gulping, Yeoman Webster looked uneasily at Tim and Benny.

"I'm not ashamed of it, honey," he said. "It's dynamite, that's all. I've got to be careful."

Fireman Dunnevan showed no reaction. Things literary were not in his line. Seaman Linn became elaborately casual.

"A brain like you *should* write a book, Harold," he remarked. "There's big dough in books. What's yours about?"

The author in Harold Webster overcame the cautious yeoman.

"It's a novel. I call it The Mad Admiral. It's a bitter satire on the Navy."

"Bitter is too mild a word, darling. It's corrosive, devastating—but true, how true!"

Seaman Linn chewed a toothpick reflectively.

"An insane admiral? You must mean old Poop Nierrup, the guy who wanted to take Manila with battleships."

"That's right, Benny. I call him Punchy Slayton in the book. And I call Cap'n Harris, Captain Airedale, and Chief Mulcahy is Sitting Bull. I had to disguise all the names." Yeoman Webster grinned bitterly. "But they'll know who I mean, all right!"

Fireman Dunnevan's brow wrinkled into four creases, the ultimate in bewilderment.

"My gosh, Harold," he said, "No kidding? You put Vice-Admiral Poop Nierrup in a book?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"What does Poop do in the book?" Tim asked.

"Well, Punchy—or Poop—is a battleship admiral in command of a task force. He hates fliers. It's a psychotic obsession. So he tears up the plan for an amphibious attack, orders Navy and Army air to keep out of the show and announces he will take Manila with his battleships."

Tim was intrigued. He breathed hoarsely.

"Yerse? How did Poop make out?" he asked. "He dint take Manila with only battleships?"

Yeoman Webster shook his head.

"No. All his officers were afraid to tell Nimitz that Poop was crazy. So at the last minute an enlisted air-gunner shoots Poop and saves forty-thousand men."

"Judas! What happent to the air-gunner?"

"Nothing. They don't dare court-martial him for fear the truth would come out. They report that Poop dies a hero's death, shot down by kamikaze planes when they strafe the bridge—"

"But, Harold!"

"Yes, Tim?"

"It ain't so! Poop dint die. He's still a vice-admiral with a battleship division."

Miss Christine Walton laughed nastily.

"I'm afraid the point is lost on Mr. Dunnevan," she said. "A mad admiral still walking his quarterdeck and calling for more and bigger battleships—God, what irony!"

Fireman Dunnevan looked at Seaman Linn.

"It don't sound sensible to me, Benny," he said. "It sounds like Harold is Ulithi-loopy. He shoon't say Poop Nierrup is dead when he ain't. Ner!"

Miss Walton's dark eyes were snappish.

"An asinine criticism," she said. "Can you read, Mr. Dunnevan?"

Seaman Linn jerked a thumb toward Yeoman Webster.

"Grab him, Tim. We don't want the poor guy to hurt himself."

"Okay, Benny!"

"Oh, no—"

"Take it easy, Harold. It's for your own good!"

With Yeoman Webster securely grabbed, Benny walked over and picked up the manuscript.

"You put that down—or I'll call the police!" snapped Miss Walton.

"I don't think you'll do that, sister," said Benny. "The cops would ast a lot of questions you and Harold might not want to answer."

"My buddies! Liars. Double-crossers. You dirty, two-timing—"

"Pipe him down, Tim."

"Yerse!"

"Keep Harold here for ten minutes. Never mind the dame," Benny ordered. "Neither of 'em will do nothin'. In ten minutes turn Harold loose and come back to the ship."

"Okay, Benny."

Miss Christine Walton had the last words.

"Fascists! Thugs! I suppose your officers sent you here to suppress Harold's book. But you just wait—just wait!"

Seaman Linn went out the door with the manuscript of The Mad Admiral under his arm. Yeoman Webster was still struggling quite hopeless.

SHORTLY before noon, Benny and Tim were reunited on the hangar deck of the Manila Bay. Fireman Dunnevan looked deeply puzzled as he joined his friend.

"Where's Harold, Tim?"

"He come back to the ship with me. He woont say a word. He's sore at us, Benny."

"Nuts. He'll be around."

"I dunno. He dint act like he'll ever be friends no more, all on account you swiped his book. What was the idea of swipin' his book, Benny?"

"Never mind. What goes with that Christine dame?"

"She's sore at us too. She made Harold promise he woont re-enlist under no circumstances."

"Yeah?"

"It don't look good, Benny. How're we gonna influence Harold to re-enlist when he hates our guts?"

Seaman Linn shook his head with lofty disdain.

"Force and brains, you knucklehead," he said. "You done your part— puttin' the force to Harold. Just leave the rest to me."

"But, Benny," Fireman Dunnevan protested, "I still don't see how—"

"Look, Tim, Harold's still in the Navy. You can't write a book criticizing the Navy until you're a civilian. They'd hang Webster for what he wrote in that book. He knows it. And he knows he'll hafta

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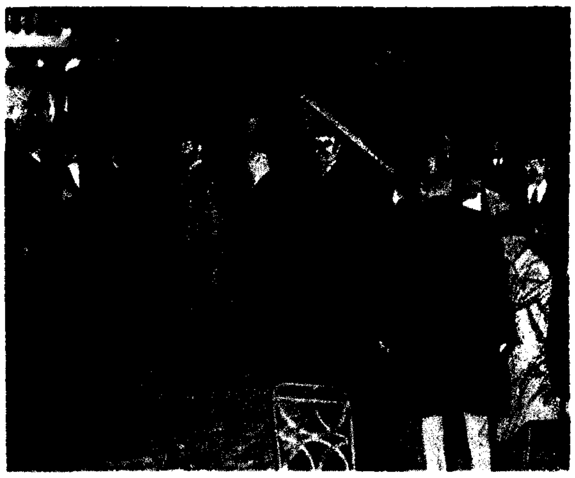
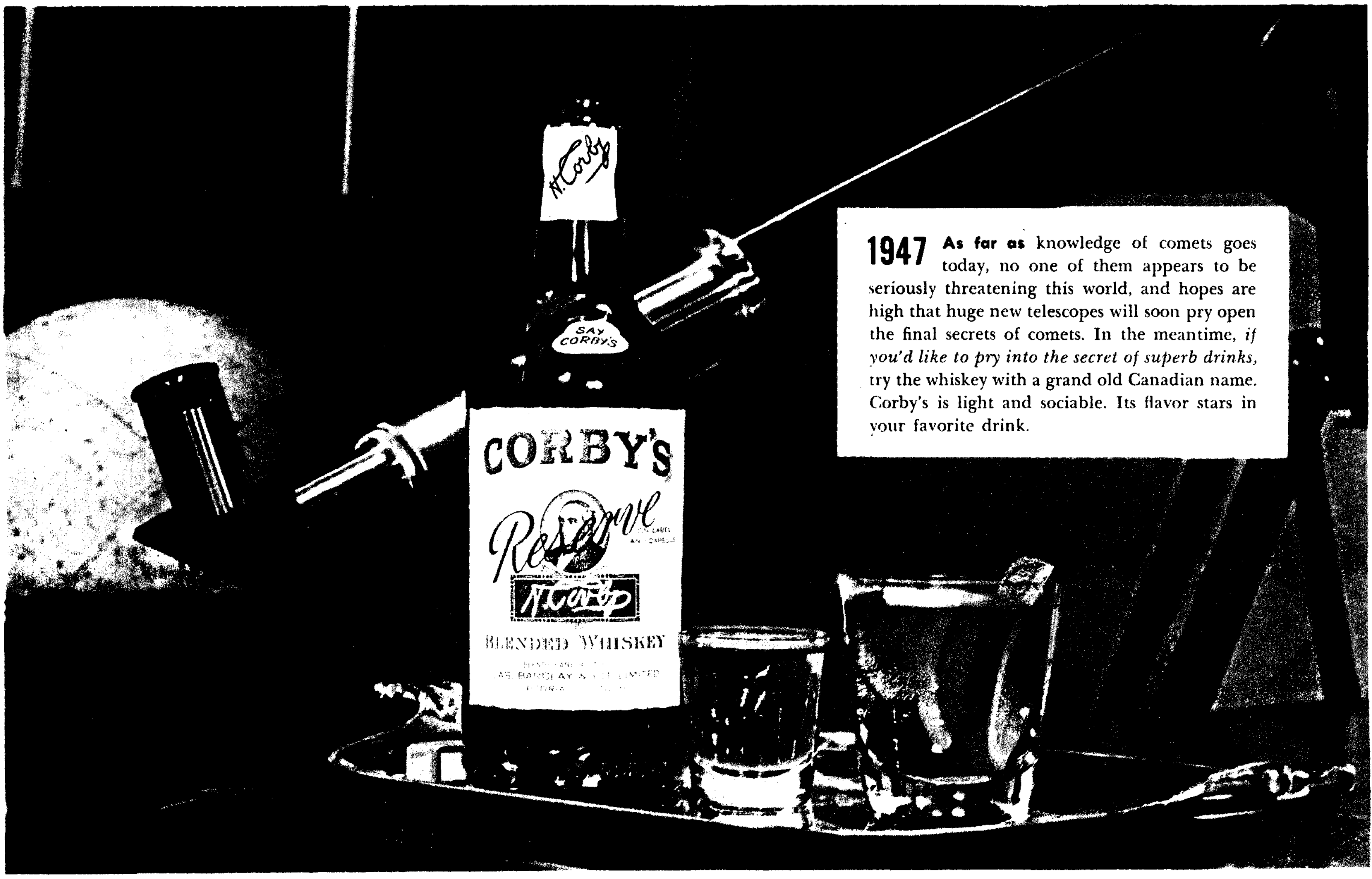
# Will a comet smash the earth?

**1858** **Comets,** those wanderers from far outer space, have frightened and mystified man since the dawn of history. Donati's comet, one of the most spectacular on record, swept a glowing plume across the heavens in the year the name Corby's came to Canada.

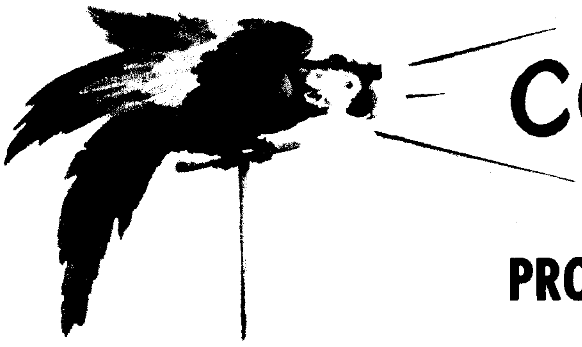


**1882** **The great** comet of '82 is due to return in seven to nine hundred years. Astronomical measurements, made as the name Corby's was saluted for its 24th year in Canada, showed this giant's forked tail to be 200 million miles long.

**1910** **Halley's** comet is now known to appear regularly every seventy-six years. As the name Corby's reached its 52nd year in Canada, some people said the 1910 edition of this comet heralded the end of the world. That prediction is repeated by alarmists each time a comet is due.



**1947** **As far as** knowledge of comets goes today, no one of them appears to be seriously threatening this world, and hopes are high that huge new telescopes will soon pry open the final secrets of comets. In the meantime, *if you'd like to pry into the secret of superb drinks,* try the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Corby's is light and sociable. Its flavor stars in your favorite drink.



## CORBY'S . . . A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

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do like we say or take the consequences. Get it?"

Fireman Dunnevan blinked.

"You mean we threaten to show the book to Cap'n Harris if Harold don't re-enlist?"

"Right!"

"But Benny—ain't that orful mean? Harold dint do nothin' to us."

"Mean? Are you nuts? That Christine dame ain't nothin' but a Communist. You want Harold to get hooked by a dame like her?"

"Ner, but—"

"And besides, Harold put us in that book. He calls you Flathead Finnegan, and he calls me Short-Snorter McKim. He says we're a couple of grand-larceny guys. He says we stole a whole airplane at Biak and sold the parts to the Army."

"The dirty liar!"

"Flathead Finnegan—that's what he called you."

"What else did he say we done?"

There was an interruption. Chief Boatswain's Mate Mulcahy swung down a ladder. "Linn!—Dunnevan! Captain Harris wants to see you in his cabin, on the double!"

Mulcahy's voice was not reassuring, his dead-pan stare seemed definitely sinister.

TIM and Benny reported at the door of the Skipper's cabin. They saw Yeoman Webster standing near Captain Harris. A little grin of triumph was on Harold's face.

Captain Harris, however, was not grinning. He said, "Linn—Dunnevan—step in." Chief Mulcahy and an armed guard followed Tim and Benny.

The Skipper looked up from a memo on his desk. "Yeoman Webster says you men stole a book manuscript from him this morning. Is that correct?"

"No, sir. We didn't steal—"

"But you took it by force?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is the manuscript now?"

"In my locker, Cap'n."

Frowning, Captain Harris stood up. "Chief Mulcahy asked you to talk to Yeoman Webster about re-enlisting. He in no way authorized you to blackmail him."

"But, sir—"

"Yes, Linn?"

"Harold wrote a book and it says—"

"I know all about that. Yeoman Webster says he has not offered the book for publication. I believe him. And until a book is offered for publication, the Navy Department has no interest in it. You men will return the manuscript to Yeoman Webster."

"Yes, sir."

"You will then serve your time in the brig and pay the fines assessed you. That is all."

A SAD sun shone glumly through the porthole of the brig, next morning. Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan played gin rummy for matches.

"Benny?"

"Yeah."

"I don't get it. Our hearts was pure. All we wanted to do was get Harold back in the service and save him from Christine and stop him from putting out a book that liberaled the U.S. Navy. So how do you figure that God loves us?"

Seaman Linn "knocked" and tossed down his cards.

"It takes force *and* brains, Tim. I booted this one. Harold outthought me."

"Ner!"

"Yeah, leave us face it an' not go blaming what happened on God. I didn't figure that publication angle. Harold was a better sea lawyer. He was good in there and I kicked it around."

Fireman Dunnevan shook his head.

"Harold acted wickerd," he insisted, with stubborn loyalty. "God shoont let him get away with it. That Christine is a bad tomater too. God ought to of—"

The brig door opened. Yeoman Harold Webster pale and hollow-eyed, stumbled over the high sill.

"You get outta here, Webster!"

"Yerse!"

Yeoman Webster shook his head.

"No, chums, I've got to tell you," he croaked. "Christine ruined us. We're dead. Move over, Tim. I might just as well stay right here. We're all dead. It's Portsmouth for the three of us—for life. Oh, God!"

Tim and Benny stared as Yeoman Webster collapsed on the bunk.

"What'd she do, Webster?"

"Yerse. What happent?"

"She gave the book to a Leviathan producer yesterday afternoon. It took me hours to make her confess. She—uh—I think she's a radical—maybe, even a Communist."

Seaman Linn spat neatly into a slop bucket.

"Okay, so what?" he demanded. "How do you figure I and Tim are in trouble? Maybe you're dead, chum, but not us."

"Ner. We dint write no book."

Harold looked up, his eyes panicky and moist with honest tears of regret.

"She signed all our names to it! She was sore at you guys for trying to pull me back into the Navy. She was afraid I'd weaken and not publish the book. So she did it to us—" Then, almost babbling, Yeoman Webster went on, "But I'll take all the blame. I'll deny you even saw the book. I'll try to square you. Oh, God—you do believe me, don't you? Tim? Benny?"

Tim and Benny exchanged looks of stricken futility.

"Yeah, we believe you, Harold," said Benny. "But it looks like the old Navy bucket is gonna tip, and we're under it."

"Yerse. We're a cinch for Portsmerth this time. I bet Poop Nierrup will be settin' on the general court that tries us."

"Oh, God!" said Yeoman Webster. "If only I hadn't trusted that dame with my carbon copy—if I'd only re-enlisted and burnt the book—"

THE heavy footsteps of Chief Mulcahy clumped on the steel passageway. He loomed in the doorway tall, wide and grim. In his hand he held a newspaper.

"What's all this, now, what's all this? 'Twas no bad book you men have written. What rannygazoo is goin' on here?"

"In the paper, Chief?"

"It is now. In Harriet Holcomb's column which Mrs. Mulcahy reads regular—"

Yeoman Webster snatched the paper.

"Benny!—Tim!—We're saved! We're all saved! No kidding. Read it!"

Tim and Benny looked at the paper:

LEVIATHAN BUYS "THE MAD ADMIRAL" HOPING TO STAR CHARLES LAUGHTON

By Harriet Holcomb

William Rudlow, Leviathan producer, called me in great excitement last night to announce that he had purchased an original story entitled The Mad Admiral. Sounds exciting, doesn't it? Well, it is. The yarn deals with an admiral in the British navy in the time of Napoleon, who goes insane when just about to fight the French fleet. I think Bill Rudlow, one of my favorite persons, is dead right. This would be a natural for Charles Laughton and could be his best part since the immortal Captain Bligh. Oh, yes, the story was authored by three war veterans: Timothy Dunn, a former captain in the Marines; Ben Lindstrom, an ex-major in the Army Air Forces; and Harry Webster, a yeoman-commander in the Navy. Good going, boys!

"Leviathan saved us, Benny!" Yeoman Webster exulted, "And you guys get half the dough!"

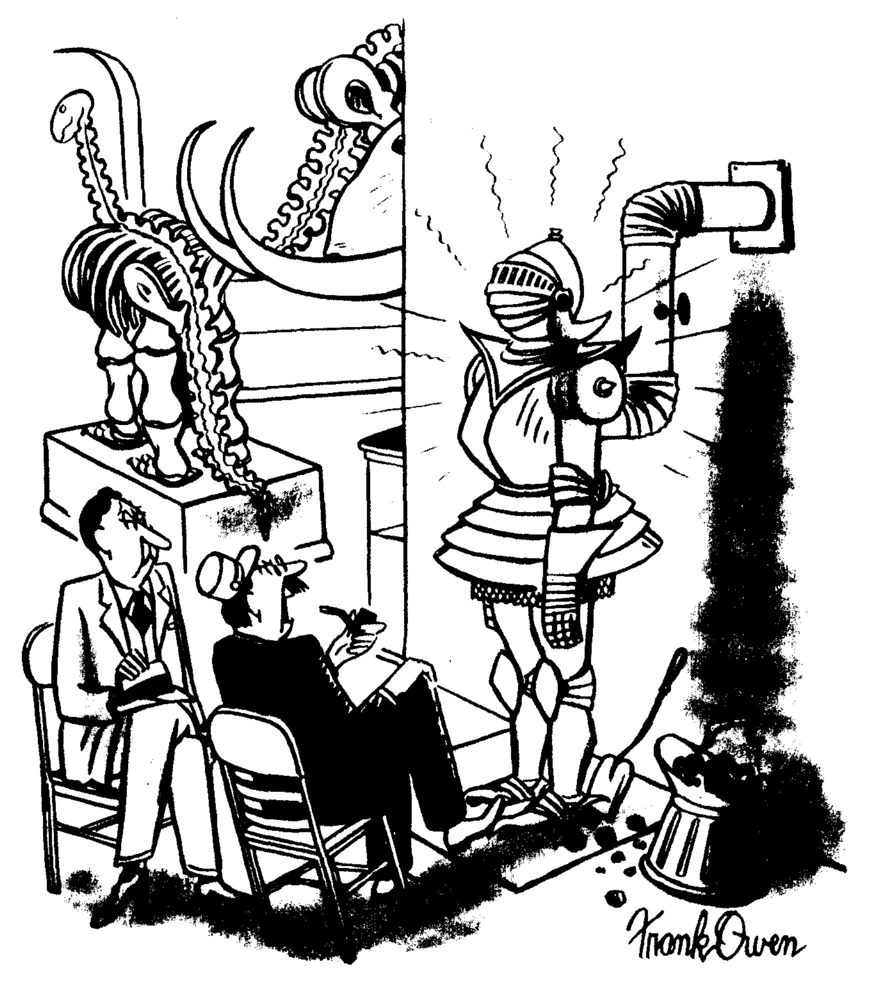
But Benny was looking at Tim.

"Nuts to Leviathan," he said. "You know who saved us, Tim. And does He love U.S. sailors?"

Large tears of joy spilled down Fireman Dunnevan's cheeks.

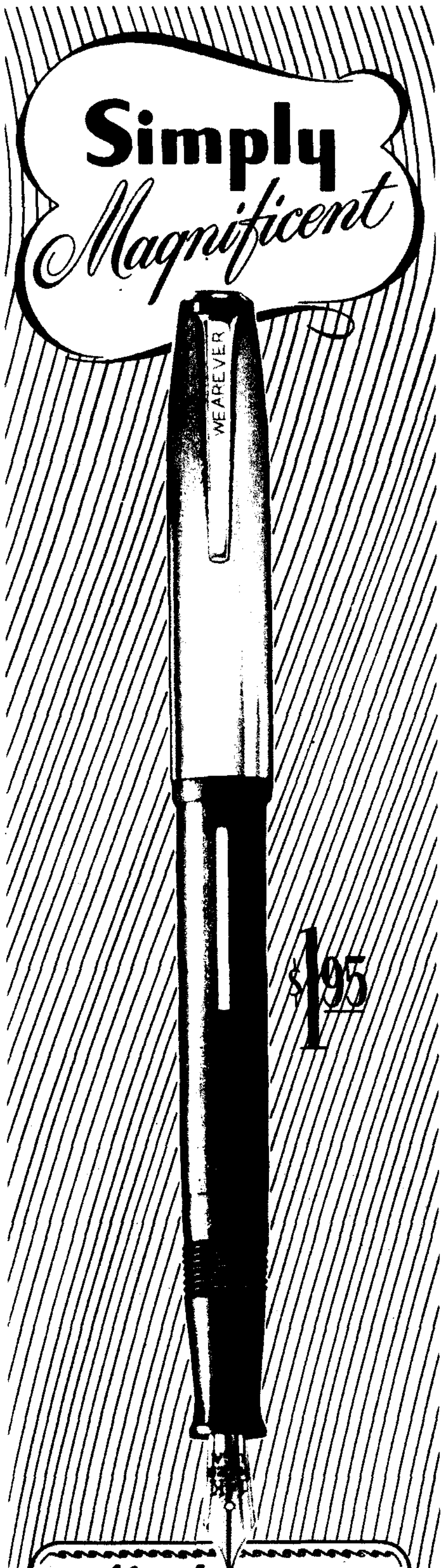
"Yerse, Benny," he said. "Amen!"

THE END



"I've been trying for years to get them to install a steam-heating system!"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN



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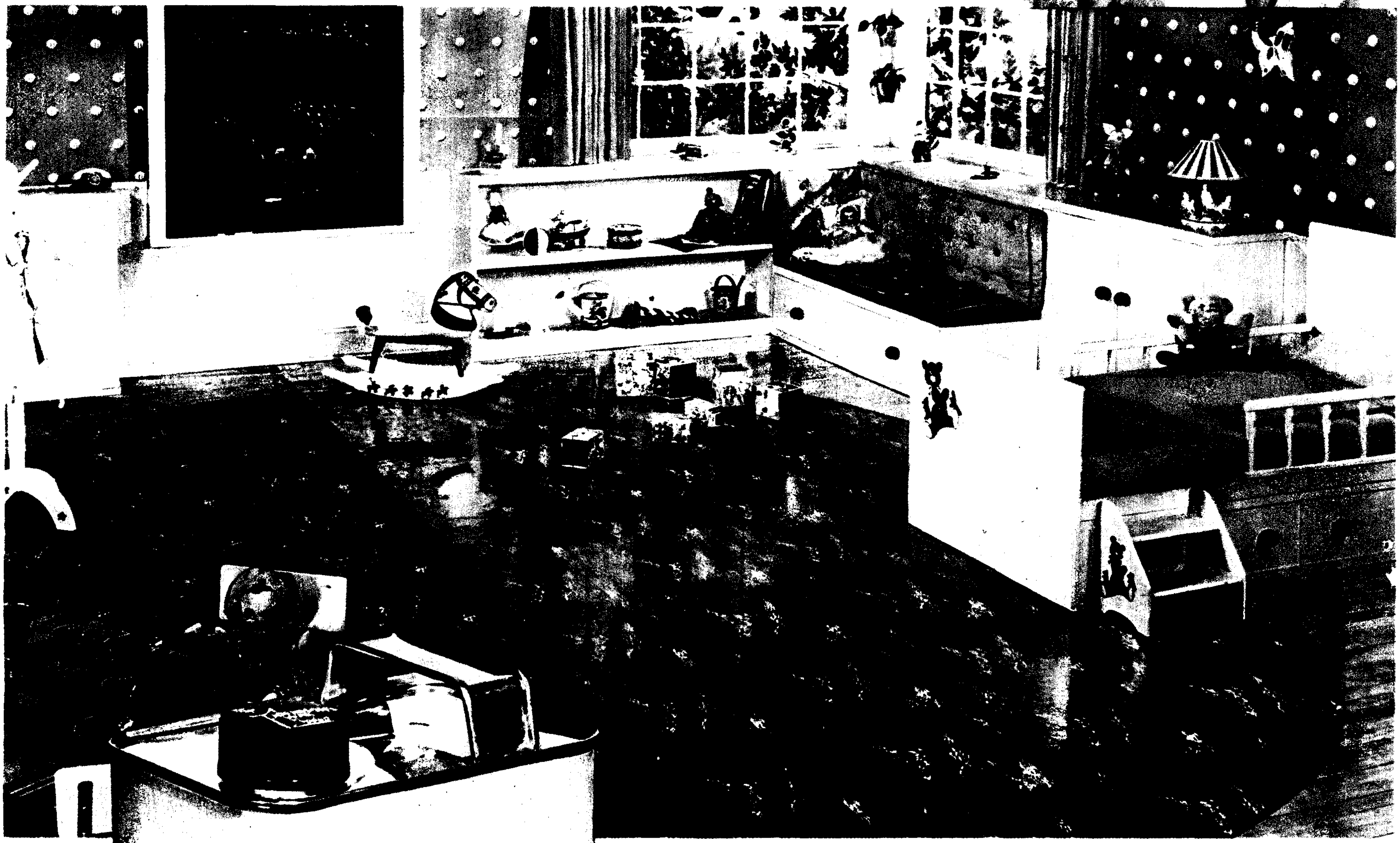

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# STATE OF THE UNIONS

Continued from page 56

In Hollywood a new area of jurisdictional disagreement came to light—the flat bosoms of those Hollywood stars who earn thousands for displaying their lush curves. Who would create the curves that God forgot? The make-up Artists and Hair Stylists (A.F. of L.) said they should fit the falsies. The Motion Picture Costumers (also A.F. of L.) said they should, and the show could go on only after it was decided who could put what, where and on whom.

Jurisdictional rows caused only 4 per cent of all strikes last year. Yet they are part of the fratricidal struggle for union power in which the fall guy is the little man on the belt, in the coal pit or at the mechanics' bench. Noting this, Dr. George W. Taylor, ex-War Labor Board head, said:

"I wonder if the November election returns didn't show—in part at least—that union members would like some protection against their leaders as well as their employers."

### Government Blamed for Strife

If relations with their own members are a disease in the body of labor, union relations to employers are a more obstinate ailment. Looking back to V-J Day, it can be seen that the government has aggravated the trouble.

Although employers and unions had been flexing their muscles publicly for months in preparation for the wage fights that inevitably follow a war, the Truman Administration hastily dropped the War Labor Board which had kept the wartime industrial peace. The government thus set the stage for a knock-down and drag-out fight with all umpires barred.

Then as if to make sure the fight would come off, the government stumbled two additional steps. It announced that employers could hike wages without hiking prices. With tight rationing of scarce goods, this might have been done. But the government dropped rationing controls, and in the public's scramble for scarce goods, prices bobbled upward, corklike, on the sea of money earned during the war. To labor, rising prices are a call to arms.

Yet neither government bungling nor the competitive drive for power by union leaders could wholly explain the reconversion labor wars which have cost unions the respect of the public. Employers had something to do with it too.

"Management gets the kind of union leader it deserves," labor spokesmen contend. A labor observer, noting the anti-union war being pressed by one group of employers, sighed, "If they'd only settle for collective bargaining."

Most employers have, of course, settled for collective bargaining. Yet it has often been a grudging settlement. From 1935, when the Wagner Act was passed, to 1937, when the Supreme Court upheld it, many employers simply refused to obey it. Their lawyers told them the Wagner Act was unconstitutional. From 1937 to 1940, collective-bargaining contracts were won, not through the National Labor Relations Board, but through force—the sit-down strikes. Although scar tissue began to form over old employer-union wounds by 1940, the war came along and largely suspended the orderly development of collective bargaining by substituting the outside force of the War Labor Board.

Thus twelve years after the Wagner Act made collective bargaining a legal obligation of employers, bosses and workers in some basic industries still face each other across an ideological gulf. From their side, labor leaders like Phil Murray see unions ultimately "sitting down with the public and management," to plan the over-all economic course of the country.

From their side, some managers see this as a long stride toward the Socialist state. These men have not concealed their feeling that the union is a millstone around their necks, and an "interference with management's right to manage." With them collective bargaining, described at best as "antagonistic co-operation," becomes a running civil war.

In industries where employers long ago settled for collective bargaining there has been time to build machinery to keep the peace; relations of boss and employer are so good that the public hears little of their dealings.

In the pressed-glass industry where the American Flint Glass Workers (A.F. of L.) have been dealing collectively with 50-odd employers since 1879, even the oldest union member doesn't remember the last time his union struck. For that was 44 years ago. In the clothing industry, once torn by bloody labor riots, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers (C.I.O.) and employers now keep the peace so well there hasn't been a strike for 20 years. The National Brotherhood of Operative Potters (A.F. of L.) hasn't authorized a strike in a quarter century.

Impartial umpires chosen by both sides settle disputes over the contract, and no boss cries for a law to let him sue the union. Getting a second-round wage increase may mean a public fight for other leaders. But Jacob Potofsky, gentle, goateed and six feet two, won a second-round rise for his 250,000 Amalgamated Clothing Workers as far back as last fall. So did chunky, 62-year-old Harry Cook, leader of the Flint Glass Workers. About these leaders' successes, a government official observed:

"The road to leadership in the unions has been through militancy. But now greatness may lie with the leader who can get things for his people peacefully." But for this, as any labor man would argue, you'd also need on the employer side complete acceptance of the union as a partner in the plant.

Early this year, as opinion polls showed, the public was in no mood to wait upon the slow development of orderly relations between employers and workers. Congress got to work to apply legal therapy. And union policy makers, alarmed at the whirlwind they had reaped, put in some overtime licks on the problem of improving public relations.

### A Four-Point Policy Program

The objectives, labor leaders and labor press generally agree, must be:

1. Make unions and union members parts of their community; stop treating the public as hostile outsiders and enlist community help in labor problems.
2. See (and show the public) that the rank-and-file member gets fair, democratic treatment from his union.
3. Halt crippling strikes for piddling gains. The public which might sympathize with bold strikes for such major aims as a guaranteed annual wage is outraged when a national union hobbles the country to gain a 4-cent hourly increase.
4. Halt the civil war in labor or at least fashion a common strategy front to deal with common, long-range problems.

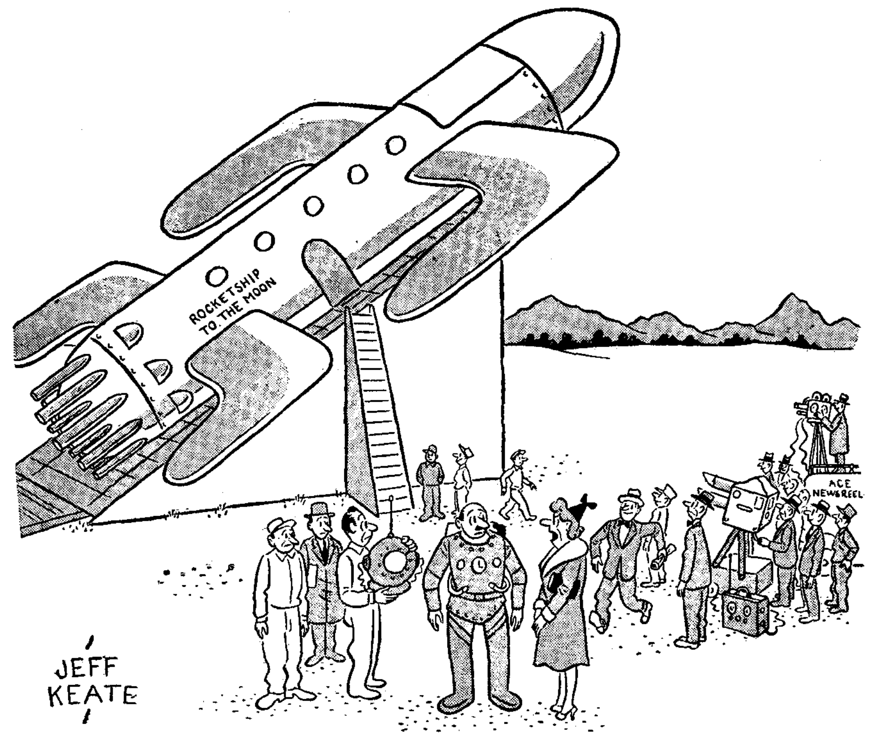
The new idea in labor circles is that unions must stop thinking of themselves as a minority, waging incessant guerrilla warfare against everybody else. It's time to think of themselves as part of the community.

"The greatest single object of organized labor should be graduation from the purely pressure-group approach to problems of hours and wages . . . to one of national leadership in the welfare of this country," J. Raymond Walsh, ex-research head of the C.I.O., said. And writers in Labor and Nation, an independent labor journal, urge that unions enlist the aid of professional men in their communities — not necessarily union members—to form Professional Advisory Boards to labor.

Other labor spokesmen are worried about abuses in unions. "Labor leaders haven't been either wise or diplomatic in fighting even the mildest reforms for the conduct of union affairs," one labor leader ruefully told me. Uncured, such practices arouse wide public hostility.

Probing members' rights in 54 unions, The American Civil Liberties Union found in some of them: control by dictatorial cliques, infrequent officer elections and accounting of union funds, censorship of criticism from the ranks, exclusion of Negroes.

When the Hod Carriers' Union (A.F.



COLLIER'S "Now don't try to pull anything sensational, Henry. Just go straight to the moon and come right back!" JEFF KEATE

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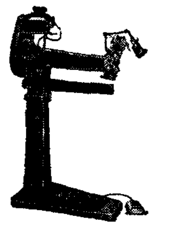

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of L.) reported its finances in 1941, it was the union's first financial statement in 30 years. The constitution of the American Federation of Musicians (A.F. of L.) imposes no checks on the union's president, James C. Petrillo. He may enforce it or set it aside or substitute "other and different provisions of his own making."

What unions need, The Civil Liberties Union urged, is a Bill of Rights. Without it, some labor leaders can impose economic death sentences on critics by expelling them from unions where membership is a condition of holding a job. When a member of the State, County and Municipal Workers local in New York charged its officers with following the Communist party line, the accused officials ordered him tried for misrepresenting the union's position. The critic demanded a trial by fellow rank-and-filers, but was tried instead by the officers he accused and suspended from the union for a year.

### Democratic Spirit Not Lacking

Yet most unions are democratic and highly responsible to the will of their members. The garmentworkers, hosiery trades, steelworkers, typographical trades and most other unions issue detailed financial reports. Most unions elect officers regularly and frequently. In the younger, politically volatile C.I.O. unions, members often push leaders instead of being led by them.

The vice of civil rights abuses in unions is not that they are widespread but that even responsible union leaders fight any corrective measures from the outside. As this is written the Republican-controlled Senate Labor Committee shows no inclination to pass drastic labor reforms despite demands for labor courts, for bans on industry-wide unions and the closed shop, for bans on strikes in essential industries, for overhauling the Wagner Act.

But the unions, because of poor public relations, are in a trap. They can't strike for higher second-round wages without springing the trap on themselves. For it's generally agreed that more strikes this year would really set off a restrictive campaign.

Meanwhile the labor-law pot simmers. Unequal treatment under the Wagner Act, employers contend, is a major trouble maker.

"Isn't it true that the Wagner Act is a one-sided law?" an employer once asked James Carey, the C.I.O.'s secretary-treasurer.

"Sure," replied Carey.

"Have you ever heard of another one-sided law?" the employer asked.

"Yes," said Carey. "The game laws. Maybe you can produce a rabbit that attacks hunters, but I've never heard of a worker firing his boss."

Many employers don't see the rabbit in labor. They contend the unions have grown so great they dominate entire industries, and the only way to cope with them is to prevent them from dealing on an industry-wide basis, to cut the national unions down to plant size.

But this, to some observers, could prove a boomerang to employers. Instead of dealing with all employers at once, as is done in some industries, strong unions (even if nominally split into local units) could pick off employers one by one. The United States Clothing Manufacturers Association was so worried that industry-wide bargaining with clothing workers might be abolished by law that it issued a laudatory statement defending its 10 years of such bargaining.

Labor courts are urged. "Men take other disputes to court to get justice, why not settle labor-management disputes that way?" asks Senator Homer Ferguson (Rep., Mich.) sponsor of a labor-court law.

Dr. William Leiserson, who has served on the Railway Labor Board and the National Labor Relations Board, looks at the court proposal this way:

"Suppose the A.T. & T. workers strike, and you give the strike to the court. The court says to A.T. & T., 'Raise wages 25 cents an hour.' But the A.T. & T. objects. 'We can't pay this sort of raise without ruining our historic dividend policy. Are we running this business or are the courts? And what do the courts know about the telephone business anyway?' "

This is the question a Kansas meat packer asked in 1926 when the Kansas "Industrial Relations Court" fixed the wages in a dispute between the packer and his men. The United States Supreme Court's answer was to kill the Kansas labor court as unconstitutional.

Presumably, if a labor court were to succeed it would have to have the power to bar strikes. Yet employers as well as workers fight such laws.

"The right to strike is inalienable," M. W. Clement, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, told the last labor-management conference. "To deprive men of the right to quit work is to deprive them of their personal liberty."

Unions fear that loss of their strike weapon would make collective bargaining a farce and place them at the mercy of employers. Managers know that strikes can't be outlawed unless other means of settling disputes are substituted, and this might mean compulsory arbitration—which they do not want.

Yet in strikes that shut off power or milk deliveries or other essentials, the right to strike has in effect already been modified. Unions learned when they laid up New York's tugs, and shut down Pittsburgh's power and Milwaukee's gas, that they had the right to strike only as long as they didn't use it. When they did, an aroused public immediately canceled the right.

### Special Status for Some Workers

If men in essential industries have in effect lost their right to strike, something special should be done for them in return. "Give them special status, see that their wages are reviewed at least once a year," Professor C. Sumner Slichter recently wrote in the New York Times.

But coping with strikes in essential industries poses questions so difficult that President Truman asked Congress to go easy on answers and help him name a commission to study a solution first. Senator Robert Taft indicated the Republican majority had no cure-all either, and might take two or more sessions of Congress to work one out.

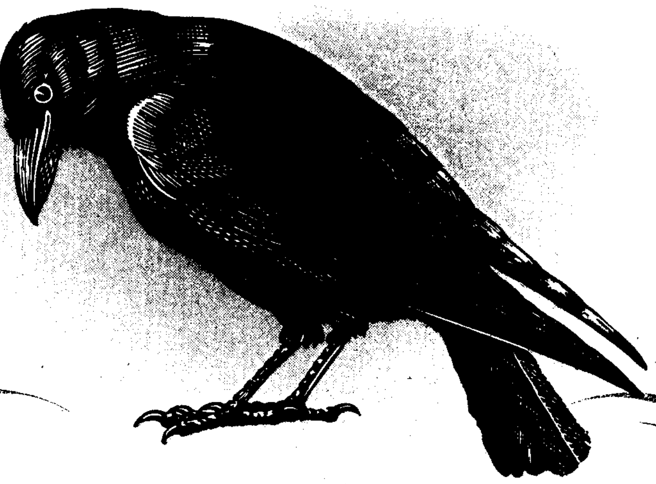
In the cards as a first step are more government peacemakers to help employers and unions bargain without coming to blows. Wagner Act sponsors hoped to keep the industrial peace by compelling bosses and men to bargain collectively. But they provided no effective help for employers and unions when they couldn't agree. To make up for this, the Taft-Smith-Ball bill would create a mediation board.

This fits into the following pattern for keeping the industrial peace. First, mediation (help us decide), then voluntary arbitration (decide for us), then fact finding by government to focus public attention on the row and pressure one or the other side into agreement.

The Taft-Smith-Ball bill was designed to make it easier for employers to sue unions and to compel unions to register with the government, list their officers, account for their funds.

These and other measures are intended to help take the rough edges off the relations between unions and the public, the unions and employers, and the unions and their own men. Congress is willing to show that the unions, a great, new economic force in our lives, are not exempt from law. There isn't any question that there'll be some changes made.

THE END



*Those in the know...ask for*

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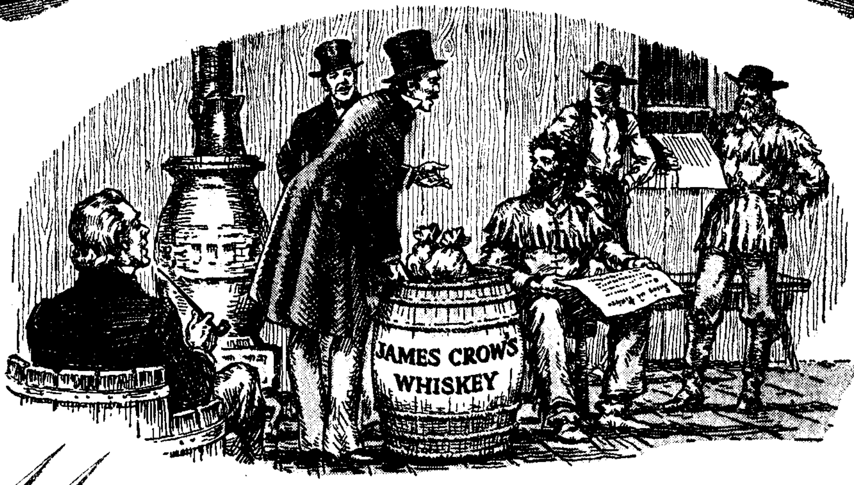
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## 'GATOR BOY

Continued from page 17

their wicked heads. The fact that they didn't go directly back to the eggs bore out part of the hunters' tales—this pair killed for food when they were hungry, and killed all the time for lust.

Night had taken most of the mosquito torture out of the swamp, but now heat blossomed in the humidity, and by noon it caved in through the top of the jungle and smashed everything with its weight. The boars took to the undergrowth, never relaxing their vigil.

Three times more Sammy Osceola tried to get his feet on the ground to make a run for the river, and three times the boars lunged out of their swamp pockets, forcing him to scurry back up the hot, cutting rock.

The day boiled away, one minute at a time. The rock tortured his flesh; the sun heat pounded inside and outside his head.

Once he crept up to the hawk's nest. There were two eggs. After raiding the 'gator nest, it would be tomorrow before the hawk eggs would be any temptation for the boars. Better that he leave the eggs there for himself to eat later.

He lay stretched out, wet, face on arms, the stones throbbing under him, the silent swamp pouring its soggy breath over him. He thought of his mother's *chikee* with the cool water all around it. He thought of the 'gator-boy job. Maybe Joe Cypress had a ten-footer tied up in his canoe this minute, and was paddling for home, whistling into the cool breeze from the open marshes.

The hawk flew over.

That made Sammy Osceola think of the eggs again. They meant something, those eggs. He didn't know what, but they meant something more than bait for the hogs or food for himself. He stopped thinking about them. The sun had crawled in under the skin of his back and was cooking him.

His capture rope was cutting into his waist. He took it off, used it to wipe his eyes. He coiled it tight, put it down and laid his face on it.

The hawk dropped out of the top of a tall cypress and sailed over her nest again. She was a red-shoulder. Probably she wouldn't settle on her nest all day.

He put his face back down on his rope and lay looking at canoe. If he could have one mouthful of the black water canoe was resting in, that would be good.

One of the hogs grunted, and moved to a spot closer to the wall. Sammy Osceola became angry. He would like to drop a noose around the boar's neck and choke him dead. He knew he couldn't, though. There was nothing to tie the rope to. The boar would take the rope, or he'd pull Sammy Osceola off the wall.

THE hawk eggs scratched again at his mind, so he thought about them for a while. Doing this, his fingers loosened a piece of the old mortar and worked out a small hunk of the coral.

He sat up with the rock in his hand. There was that anger again when he looked down at the nearest hog. He stood up to throw the rock at him. Sammy Osceola could knock a squirrel off a high limb with a rock. But now he didn't throw.

He ran his gaze along the top of the wall, went halfway down the ramp and once more measured the distance to the river's edge. Then he picked a spot on the forest mold, way back from the water, and he threw the rock.

Neither of the boars went rushing at the noise. The one that was hid in the brush came out, sauntered in that direction, then went back out of sight. The other one stood up, hung its snout, and looked at Indian boy.

A knot came into Sammy Osceola's throat. He went back up to his place and carefully lay down again. With his arm hanging over the wall, he idly fingered out another piece of mortar.

When he had it rubbed to powder between his fingers, he knew what it was about the hawk eggs. He looked for the red-shouldered hen. She was watching from that same cypress. She wouldn't settle on her nest until after dark. Sammy Osceola glanced at the sky. He would have to work fast.

He examined the mortar all along the wall. He worked a long time, and finally dug out a piece of coral the size of his fist. About halfway down the other ramp he found a coral knob that would weigh twenty pounds, maybe more.

The boars had followed under him. He set to work on the knob, using his small rock as hammer. Crumbs of mortar fell. His hammering and his movements whetted the boars, and they paced or stood with their hoofs against the wall and slavered.

Day was going fast when he had the big rock free and settled in a crevice in the wall. He sat resting. His throat was lined with hot sand, and the length of his body ached. The hawk swooped in and out, making dives on her nest. At last she landed on the edge of the nest, listened into the dusk, then stepped in and sat, quiet as the stones.

Sammy Osceola made no move. Twilight disappeared and left the swamp in the black pot of night. The boars sent up regular warnings. The jangle of the tree frogs commenced, and the bullfrogs beat out their rhythm.

Sammy Osceola began moving toward the hawk, one ripple of muscle at a time. Mosquitoes covered him like sweat. Night had brought no coolness to his burned skin, and the coral hurt him more than anything had ever hurt him before. But nothing touched the inexorable patience that was his heritage. Just one muscle at a time he moved.

Moontime was getting close. He watched the top of the forest and soon the moon was ready to climb up and stand, warning the hawk. One of the boars began scratching himself against the wall. The hawk stirred uneasily, and Sammy Osceola had to wait till she quieted. Then his hand shot out and held her to the nest until he could get her by the leg.

He held her by both legs, feeling her lice crawling over him, scraping at them and the mosquitoes, letting her flutter occasionally for the hogs. When the moon was high enough for him to see plainly, he moved down to where his big rock rested in the crevice.

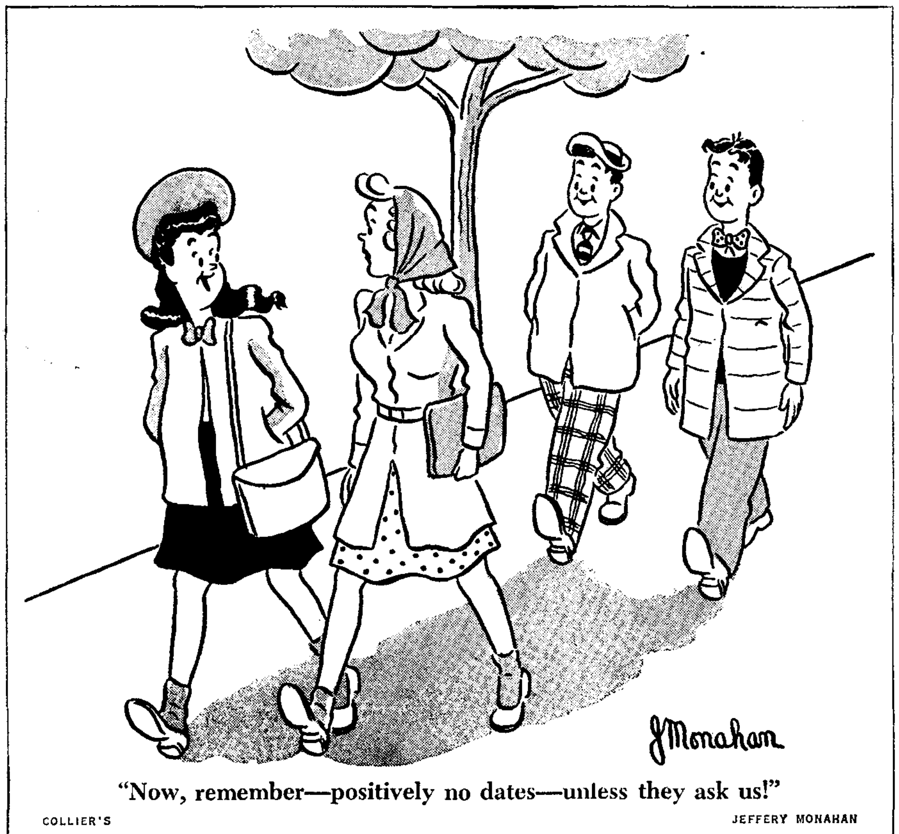
The boars followed anxiously, keeping close to the wall. He tied his capture rope to the hawk's legs and began lowering her. She was in a frenzy, flying against the rope, flapping, scraping her wings against the rock. It set the hogs to chomping and quarreling fiercely at each other. He lowered his bait till she was just out of their reach, secured the rope in the crevice, and picked up his big rock.

BOTH hogs were on their hind legs, trying for the bird. He aimed at the one directly in line with the crevice and dropped his rock at the wet snout and shining tar-bubble eyes. It smashed full on the boar's head, and the boar went down screaming. The screaming tapered to squeals, to weak panting, to nothing. The other boar had backed off, but now it came at the hawk again, and that was when Sammy Osceola dropped off the wall on the back side.

He could hear the hog tearing through the brush after him when he cut the water; then deep coolness and the sweet feel of safety held him. He swam near the bottom. Almost lazily he stroked until he could look up and see the bottom of canoe; then he came up into the air, let his sore fingers reach for the smooth, rounded edge and climbed in.

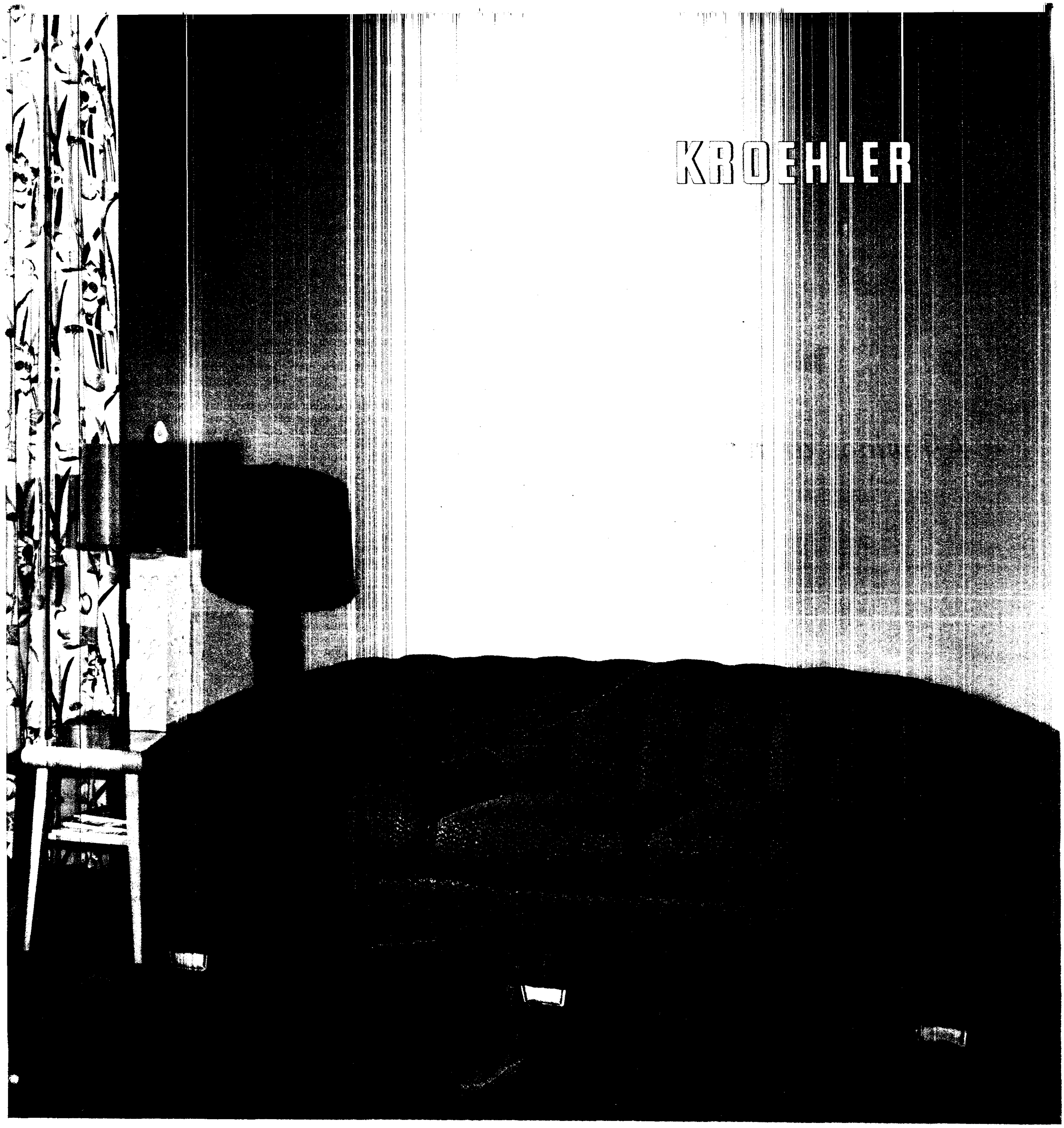
The boar was on the other bank, tall and ugly, still looking out stupidly at the water. Sammy Osceola reached for his rifle. The hawk began plunging and flapping again and when the boar started for her, Sammy Osceola pulled the trigger. The report shook the night until the sound was lost in distance. The hog was on its side, death jerking at his stub legs.

Sammy Osceola put his rifle down and reached for his food. As he ate he became very unhappy. He was no man. He was only Indian boy, foolish Indian



"Now, remember—positively no dates—unless they ask us!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERY MONAHAN



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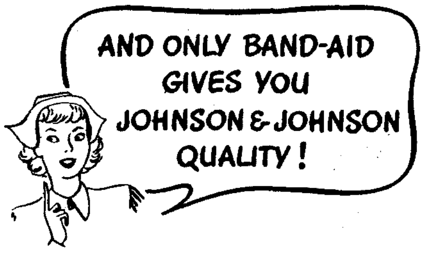
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boy to get himself chased onto rock by hogs and lose his hunting time. Very foolish boy business. Now all the hunting time he had left was maybe one hour, no more.

The food and canteen water hurt his throat. He thought of Joe Cypress. Joe Cypress might be back at 'gator farm right now with his ten-footer. The white missionary used to tell the Seminole boys: "Be good sport. Be good loser. If you lose, be a man and take the winner's hand and shake it."

Sammy Osceola jammed his food sack down under the canvas and put his clothes on fast. His mouth was tight. He grabbed his paddle, and did not feel the heat in his skin or the soreness of his fingers or the mosquito welts. He would take Joe Cypress by the hand, all right. He would shake the hand, and then he would lead Joe Cypress over and show him Black Bull. He'd show him the biggest damn' 'gator Joe Cypress had ever seen.

He paddled swiftly to the other bank. His bullet had entered the boar's neck from the right side, uprooted an ear and blasted away the opposite jaw. The other boar was very dead from the rock. He hurriedly untied the hawk and gave her to the sky.

He slid canoe up the river making his "N-u-n-g-h . . . N-u-n-g-h." After his second call, he heard a light noise that took him shoreward.

He sat quiet, then snapped on his light and saw a huge frog attempting to swallow a baby alligator. He turned off his light, let his eyes sharpen, and caught another movement among the lily pads. Two eye humps surfaced, there was waiting, ominous and quiet, then a loud plop of big jaws, and the frog was gone. He quickly thumbed his light, but the 'gator was no more than six foot.

He drifted, watching for slides, drumming out calls, listening for jaws over frog or crayfish, keeping lookout for 'gator caves. They dug their caves with their snouts and their forefeet under the overhang of a bank where water growth made a shield.

"N-u-n-g-h . . . N-u-n-g-h." He was very deep in the great swamp. "N-u-n-g-h . . . N-u-n-g-h." His hour was gone. The moon was now high and white and crisp. There was much tiredness in Sammy Osceola, but he went on. "N-u-n-g-h . . . N-u-n-g-h . . . N-u-n-g-h."

Then another voice from straight ahead: "N-U-N-G-H."

The sound stunned him. His chest pounded wildly. He answered. It bellowed back at him—the biggest, mightiest 'gator voice Indian boy had ever heard.

"N-U-N-G-H."

The choppy shrill of his bittern was heard once and then only Sammy Osceola and Black Bull were in the white jungle night.

Closer and closer, like a shadow, sounding 'gator talk, he came to that answering rumble. He could feel painful heartbeats from his throat to his toes. Relentlessly he watched water and shore, but there was no motion, no ripple, no bulging eye mounds. Canoe was scarcely moving when he sighted the great wet slide. It was of a size for only such a one as Black Bull.

"N-U-N-G-H."

THE voice throbbed against Sammy Osceola's ear like the sound of a huge drum. Somewhere right ahead, in that blackest patch of quivering silence, was Black Bull, the 'gator that captured calves, full-grown hogs, and even yearling colts.

Sammy Osceola eased his breathing, and snapped on the light. Against the bank lay a motionless hulk of unbelievable width and length, with great distance between the eye slits. Off went light beam; out of clothes, then out of canoe went Sammy Osceola.

Black Bull saw him coming. There was heavy grunt, flop of tail, and noise of 'gator making for safety. But he was not fast enough. Seminole boy swam under him, put loop of capture rope on foreleg and pulled it tight. There was alligator explosion like Indian boy had never experienced.

Swift battle, fierce grunts, smash of tail on water, on bank. Slapping, slashing, twisting, rolling, thudding, panting.

*Noose on other front leg . . . Don't be tired . . . Oh please, arms . . . Legs . . . Don't be tired . . . Look out for tail . . . Now . . . There . . . Noose over jaws . . . Good . . . Now, back leg . . . Careful . . . Careful . . . Now . . .*

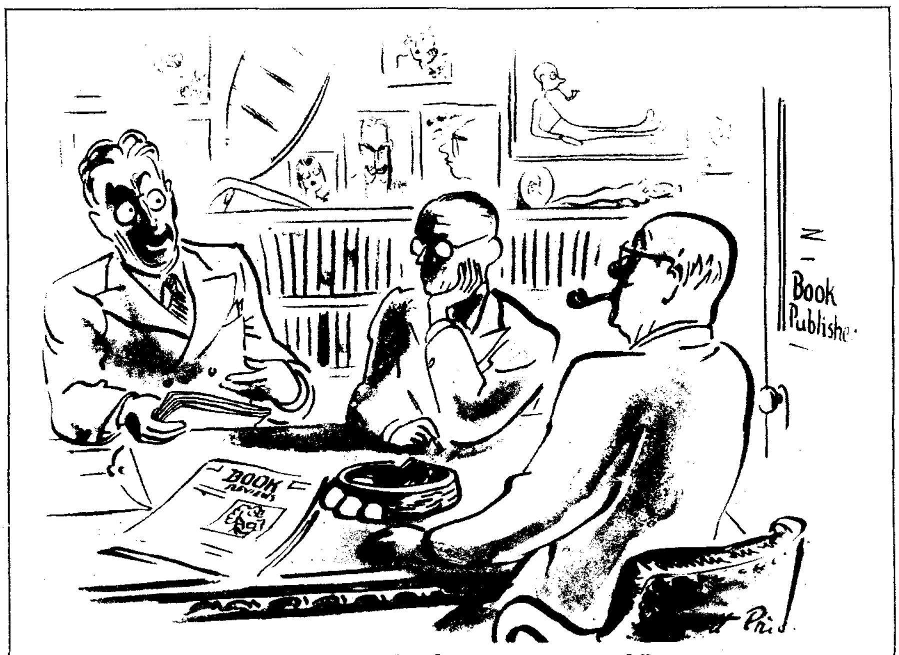
He rolled over on his back beside the dark, trussed, bent shape of the mighty 'gator; his tiredness sobbing through him, he waited for strength to come and cool him.

When the hurting was gone from his chest, he reached over and patted the upturned, scaly belly. He got up, stood waistdeep in the water by canoe, and ate bread and cheese and drank from his canteen. The jungle was loud with its clanking and drumming, and he listened to everything with great happiness.

After he had rolled 'gator down the bank and into canoe, there was no room for him to sit except on 'gator. The hide hurt through his pants like the coral. The bittern called. He grinned.

Sammy Osceola, Seminole man, set paddle for home.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Sure it's trash—but it's great trash" GARRETT PRICE

# MR. SECRETARY MARSHALL

**Continued from page 19**

he was already 53, only eleven years from the statutory retirement age. When the President named Marshall the new Chief of Staff in 1939, there were 34 major and brigadier generals senior to him, who were eligible for the job.

On the very day Hitler attacked Poland the general, wearing a Palm Beach suit and fresh from his tour of Brazil, took his oath of office. No one realized, that day, to what tests Marshall's mind would be submitted in the following years. And no one realized how much his mind would grow in response to those tests. Twice in her book, Mrs. Marshall quotes Secretary Stimson as having said, "General Marshall's ability has no ceiling. It expands with the job."

### He Anticipates Trouble

One of the reasons General Marshall's mind has grown is that it is restless; it moves on from whatever is under its scrutiny to the next thing beyond it. Once, while flying across the country with General Arnold and some staff officers, he was reading Mark Twain's Roughing It. When he came to a passage about Virginia City, perched on the steep side of Mount Davidson, he began thinking of the geography ahead. He went up and asked the pilot to alter course slightly. Then he went back and read aloud to General Arnold:

*"Before and below you a rugged cañon clove the battlemented hills, making a somber gateway through which a soft-tinted desert was glimpsed, with the silver thread of the river winding through it, bordered with trees which many miles of distance diminished to a delicate fringe; and still further away the snowy mountains rose up and stretched their long barrier to the filmy horizon—far enough beyond a lake that burned in the desert like a fallen sun, though that, itself, lay fifty miles removed. Look from your windows where you would, there was fascination in the picture. . . ."*

A few minutes later General Marshall told General Arnold to look from *his* window. There, below, was Virginia City and exactly the scene that Mark Twain had described.

This tendency to look ahead has helped the general to anticipate trouble, and correspondingly to beat it when it has come. His amazing command of details at Congressional hearings was not always, as it usually seemed, simply a feat of memory. About a week or ten days before each hearing, Major General Wilton B. Persons, General Marshall's Congressional liaison officer, and a number of assistants conferred with him. Together with them, he listed the sticklers he was liable to have thrust at him; General Persons and the staff gathered defensive data; he studied the necessary facts and memorized them. Sometimes he carried papers with outlines and figures with him in the car on the way to the hearings.

A favorite family story of the Marshalls', and one that points up the general's method of anticipating difficulties, concerns Mrs. Marshall's introduction to formal military life, at a reception at Fort Benning, shortly after her marriage to (then) Colonel Marshall. Mrs. Marshall had no idea how she was going to keep track of all the officers and wives. Colonel Marshall said it would be easy. Just as he had whispered one-word reminders in General Pershing's ear when he had been Pershing's aide, he would give her a clue as to what she should say in the reception line, by whispering, "China," or "Flowers"—so that she could immediately remark, "You served with my husband in China, didn't you?" or, "Thank you for the lovely flowers"; and so forth. He also told her about one wife, a Mrs. Falligant, who had just had triplets. It was late in the confusing afternoon before Mrs. Falligant came down the line.

Colonel Marshall bent to her ear and whispered, "Triplets!"

Mrs. Marshall's face brightened and she said, "Oh, thank you so much for the lovely triplets."

Among the thousands of old acquaintances with whom the general keeps up contacts are the Falligant triplets, now growing up. Last winter he received a Christmas card in China signed by all three of them.

General Marshall managed to keep one jump ahead of his hazards and his fellow conferees most of the time in China, especially during the early phases of his negotiations there. Several days before he had persuaded General Chang Chun of the Kuomintang and Chou En-lai of the Communists in Chungking to accept his plan for a tripartite Executive Headquarters in Peiping, to supervise the carrying out of a cease-fire order, he quietly assembled in Peiping the matériel and part of the American staff for such a headquarters, and had planes standing by at Chungking to carry the Chinese commissioners and staffs to North China. Within a few hours of their acceptance of his plan, they were in the planes and on their way; the headquarters began to function immediately.

Similarly, General Marshall timed his important forswearing of political ambitions, just after his return from China, in such a way as to catch Washington guessers on their heels, and to kill speculations that might have hindered his work. Reporters greeted him on the station platform with several ivory-tower questions about his plans for the State Department; all wanted to ask the $64 question about the Presidency, but none thought the time was yet propitious. "Any more questions?" the general finally asked. "If not, I've something I'd like to say." And he then surprised everyone with his now-famous declaration.

### New Kind of Review

Besides looking ahead, the general has always made a kind of fetish of doing things in out-of-ordinary ways. In 1930, while he was in charge of the academic phases of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, the man who was then the Army's Chief of Staff, General Summerall, announced that he would visit the post on an inspection tour. Marshall called in his Executive Officer (now Lieutenant General) Charles P. Hall, and said that General Summerall had seen thousands of parades. Instead of having a routine review, Marshall intended to show the Chief of Staff every type of activity that could be found on the post.

Hall asked, "How?"

General Marshall said that at the dirt bowl that served as a training amphitheater, he would have small groups of men move across, as if over a stage—the horsemen riding, golfers swinging clubs, tennis players lounging about with rackets, huntsmen with their hounds, a few men carrying books, others marching in parade uniform, and so on.

Hall did not have to think long before he said he considered the idea crazy.

Marshall flared up and said, in a manner which, at the time, seemed a little dramatic (but which several older officers, who once outranked Marshall and were overtaken by him, now say they remembered rather ruefully and enviously), "The trouble with all you men is, you have no *vision!*"

Marshall went through with the strange drama. Taking place on a bril-

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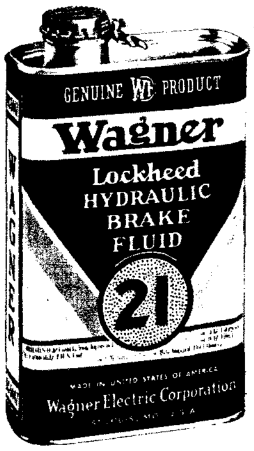

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liantly sunlit day, it turned out to be a tremendous success—one which set Marshall apart for good in the memory of his Chief of Staff.

Occasionally, General Marshall's flair for the unexpected bounces back on him. In Curitiba, Brazil, in 1939, while on a good-will visit, he was treated to a parade. During it, besides being serenaded with the Navy song, Anchors Aweigh, which the Brazilians played everywhere, apparently having been informed it was the United States' national anthem, Marshall was particularly struck by a formation of small boys, in blue denim uniforms piped with pink, who carried farming tools. He learned they were students at a foundlings' agricultural school that was a special interest of the governor's.

Before leaving Curitiba, instead of showing his gratitude to the governor for his entertainments by giving him a formal dinner, the general sent out a subordinate to buy up all the chocolates he could find, and presented a box to each boy in the foundling school. This made a hit with the governor, all right, but everywhere he went in Brazil from then on, General Marshall was confronted by endless ranks of small children, mouths watering with expectation.

Sometimes the general does not have time to prepare adequately for tests to which he is put. In that case, he either admits he does not know what he is talking about, or falls back on the best resources he can command. He will try anything. Stopping off in Bermuda, on Easter Sunday, in April, 1942, on his way to confer with Churchill in England, the general was asked by Lord Knollys, the governor general, to read the Second Lesson in the Easter service in the cathedral.

He did not have time to go through the text, and was horrified, in the pulpit, to find himself confronted by a passage in Revelations, containing the unfamiliar names of the Seven Churches of Asia: Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamum, Thyatira, Sardis, Laodicea, and Philadelphia. He plunged in, and was so relieved to come across the last of these that he boomed it out with great force. After the service an effusive American lady came up to him, shook his hand, and said, "It's so nice to meet you, General. I'm from Philadelphia, too."

### Good Health Is No Accident

Once, when General Marshall was Chief of Staff, working too hard, he remarked to a member of his family, "A job I'd like to have is Secretary of State. I could move out to our place at Leesburg and just spend a few hours a day in Washington. That would be a nice rest."

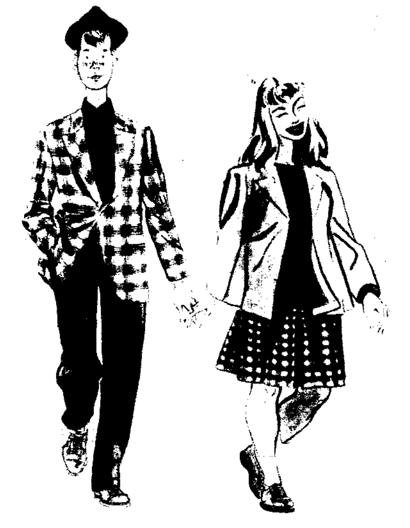
Times have changed since the general said that. The job of Secretary of State has become, next to the Presidency, the most demanding of all government posts. It broke James F. Byrnes' health. Bevin and Vishinsky, who have gone through much of the obstacle course that is sometimes called the road to peace, have both become sick men. It is most fortuitous, under the circumstances, that General Marshall has reached the age of 66 in such good physical health.

His well-being is no more accidental than his mental alertness. The general has always taken extremely jealous care of his body. As a young man, he was a skillful athlete, though somewhat awkward. He played on the VMI football team for two years, and in his first (senior) year was named All-Southern tackle. Once, on Jeff Davis' birthday, which was a holiday at VMI, he set out on a 30-mile hike with his roommate, Leonard Nicholson, now publisher of the New Orleans Times Picayune, announced that he intended to march all the way at parade-ground pace, and proceeded to do so.

As an older man, Marshall's principal exercise was riding. While Chief of Staff, he would get up at 6:30 every morning, ride his horse, Prepare, along the Potomac for about half an hour, and be at the office at 7:30. There came a time, during the war, when riding became more tiring than refreshing, and he gave it up. Since then he has walked for exercise.

He retained, nevertheless, an extraordinary resiliency for a man past sixty. One Sunday afternoon, while pruning apple trees on his place at Leesburg, he was obliged, by interruptions in the form of telephone calls about a German raider off Aruba and Curaçao, to climb high into one tree three times, no mean exertion for a sixty-odd-year-old man.

In testimony before the House Military Affairs Committee on Army promotions, he said, to illustrate the point that older soldiers slow down, "When I deal with my family in sports, I find I lack the agility that I once possessed, and they can wear me down." The remarkable thing about this statement was not his modesty about his prowess, but the fact that he was able, at his age, to "deal with" his two strapping stepsons in sports at all.



"Let's not become engaged till we're seventeen — I want to be so very, very sure"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

General Marshall is a great admirer of Benjamin Franklin, and he takes quite literally Franklin's advice about sleep and temperance in all things. During the war the general almost never wasted his energy on social functions; he was in bed by ten o'clock most nights. Every day after lunch, at Quarters No. 1 at Fort Myer, even when he had guests, he would excuse himself and go upstairs for a short nap on his sun-porch study—a room which, Mrs. Marshall says, was so cheerful and bright that it "had much to do with my husband's good health" during the war. General Marshall has always been a careful drinker, and he never smokes. He enjoys old-fashioneds before dinner, but one is his habit and two is his limit.

### Concentrates on Diversions

The general's temperament and the nature of his mind have enhanced his health. His brain seems to consist of a number of vaults, in each of which are numerous files subdivided, in turn, into tiny pigeonholes, wherein he scatters facts in an orderly manner. When he is done with business in one vault, he slams its door shut, and opens another.

This compartmentation of General Marshall's mind makes him able to concentrate everything on his immediate job, and leaves him almost completely free of worry about things he has finished. Once he has made a decision, he seldom reviews it. Mrs. Marshall remarks that in moving from one to another of his many Army posts, he almost never looked back at, or alluded to, the one he had just left.

By the same token, General Marshall can concentrate on his diversions, and therefore can relax completely. Moving pictures give him a fairly frequent escape—and he is quite frank in admitting that he seeks escape; he keeps away from tragedies, and especially from war pictures. He cites as examples of what he has liked: Anna and the King of Siam, Meet Me in St. Louis, State Fair, The Bells of St. Mary's.

Reading is his other main entertainment. He reads fast and with remarkable memory—of the sort that sees the whole printed page. Mrs. Marshall used to keep a pile of books beside his chaise longue on the sun porch, and he would go through them almost as fast as she could buy them. Reading, was, in fact, responsible for his only recorded negligence in a job. When a boy, he was fired as organ pumper of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, because, as he later wrote a pastor of the church, of "failing to provide air at a crucial moment, having become deeply engaged in a Nick Carter novel."

Other diversions, into which he has been able to throw himself with the same concentration, have been canoeing on the Potomac, from 35th Street to the Chain Bridge and back, on wartime evenings; duck shooting; gardening; raising chickens, unhappily with more concern for the birds' quarters and welfare than for his family budget, so that one brood cost, on the table, roughly $24 apiece; house painting (which apparently includes accidentally painting himself: One day General Arnold drove into the Marshalls' place and found his boss up a ladder putting green trim on his house and himself decorated with a green forehead); and talking, which the general does engagingly and informatively.

### Wife Gives Him Tranquillity

For most of his relaxations, and for much of the placidity with which he had been able to carry on his work, General Marshall has to thank the thoughtfulness and understanding of his wife. Katherine Tupper Brown Marshall is his second wife. His first was Elizabeth Carter Coles, a sweetheart from VMI days, who died in 1927; he married the present Mrs. Marshall three years later. It was also her second marriage, she having been widowed from Clifton Stevenson Brown. Marshall had had no children. She had three: Molly, Clifton, and Allen Brown.

Katherine Marshall, a gracious, sensitive, capable lady, helped her husband immensely in the war years by maintaining an efficient, quiet house. She never knew until each midmorning how many guests the general might bring home to lunch; sometimes plans were changed at the last moment. The general's secretary phoned her when he left his office, and by the time he arrived home, everything was arranged and unruffled, as if exactly the right number of guests had been expected for days. In the evenings, after the general gave up riding, she walked with him, or arranged canoeing parties, or listened when he wanted to talk out a tough decision, or—more heroic—let him alone when he didn't want to talk.

Mrs. Marshall has had more than her share of bad luck, and the bearing of it has doubtless increased her capacity for understanding and gentleness. She came within an ace of losing her life in the Fire Island, N.Y., hurricane in 1938, which wiped out the whole of the village of Salt Air, near the Marshalls' summer cottage. The day General Marshall learned he was to be Chief of Staff, she was swathed in bandages, suffering from a serious attack of poison ivy. She experienced real tragedy, when her son Allen, a second lieutenant in the First Armored Division, was killed in action on the Anzio beachhead in May, 1944. This occurred just as General Marshall was setting out for a tour of the European and Mediterranean fronts. From England, he wrote to comfort her, "Soon you and I can retire and garden together."

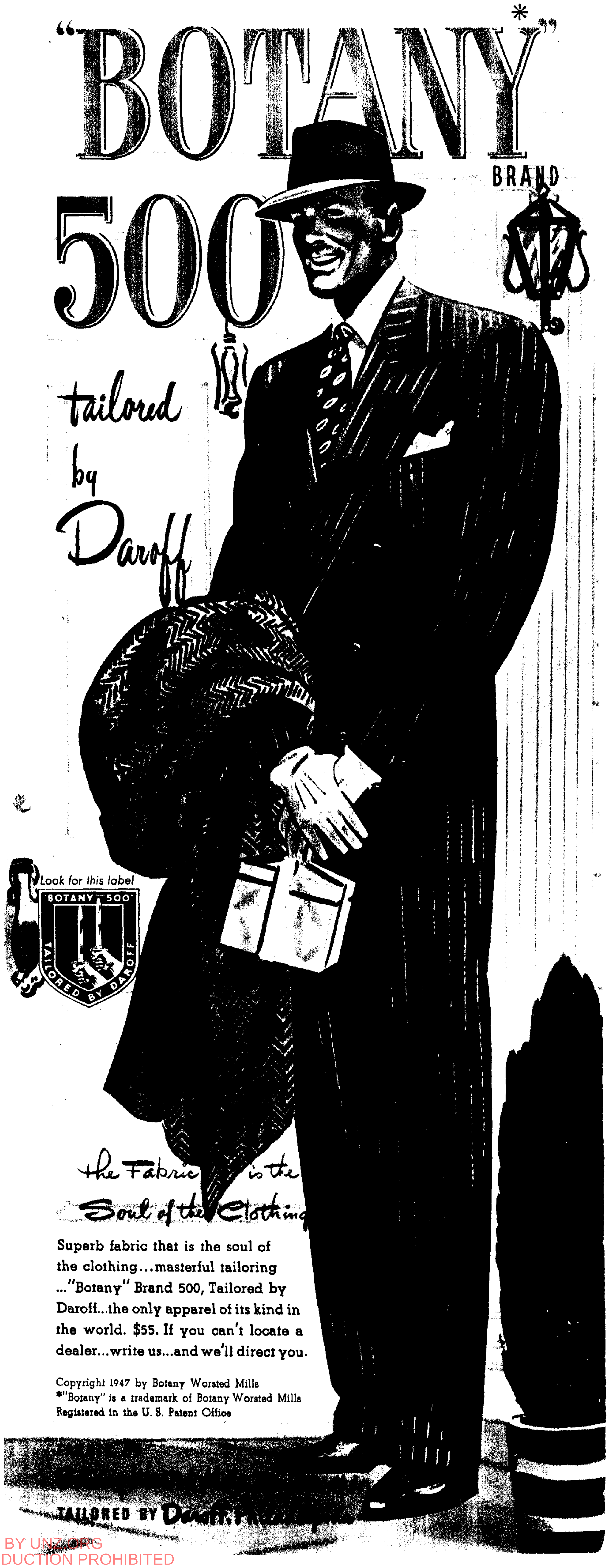
General Marshall has wanted for several years to retire to the quiet of his country place in Leesburg, Virginia. This is a five-acre estate known as Dodona Manor. The house, which was built by a nephew of George Washington in 1754, is of white-painted handmade bricks, with wooden lintels and a tin roof. On the grounds, the general and Mrs. Marshall did some serious gardening during the war: corn and tomatoes grown from seeds given them by Henry Wallace, an asparagus bed, lettuce, squash, beans, carrots, eggplant. The general devised a compost pile that was a miracle of putrefaction. Some of his agricultural methods were slightly unorthodox, as when a local citizen found him planting seeds lying down.

Twice—when he was asked to go to China, and when he accepted his present job—General Marshall has postponed his retirement to Leesburg. What must have made the postponements especially difficult was a realization, which General Marshall is intelligent enough to have had, that no matter how alert his mind, how strong his body, and how good his will, it would be almost impossible for him to wind up his work as a diplomat—work for which he had not spent every moment of his adult life training himself, as he had for his military career—as neatly and famously as he had wound up his soldiering. It is the measure of both his self-assurance and his selflessness that he took his final job.

*(The third and final article in this series by John Hersey will appear next week.)*

INTERNATIONAL

**Evidence of decisiveness with which Gen. Marshall works came when he set up truce team in China with Gen. Chang Chun, left, Gen. Chou En-lai, Marshall's left**



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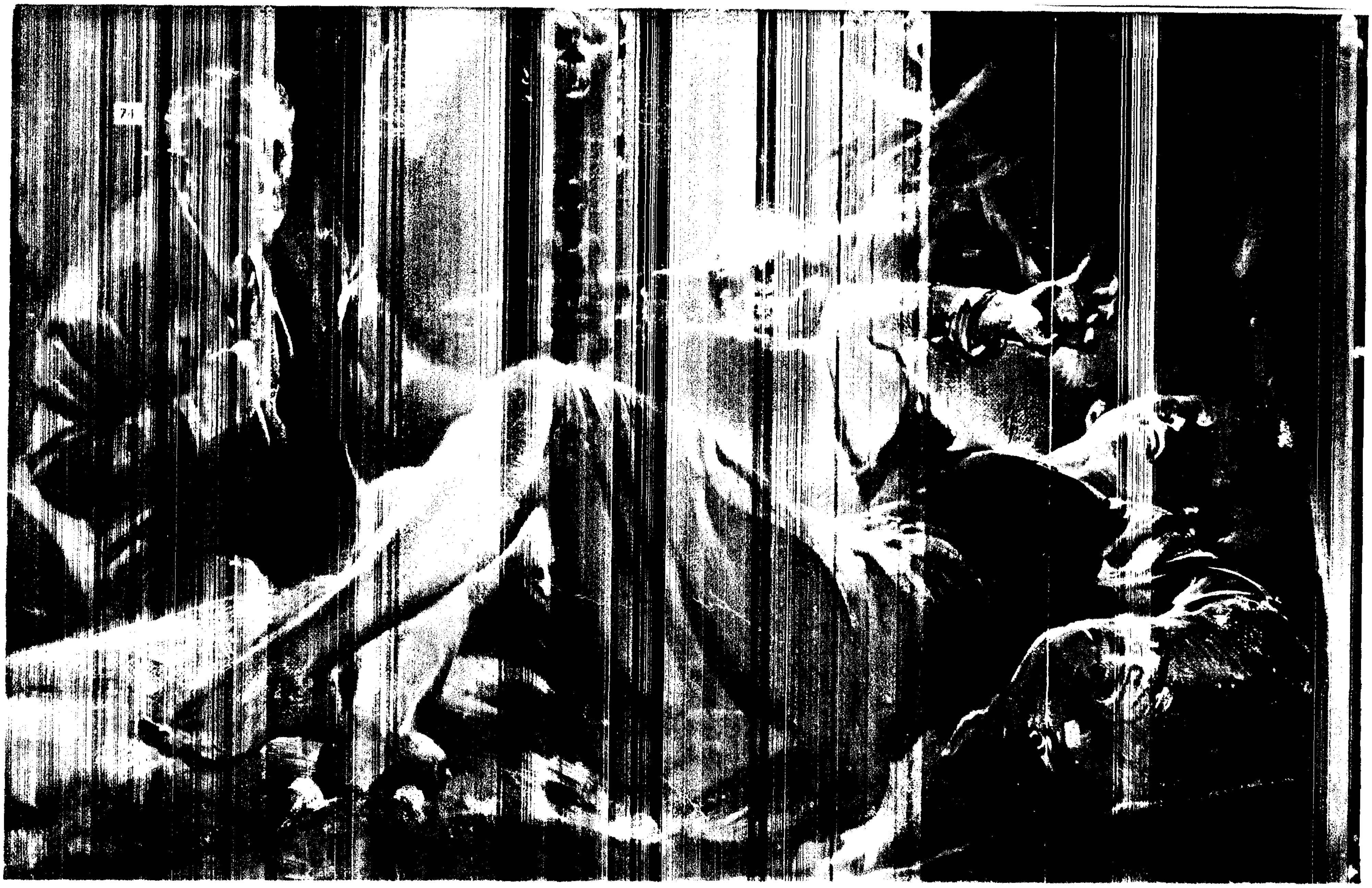


Madam La Lune snorted and snored on the couch. "I want," I said, "to speak to Frank Jacklin. He died in the North Pacific about three weeks ago"

# THE RAT RACE

## BY JAY FRANKLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

*The Story:*

Unknown to the public, the U.S.S. Alaska, on a secret mission in the Pacific early in April, 1945, is disintegrated when PROFESSOR CHALMIS purposely explodes a secret thorium bomb in the ship's hold. Among the missing is LIEUTENANT COMMANDER FRANK JACKLIN.

Jacklin comes to, finding himself in New York's exclusive Pond Club. On being addressed as WINNIE TOMPKINS, Jacklin looks in a mirror and discovers to his horror that his body and face are indeed those of WINFRED S. TOMPKINS, a wealthy playboy stockbroker with whom Jacklin had gone to school.

In the process of living out the tangled skeins of the stockbroker's misspent life, the new Tompkins tells his incredible story to Tompkins' sympathetic secretary, ARTHURJEAN BRIGGS, and to F.B.I. AGENT A. J. HARCOURT, who has been assigned to trace Tompkins' whereabouts during the five days preceding the Alaska sinking.

Tompkins is taken to Washington, where he tries desperately to establish his identity and clear himself of Army Counterintelligence charges that he is in some way connected with the activities of an elusive Nazi agent named Kurt von Bieberstein.

After leaving Washington, Tompkins visits a psychiatric clinic, where he is pronounced sane. He then goes home to his lovely wife, GERMAINE ("JIMMIE") and his great Dane, PONTO, who from the start has demonstrated undisguised hostility toward this man who has been forced into the role of impersonator.

The next day in his office, Tompkins is visited by a number of people who want his participation in get-rich-quick schemes because of a highly successful market venture which Tompkins had pulled off just before the death of President Roosevelt. The last of his visitors is a mousy little man who admits to being a religious crank and urges Tompkins to save his soul. Tompkins grins ruefully and says he has two souls, whereupon the man renews his assertions that Tompkins is being sought by God. Troubled, Tompkins goes home and tells Germaine about the visit.

NONSENSE!" Germaine said emphatically. Here was the authoritative tone of a mother assuring her child that the lightning cannot possibly hit the house in a thunderstorm.

"I don't see how you can call it nonsense," I told her. "There he stood in my office, a little man with a big Adam's apple, telling me that God was on my track. I'm used to being followed by the F.B.I., but now this!"

She stretched out on her chaise longue before the bedroom fire. "He sounds like a religious maniac."

"He admitted it, Jimmie. He was even proud of it. When he was standing there he seemed to make more sense than most things that happen in Wall Street. He could be right."

"Pooh!" Germaine remarked with great decision. "He'd better not try any nonsense with you if I'm around. You're my Winnie and you're going to Heaven right along with me if I have to cheat the customs."

I yawned. "I hope St. Peter will be suitably impressed and not like those tough guys at the Port of New York. What I'd really like to get at is all this business about Von Bieberstein. I'd never heard of him till last week and now it's got me jittery. Who he is, God only knows and He hasn't tipped off the F.B.I."

"I'm not very religious, darling," my wife said, "but from what I remember from Sunday school, God wasn't supposed to be a tattletale. He'll take care of Von Bieberstein, if there is such a person."

I laughed. "If there isn't, the F.B.I.'s going to look awfully silly when they come to write the history books. J. Edgar Hoover would turn over in his job at the very thought."

"You know," she continued drowsily, "I think that Von Bieberstein is just a name they've given to all the things they can't solve. Like luck. You know the way people say, 'Bad Luck.' Well, the F.B.I. says 'Von Bieberstein' every time a ship sinks or a factory makes a bad shell."

CONCLUDING AN EXCITING NOVEL OF MODERN ROMANCE AND INTRIGUE

"Speaking of luck," I asked, "what's the news from the kennels? Has Ponto met his fiancée yet or haven't the banns been published?"

"Dalrymple seemed to think that it would be very easy to equip him with a suitable girl friend," Germaine said demurely. "It appears that there is a wartime shortage of sires or something, so I gather that there's no particular problem in Ponto's love life. Dalrymple said we could come and get him the end of the week. I think we ought to put orange blossoms in his dog biscuit when he gets home."

I laughed. "That's one load off my mind. I hope you're right and that it will steady him down. They say that the responsibilities of marriage do wonders for a young dog. It makes him respect property, maintain the social order, and vote the straight Republican ticket."

"Idiot!"

"Yes, I'm thinking of running Ponto in the next election. He'd make a mighty fine governor and he'd be sure to leave his mark in the Senate. Who knows, we might even elect him President."

GERMAINE stretched again, with considerable candor. "Darling, you're dithering," she said. "Let's go to bed."

"Not until we get this religious argument straightened out," I objected. "I think I owe it to Mr. Smith to make some kind of move. The politicians and the psychiatrists have failed me. There's only religion left."

I put another birch log on the fire and watched as the flames brightened and cast a flickering glow on the canopy of my wife's bed.

"My idea's this," I told her. "It's very undignified to sit around waiting for Heaven to look me up. I think I'd better start a search party of my own. There are some points on which, damn it, I'm entitled to an explanation."

"You talk such rot, darling," she murmured. "Wise gods never explain anything. It's take it or leave it."

"I'd like to know who Von Bieberstein is, just to get ahead of A. J. Harcourt. If the gods won't tell me that, at least I'm entitled to know who I am."

"You're my Winnie," she repeated, half asleep. "I'll see that you get past the immigration authorities. And if they won't let us into Heaven, I'm sure they'd be delighted to put us up in Hell. It would raise the value of real estate overnight. I can just hear the devil arguing with prospective tenants: We have such nice people in the next bed of coals. They're from Westchester and the name's Tompkins. Old American family, Episcopalians, St. Mark's and Harvard. You'll find them most congenial."

"Any time a real-estate agent urges you to take a residence, that's Heaven," I told her. "You dither delightfully, especially when you're half asleep. But I don't want to get into Hell on false pretenses. It's not fair to the management. What I propose to do is to go out and see for myself if I can't fix up my passport right now."

She sat up and held out her glass. "More brandy," she ordered.

I fixed her drink and my own and looked at the coals of the fire. They didn't look particularly comfortable for a protracted residence.

"How are you going to set out?" Germaine asked. "No, don't laugh, darling. It might be quite important. You see, if I—if we— Oh, if we should have a child, it would be good to know—" She paused, at a loss for words.

"It does sound crazy, doesn't it?" I said. " 'Middle-aged Stockbroker Cleans Up Wall Street, Looks for God.' Well, I suppose the best thing to do is to consult the experts—the clergymen."

"Then you'd better not start in Westchester," she advised. "They're all bleating celibates like poor old Ponto or broadclothed men of affairs who shoot a darn' good game of golf and never offend the vestrymen. I'd try New York City, if I were you, Winnie. They have the best architects, the best food, the best doctors, the best actors, and the best redheads in the world. They might even have the best clergymen."

"I'm going to approach this thing scientifically," I continued. "I'm going to pick a Protestant—probably a Presbyterian. And then I'll try a Jewish rabbi. I'm told that they are very highly educated men with a grasp of spiritual fundamentals as well as a remarkable fund of practical knowledge. And, of course, a Catholic priest."

"Not Father Aloysius Murphy!" Germaine besought me. "I couldn't bear it if you consulted him. I don't know why and of course I'm not a Catholic but every time I hear him on the radio I wish the Pope would send him as a missionary to Russia. Please don't pick any of these fashionable priests or rabbis, darling. Try to find simple, poor men who aren't trying to advertise themselves or raise money."

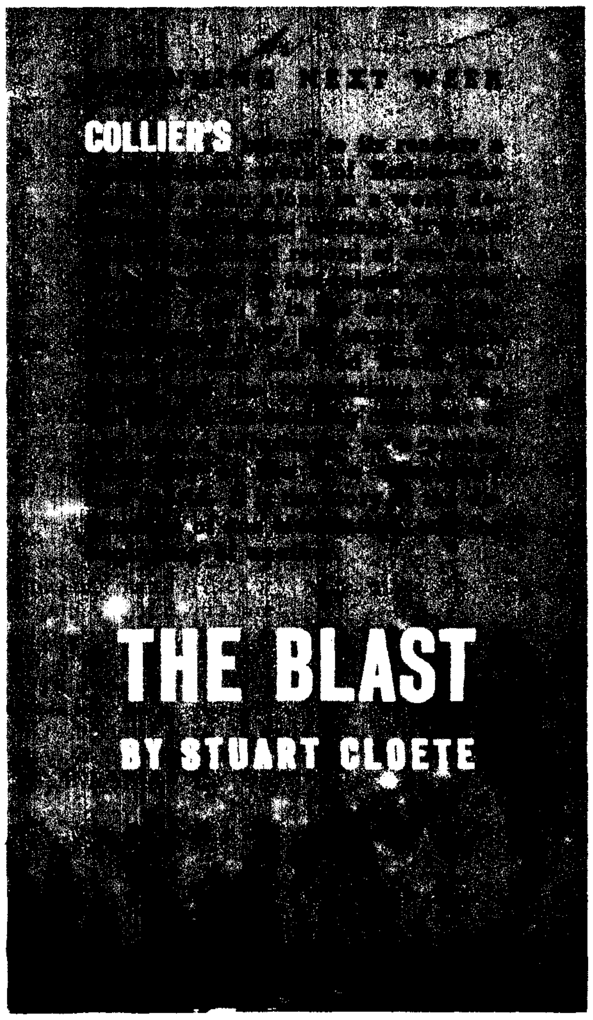
I finished my drink and picked her up in my arms. "It's long past bedtime," I told her. "Here, drink it down and I'll put you to bed. I didn't know you gave a damn about religion and here you are talking like a Joan of Arc."

She put her empty glass down on the bedside table and slipped out of her dressing gown.

"You don't know me very well," she said quietly. "To you, I'm just your wife, not a separate person at all, and it's rather nice, but—it's just that—well, I was brought up on church and Sunday school and the catechism and forgot it all as soon as I graduated from finishing school and had my coming-out party. But they are all so proud and grand, these clergymen. They're so sure of themselves. I once went to an Easter service in Washington, when the sermon was entirely devoted to a passionate plea for money, money, money. I've never met a clergyman yet who didn't hint that while the Lord loved my soul, the Church would settle for cash."

"I suppose the churches need money like everybody else," I suggested. "At least they don't charge admission like the movies or the subway."

"Oh, I know they need money but they can't need money as much as people need goodness or God or whatever it is they do need. I'd like to find a single good simple man who wasn't too sure of himself. Well, I can't explain. Get undressed and come to bed, darling. The sheets are bitterly cold."



I chucked my clothes onto the chair by the fire.

"Hell!" I exclaimed. "That would be too awful!"

Germaine made a vague questioning noise.

"Suppose we are resurrected not as we'd like to be but as we are. You'd be safe. You have the build of an angel and you'd be a knockout with wings, but I'd look like a ringer even in the best of halos and with this weight I'd need a terrific wingspread to get off the ground. Even then, I'd have to have a runway."

I fixed the fire so it would keep burning for a couple of hours and adjusted the screen so that there was no chance of a stray spark landing on the carpet. Then I crossed to the window overlooking the lawn and opened it on the cool spring night. The moon, shamelessly serene in silver, rode in the western sky and the scents of spring drifted in on the light breeze. There was no sound save the distant jingling of the peepers and the near-by rustle of the dry vines outside the window frame.

"I wish to God I knew who I was," I muttered.

"NO DOUBT you'll be asking me to reconcile predestination and free will," observed Dr. Angus McGregor, minister of the Tenth Presbyterian Church of Manhattan.

"That wasn't quite my question, sir," I replied. "I asked you whether you could justify the Lord's putting my soul into another man's body. Am I to be responsible for the sins the other man committed?"

"Ah!" Dr. McGregor remarked, with relish, "it is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes. No doubt He kens well what He's about. It will all be made known on the great Day of Judgment. Now about predestination and free will, ye'll have marked that many grand philosophers and divines have debated the point. 'Tis a nice point. 'Tis the theological pons asinorum."

"Yes," I interrupted, "but do you consider that I am bound by this body or will I be returned to my own before I come to the Judgment? And is my soul involved in another man's sins?"

Dr. McGregor drew a deep puff on his pipe. "Oh, aye!" he declared. "The principle of vicarious sacrifice has been observed ever since that ne'er-do-weel Cain asked: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Aye, Mr. Tompkins, surely you are involved in the sins of others. Take your own case now. I believe your tale. Fearful and wonderful things have happened in this weary world, before now, by the will of the Lord. Can I deny that He might for His own good reasons permit your soul to inhabit another man's body?"

"But what is my moral responsibility in this predicament, Dr. McGregor? Where does my duty lie?"

The Presbyterian blew a huge cloud of tobacco smoke toward the ceiling. "It is all related to yon matter of free will and predestination," he insisted. "Your duty, man, is to fear the Lord and praise Him. You will have taken this other man's wife, will you not? You will have taken his money and his home, his name and his business. Aye, if you take these, likely you will take his sins as well. Dinna believe that the Lord has no' a reason for all this blather."

"Now," he continued, " 'tis no great difficulty to reconcile free will and predestination."

"I'm not a religious man, Doctor," I cut him off; "but you have given me help. Will you accept a check for your church—say a thousand dollars?"

"Aye, Mr. Tompkins, I will that! I canna help you but I can only tell you to put your trust in the justice of the Lord. 'Tis all a man can do."

So I wrote out a check for a thousand dollars to the order of the Tenth Presbyterian Church of Manhattan, and shook his hand.

He thanked me. "Now," he announced, "I must be on my way to comfort a poor body that's dying o' the cancer. 'Tis an old lady and she takes great comfort from her pain in the thought that she has been chosen by the Lord to suffer for the sins of others. 'Tis no' a sound theology, mind you, but 'tis a mighty solace as her time comes nigh."

MY NEXT stop was the office of Rabbi Benjamin Da Silva of the Temple Ben-David—a slender, quietly dressed young man, with the eager face of a scholar and an almost mystical air of repose. The walls of his room were lined with books and as I noted Hebraic, Greek, Latin and Arabic titles, as well as German, French and English, I realized that I was dealing with a deeply cultured man. His voice was musical and low, as he asked me to be seated.

"Rabbi Da Silva," I began, "before I begin I would like to ask you to accept on behalf of your congregation a gift of a thousand dollars as a token of my gratitude for consenting to hear my story. Perhaps you can help me, perhaps not. I am not of your faith, but I need your wisdom. I am trying to find my soul."

"So are we all, Mr. Tompkins," the rabbi assured me.

"I recited the circumstances which made it imperative for me to recollect the events prior to April 2d; I told him of the reasons that convinced me that I, Frank Jacklin, was living in Winfred Tompkins' body; I outlined the moral and personal problems involved in this confusion of personalities; I indicated the psychiatric and other tests that had been made. Naturally, I did not mention the Alaska, the thorium bomb, Z-2 or Von Bieberstein.

When I had completed my account, Rabbi Da Silva gazed abstractedly at the small coal fire which smoldered in the grate of his study.

"Why did you come to me, Mr. Tompkins?" he asked.

"Because I hoped that in your studies of the human soul, you might have found knowledge that would help me."

He sat silent for some minutes.

"For many centuries," he began at last, "there has been a curious belief among you Christians that the Jewish rabbinate possesses mystic knowledge of the occult. No doubt that belief derives from the early Middle Ages when the Jews became in part the means by which the science and culture of the Saracen East were brought to the barbarous West. That service was turned against us by the superstitions and prejudices of Christendom and we were regarded as akin to

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THE PEN THAT WRITES LIKE A PENCIL

sorcerers. Even today in Germany, we are paying for our crime of having brought enlightenment to Europe in the Dark Ages.

"Then you can't help me?" I asked.

"I did not say so, Mr. Tompkins," the rabbi replied. "Certainly I cannot help you in any occult manner. I cannot pick a book from the shelves, mutter a few words in Hebrew and resolve your spiritual problems with a whiff of brimstone. The casting out of devils is not included in Judaism. Indeed, it has gone out of fashion in Christendom, where it now seems that the devils are allowed to cast out the angels."

"What can you suggest?" I inquired. "Many important events, including the possible capture of a dangerous Nazi spy, depend on my recovering my memory."

"Even with that inducement," the rabbi remarked with an ironic smile, "I am not in a position to urge any particular course on you. Assume, for the sake of argument, that you are the victim of what is called a demoniac possession, Mr. Tompkins. Are you sure that you would be benefited by casting out the soul of Frank Jacklin and resuming command of your own personality? Is not Winfred Tompkins a better and happier man under the influence of Jacklin than he was as himself? In other words, Mr. Tompkins, you may not be seeking to cast out a devil at all, but an angel of the Lord. Of course, I am speaking in moral metaphor and not as a scientist or a theologian. My advice to you would be to ignore your loss of memory and live out your life as best you can and be thankful that whatever caused this change has been for your betterment and has brought happiness to others."

I shook my head. "I know that I am foolish to insist, Rabbi Da Silva," I said. "What you say is just about what the psychiatrists advised. Yet I must open that locked door and see what is hidden in the secret room."

Da Silva smiled gently. "Yes," he agreed, "I see that you must. Bluebeard's wife felt much the same, and the charm and universal meaning of that great fable is that humanity must always open the closed doors, even at the risk of destruction. All wisdom urges us to leave well enough alone, yet our instinct is wiser than wisdom itself. God bless you, Mr. Tompkins, and may you come to no harm if you find the key to this locked room."

"Thank you, sir," I said. "Now there remain only the Catholics. Perhaps a parish priest—"

"I shall be very much surprised if a priest advises you differently, Mr. Tompkins," the rabbi observed. "Drop in again sometime and tell me, will you?"

I GAVE him his check for the Temple Ben-David and went on to the rectory of St. Patrick's-by-the-Park, where I asked for the priest.

"Sure, Father Flanagan's celebrating Mass," the aged housekeeper rebuked me.

"I'll wait," I told her. "I have a contribution for the church. I must give it to him personally."

"Glory be!" she remarked, and withdrew, muttering.

Father Flanagan was a burly, well-built young Irish-American with a friendly smile and a crushing handshake.

"Mrs. Casey tells me you have something for the church, Mr.—" he began.

"My name's Tompkins, Father. I have a check for a thousand dollars. I'll give it to you now. There are no strings to it but I'd like to ask you to help me."

"Well, I'll be— You know, Mr. Tompkins," Father Flanagan told me, "just this morning at breakfast Mrs. Casey said she was praying that we'd finish raising the money for the new altar before the Bishop's visit, and here it is. Isn't that wonderful, now?"

I agreed that it was wonderful and laboriously made out the check.

"There you are, Father," I told him, "and welcome to it."

"Thank you, Mr. Tompkins," the priest said. "I shall remember you in my prayers and so, no doubt, will Mrs. Casey. Are you a Catholic?"

"No," I replied. "I don't seem to be anything that makes sense medically, legally or morally. I need help."

Father Flanagan heard my story and then considered carefully.

"I've heard some strange things in confession," he stated at last, "but they never taught us at the seminary how to deal with a problem like yours. I'd rather like to consult the bishop before I undertook to advise you. Do you mind?"

"Yes, I do," I told the priest. "It's no disrespect for your bishop. It's just that I feel that this problem must be solved on a low level rather than by the higher echelons. In the Navy, we soon learned that the best way to get a problem loused up was to refer it to CINCPAC. What is your own reaction to my story?"

FATHER FLANAGAN pursed his lips and pondered. "Speaking as a man," he said, "and not as a priest, it looks to me as though you were sitting pretty, Mr. Tompkins. Naturally, I have no explanation for it and the psychiatrists seem to have given you a clean bill of health, so maybe you're not crazy. I have a vague idea that there's reference to something like your experience in the patristic writings which I read when I was studying for the priesthood. It's all mixed up with the Gnostics and necromancy but it's hard to tell how much you can accept literally in that material. Pagan literature is full of it, such as Apuleius' The Golden Ass, in which a witch turns a man into a donkey, but that's admittedly fancy. As I say, you seem to be sitting pretty. By your own account, Commander Jacklin's life was pretty much of a failure and Tompkins was not exactly what you could call a huge moral success. Yet you, as Jacklin, seem to be doing a pretty good job with Tompkins' life. Why don't you let it go at that?"

"I can't, Father," I told him. "I've got to find out what Tompkins was doing just before Easter. Even if it's only for that one week, I've got to know."

"And you say that so far nobody has been able to help you?" Flanagan inquired.

"Nobody," I replied. "The doctors call it trauma and say that my memory may come back to me at any time, but I can't wait."

He smiled. "Can't is a big and human word. Have you tried hypnotism? Or scopolamine? They aren't exactly liturgical and my bishop would have a fit if he heard me mention them—he considers them on a par with mediums and spiritualism—but they have some value in restoring memory."

I slapped my knee. "Thanks, Father!" I exclaimed. "You've given me an idea. I'll try a medium."

The priest looked grave. "I wouldn't do that, now, if I were you, Mr. Tompkins," he told me. "That kind of thing is too close to black magic and devil worship for decent men to play with."

"I hope I don't shock you, Father Flanagan," I replied, "but if God can't help me, I'll have to go to the devil."

"I shall pray for you, Mr. Tompkins," he said. . . .

After I left St. Patrick's-by-the-Park I went to a corner saloon and telephoned the F.B.I. I asked for Harcourt.

"See here, Andy," I told him, "I'm not looking for legal advice, I want to consult a medium. Any medium. If I picked one out of the phone book you'd have the headache of checking on her, as I suppose you're checking on the clergymen I saw this morning. So this time just save yourself the trouble, and tell me who I should see."

"The Bureau doesn't endorse spiritualists," he informed me, but the old J. Edgar spirit was running thin and his heart wasn't in it.

"I'm not asking the Bureau to endorse anything, not even a candy laxative," I replied. "Just you tell me the name and address of one reasonably respectable medium and I'll take care of the rest. And don't pretend that the Bureau has no record of mediums in New York City."

Harcourt took time out on this one but finally rose to the occasion.

"Mr. Tompkins," he said—and I could fairly hear the hum of the recording machine on the telephone—"the Bureau does not endorse any so-called spiritualist mediums. Naturally, under the leadership of our present director, the New York office has made a close check on all self-styled spiritualistic mediums in this city. One of these who has established her *bona fides* for purposes of identification only is Madam Claire La Lune, 1187½ Lenox Avenue."

"Eleven eighty-seven and a half Lenox," I repeated after him. "That's in Harlem. I'm going to consult Madam Lune, so you can tell your agents I'll be there in about twenty minutes."

FROM the spiritual angle, 1187½ Lenox did not seem prepossessing. Madam La Lune's apartment was on the third floor, and smelled of cabbage, diapers and humanity. Madam La Lune herself was a light mulatto with a superb figure and a face deeply scarred by smallpox.

She seemed reluctant to deal with me on a professional basis, even after I had offered her a twenty-dollar bill, until I told her that the F.B.I. had recommended her and that I needed her help.

"Oh," she said. "Tha's differnt. Jest you wait till I turn down my stove."

She ushered me into a close and smelly little room, with black velvet curtains and a couch covered with black sateen. Madam La Lune lay down on the couch and directed me to turn off the electric light from the switch by the door. Although it was still early afternoon, the room was so dark that I could barely make out the form of the medium or find my way back to my chair.

For a time there was no sound except for the deep regular breathing of the medium. Then suddenly came a queer burst of giggling laughter and the shrill voice of a little girl.

"I'se here," the voice cried. "It's Silver Bell, Mammy, I'se here."

I smiled to myself in the Harlem dusk. It was so obviously the usual racket. There was the medium in her ten-cent trance. The voice of her control was coming through. I had only to ask and I would receive a vague reply to any question.

"I'se here, Mammy," the child's voice repeated. "What you want, Mammy? Silver Bell's here."

Madam La Lune snorted and snored on the couch.

"I want," I said, "to speak to Frank Jacklin. He died in the North Pacific about three weeks ago."

There was a pause, during which the snorting breaths of the medium were the only sound in the stuffy little room. Then the child's voice rose, shrill and petulant.

"You funning, Mammy, you funning. They ain't no Jacklin over here. Jacklin ain' daid. Jacklin sittin' right by yo' side, Mammy. He police, Mammy, he police."

Madam La Lune stirred and I sensed her sightless eyes turning toward me in the dark.

"No, I'm not police, Silver Bell," I said. "If you can't find Jacklin, I want to speak to Winnie Tompkins."

For several minutes there was a long silence, interrupted only by the puffings of the medium.

Then came an impish giggle. "Here's Mr. Tompkins, Mammy, but my! he do look funny. He don' look like he used ter look."

Again silence.

"Here he is, Mammy. Here he is. What do you want to know?"

"Ask him," I said, "whether he is well and happy."

The hair rose on the back of my neck and a slow shiver ran down my spine as I heard the answer, the familiar barking of a dog—deep, strong, savage.

"Is that you, Ponto?" I asked.

The answering bark came: "Woof! Woof!"

"Where is Mr. Tompkins?"

More woofs.

"Where is Commander Jacklin?"

Silence.

"Is he alive?"

Silence.

"Are you alive?"

"Woof! Woof!"

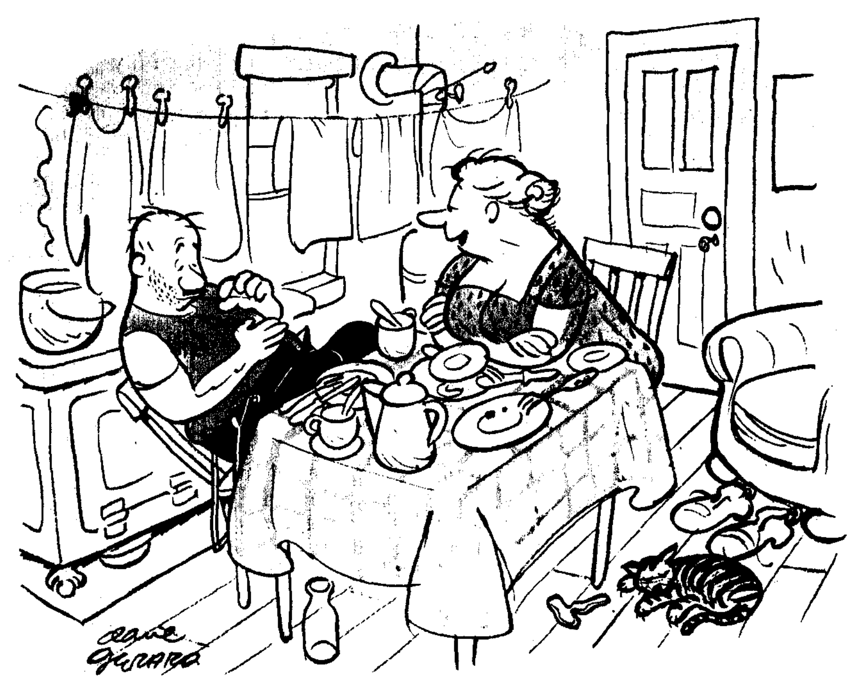
"Am I alive?"

Silence.

"Is your name Ponto?"

More barking, the barking of a large dog.

"Where is Von Bieberstein?" I de-



"I'll bet the Stork Club would get at least a buck and a half for a dinner like that!"

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manded but my question was drowned in a storm of barking.

"I'se tired, Mammy," came the child's voice. "Silver Bell's tired."

The voice trailed off, leaving me in the stifling little Harlem parlor with the mulatto woman snoring on the couch.

I sat, bemused, in the chair across the room from her. My eyes had become accustomed to the thin light that filtered around the heavy black curtain. I noticed a fleck of white about the corners of her mouth. She stirred.

"You theah, Mr. Tompkins?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm here."

"You fin' out what you want?" she inquired.

"I found out that you're a fraud," I told her. "You're welcome to my money but I'm damned if I think you've earned it."

She sat up and adjusted her clothing calmly. "What for you say that, Mr. Tompkins?" she demanded. "Spirits come, spirits go. You ask questions. Maybe they give you the answers. I donno."

I stood up and laughed. "Very clever, Madam La Lune," I observed. "Harcourt phones you I'm on my way and tells you what to do. I'm supposed to come in and swallow it all. Well, I'm not interested in that game. All I want to know is how you managed to imitate my dog."

Madam La Lune rose and peered at me in the dusk.

"White man," she said. "What dog you talkin' about? I ain't seen no dog."

The words I had planned to fling at her died in my throat. Fraud or not, she was superb. Her pock-marked face had a haughty dignity and her bearing was that of a great queen.

"I'm sorry," I apologized, without quite knowing why. "I'm in trouble. I hoped you could help me. All I got out of your trance was a child laughing and a dog barking."

Her eyes glowed in the twilit room.

"What this dog?" she demanded. "You know this dog?"

"Yes," I told her. "It's my dog. His name is Ponto. He's a great Dane and he's at the kennels."

She walked over to the door and turned the switch that flooded the room with light.

"You go, Mr. Tompkins," she ordered me. "You better go fast. That dog—wha's his color now?"

"Black," I said.

"Yes, black." She rolled her eyes until I saw the whites.

"That black dog don' mean no good to you or yours. You keep away fum that dog, Mr. Tompkins. No, suh, I don' want you' money. There's no luck with you, white man, with that black dog. I don't know how ah knows, but ah does know."

As I walked out into the cool air of Lenox Avenue, I felt relieved. Madam La Lune was an interesting-enough type. She obviously had the primitive sense of second sight, intuition, whatever it is, that let her penetrate behind human appearances. The medium business was just a trade trick. In Africa or Haiti she could have been a witch doctor with a pet snake. In New Orleans she would be a voodoo priestess. Here in Harlem she had become a medium. But how had she imitated the barking of the great Dane? How had Harcourt . . .?

I stopped dead and only stirred when the violent and prolonged sounding of an automobile horn reminded me that I was standing in the middle of a street. How did Harcourt know about Ponto when he had never seen him? And how could he tell the medium how to imitate Ponto's bark?

I walked down Lenox Avenue to the first cigar store and telephoned the office. As soon as I was connected with Arthurjean I asked her to meet me at her apartment as soon as she could make it. Then I hailed a cab and was driven south through Central Park to the upper East Fifties and my secretary's apartment. She was waiting for me.

"Gee, honey," she exclaimed. "I just got here. What's cooking?"

I followed her in and went straight to the kitchenette, where I poured myself a stiff drink and downed it rapidly. I poured myself another and turned to see her staring at me.

"You look terrible," she told me. "What's happened to you?"

"I can't tell you," I replied. "You'd think I'm crazy and you'd turn me in."

She came up close to me and looked me square in the eye. "I don't care if you're crazy as a bedbug," she announced. "Go on, I won't squeal."

She sat and listened quietly as I outlined the latest developments.

"So you see," I concluded, "I *can't* tell anyone. They'd have me locked up for keeps."

She nodded. "Yeah," she agreed. "I can see that. Maybe your wife—"

"I couldn't tell *her*," I contradicted. "It would be too damn' cruel just now when she's really happy."

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"Why don't you step over into men's furnishings and try it out?"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Arthurjean sat and thought for a while. "Yep," she remarked, as though she had just concluded a long argument. "You're right. You can't tell nobody *that*. How about this nosy A. J. Harcourt? Won't he find out? He's still having you tailed."

"I don't see how he could," I told her, "unless that Madam La Lune is a complete phony—which doesn't make sense. She and I were alone in the room. If it was a plant, there's nothing to tell. If she's on the level she won't remember what went on."

"That's no plant," Arthurjean Briggs announced. "It wouldn't make sense for the F.B.I. to pull it. Harcourt would have no point in putting her up to a trick like that."

"He'll be hot on my trail then," I said. "All those clergymen I saw will have to be checked—when all the time—"

"Do you know what I'd do if I was you," she said abruptly. "I'd get rid of that damn' dog—but fast."

"You mean sell it?" I asked.

"I mean kill it. It isn't natural, acting that way. It's been worrying you nigh crazy, that's what it's been doing. You just take it to the vet's and have it chloroformed. You don't have to get permission. He's your property. You can tell the vet he bit you."

I started up. "Hell!" I exclaimed. "I've got to get him away from the kennels fast. It's—it's—"

Arthurjean put her large, strong hand on my shoulder.

"There, honey," she soothed me. "It's all right. It's going to be all right."

I looked at her and realized that she hadn't believed a word of my story.

"See here—" I began, when the doorbell rang.

"Two to one it's Harcourt."

"I hope so," said Arthurjean, coloring faintly.

"Well, what's all this?" I demanded, as a slow blush gathered in sunset fury upon her pleasant face. "Why, Arthurjean—"

"Lay off," she begged. "He's a nice guy and he hasn't got that family in Brooklyn he kept talking about. You and me are washed up—and—well, he's from the South, too, and he talks my language."

"Good luck," I told her. "But he's also on the doorstep so take hold of yourself."

He was. She did.

"'Evening, Miss Briggs," the special agent said politely. "Any luck, Mr. Tompkins?"

I shook my head.

He looked reproachful. "Oh, come now," he pleaded. "*Something* must have happened. You got out of Harlem like a bat out of hell and almost shook the agent who was tailing you. Have you filled in that gap?"

"On my word of honor, Andy," I swore, "I haven't remembered a thing. The gap's still there."

He said nothing for a few minutes, merely exchanging a glance with Arthurjean.

"Something must have happened," he repeated. "You've changed. Come clean, can't you? I'm only trying to help you."

I grinned at his earnestness.

"I can't tell you much of anything," I told him. "You wouldn't believe me if I did. There's been a sort of locked door inside my mind for the last three weeks. Now the door's unlocked and is beginning to swing open. I haven't looked inside but I think I know what I'll find. I can't tell you more than that just now."

"But you're going to look, aren't you?" he asked.

"I've got to look," I said. "I'm worried enough about myself, and now there's this Von Bieberstein tie-in."

He sighed. "Well, we'll just have to keep an eye on you so as to be around when you do. See here, Mr. Tompkins, you know your own business but this Von Bieberstein guy is nobody to monkey around with. He'd as soon kill as sneeze. Watch yourself."

I nodded. Then I said: "Well, Arthurjean, I'll be catching the train back to Bedford Hills. You and Andy blow yourself to a dinner at my expense. I'll go down to the vet's first thing in the morning and follow your advice. Good night, Andy. I'll be seeing you.". . .

That night I locked myself in my bedroom and slept alone. Germaine was worried but I put her aside with the explanation that I was suffering from a splitting headache.

The truth was I didn't want to see or talk to my wife. I wanted her to have no opportunity to guess the appalling knowledge that had come to me.

For Ponto, I was well assured, was Winfred S. Tompkins.

This was insane, I repeated to myself. Even Arthurjean, who had sworn never to turn me in, had not believed it. Yet no other explanation was open to me. The dog's whole conduct since that fatal afternoon of April 2d was consistent only with the utterly irrational theory that the body of the great Dane had been possessed by the soul of Winnie Tompkins at the very moment when the latter's body—now mine—had been possessed by the soul of Frank Jacklin.

Everybody had a fairly nice set of words for the latter phenomenon—trauma, schizophrenia, neurasthenia, the will of God—and the advice I had received was practically uniform: Forget about it; it will wear off in time; you've been working too hard.

I imagined myself trying to convince the F.B.I. or a psychiatrist that, in addition to this delusion, I knew for a fact that a great Dane was now inhabited by the soul that once resided in the body of Winfred S. Tompkins. I could hear the clanging of the gong on the ambulance as it raced me to the nearest asylum, I could feel my arms already in the strait jacket.

No one must ever know; Arthurjean must never tell. If she doubted me, no one else could be blamed for concluding that I had lost my reason.

This was the way I figured it: Winnie had been asleep at the Pond Club. He had been worried about Ponto and Ponto was desperately ill, in fact dying, from distemper. Both of their—what was the word?—their ids or psyches were relaxed, weakened, off guard. Then the atomic explosion in the Aleutians, by some freak, had hurled my soul halfway around the world into the sleeping body of Winnie Tompkins.

Tompkins' soul had then crowded into the body of Ponto. Ponto's soul—if dogs have them, which I don't doubt—was out of luck, permanently withdrawn from circulation.

From society's viewpoint I was crazy, of course. I was the only person alive who knew that it was true and nobody would ever believe me, if only for the reason that it would always be much simpler to lock me up.

Quite obviously, Ponto knew that he was Winnie and resented my presence in his home. He had showed the jealousy and ill temper natural to a man, instead of the friendliness of a dog. He had been humanly jealous of Germaine and regarded me as an intruder.

Suddenly I chuckled. By George! this was rich. Winnie in turn undoubtedly believed that I was Ponto. The Jacklin angle was outside of his range. No wonder he was furious with me when he saw that his household pet, masquerading in his human body, had usurped his place in the affections of his wife and in authority over his home. Only hunger, which brings all things to terms, had broken his rebellion against this monstrous confusion. It must be tough to find yourself reduced to dog biscuits and runs on the lawn. No wonder he had sprung at my throat.

I knew what I must do. Arthurjean had been right. The only way I could make myself secure was to have Ponto killed. Would this be murder? I wondered what Father Flanagan would make of it. Probably he would say, "Yes, it is murder if you believe that Winfred Tompkins is Ponto." Yet until Ponto was dead, there could be no security for me. At any moment, if the psychiatrists were right, the change might come, with a small shock, and Winnie Tompkins would resume lawful possession of his body, his home, his wife, his money, while I—Frank Jacklin—could count myself lucky to be allowed to sleep on a smelly old blanket in a corner and be offered as a thoroughbred sire to the breeding kennels.

There was still time to stop that nonsense. The strictly practical thing to do was to go to the kennels first thing in the morning. Then I'd take Ponto away from Dalrymple and drive down to White Plains and find a vet to give him chloroform. Thus I would be safe from the possibility of having Winnie reoccupy his body and drive me into Ponto's or, worse still, into the stratosphere to join the mild chemical mist that was all that remained of the body of Frank Jacklin.

ALL right, it was murder then. I would be murdering Winnie Tompkins, but I would be the only one who would know it—the Perfect Crime. I laughed to myself at the thought that now Harcourt would lose his last chance to learn what Winnie had done in the fatal week before Chalmis' thorium bomb had blown me and the carrier Alaska into the aurora borealis. And the F.B.I. would also lose their tenuous connection with Von Bieberstein, if such a person existed.

Although it was a cool night, I was perspiring violently; my nerves were shot to pieces. After this I would need a rest. Winnie's business was in good shape. I could afford to keep away from the office for a time, until I grew a new face, as it were, after this shattering discovery. Then perhaps Jimmie and I would have a child. I'd be damned if I'd let my son be a stockbroker with a great Dane. I might even take the ambassadorship to Canada.

I drew a deep breath and relaxed in my bed. My course was plain. First of all, I'd attend to Ponto—burn my canine bridges behind me. Then I'd take Dr. Folsom at his word and go to the Retreat for a couple of weeks. My nerves *were* shot to pieces and if I refrained from telling him or Pendergast Potter about this latest wrinkle in transmigration they would have no reason for detaining me against my will. Oh, yes, I'd have to see that Rutherford got his money. I'd stop off at Rutherford's office on the way to the kennels and give him a check. And once Ponto was dead, I could relax.

*Was* it murder? Well, that depended on how you look at it. Certainly, I was doing a better job of managing Winnie's life than he had done or could do. I had straightened out his mess with women and had made Germaine happy for the first time in her life. I had made a killing in Wall Street, three million smackers, just by using my head. I had sold myself to the authorities at Washington, except for the State Department.

The happiness and welfare of too many people now depended on my staying in charge of operations in my present shape and form.

And anyhow, chloroform is an easy death. You choke and gag a bit at first but then it's all easy, like falling off a log. You just go to sleep and never wake up. It would be the kindest possible exit for a man who had done no good in the world. I drifted off to sleep. . . .

I awakened with a start, as though a voice had summoned me. The moonlight was streaming through the bedroom window. Somehow I knew I must do something. It was as if I were dreaming, but I wasn't, and I knew exactly what it was I must do. I got out of bed, crossed the room to the clothes closet, felt over in the corner until my fingers found the knothole in the smooth pine lining.

I pressed and there was a click. I reached down and lifted the sloping shelf for shoes. There, underneath it, lay a small, neatly docketed file.

There were many papers; the record went back for years. I switched on the light and examined the contents of the envelope marked "Thorium." It was all there—the ship—the names—the ports—the mission. There was documentation on Jacklin. I ran through it. It was accurate and included a specimen of my signature. There was a cross reference to Chalmis and a small file on someone named Kaplansky. Included was a folder which contained three cards labeled *Retreat, Holy Week, St. Michael and Stations of X.*

I crossed to the fireplace and put the papers in the grate. For an hour I sat there feeding the flames with the record of betrayal and infamy. Names, places, dates—I glanced at them, forgot them and burned them with rising exultation. Thank God! that load was off my conscience. I might have to answer for Winnie's sins but I was damned if I'd be responsible for his crimes. And the killing of Ponto was no longer to be murder, it was an execution. For Ponto was Tompkins, and Tompkins was Von Bieberstein.

Dawn was beginning to smudge the windows when the last paper had been burned and the ashes crushed to fragments beyond the power of reconstruction by forensic science. Without Winnie the thing that had been Von Bieberstein would cease to exist.

Another thing was clearer, too. Winnie Tompkins had had an obsession about Jacklin. Finally, through some combination of fatigue and mental shock, a Jacklin personality had taken control. Call it schizophrenia, Jekyll and Hyde, or whatever, there was a fair chance that I was still Winnie, but his better self. The dog had been another obsession. Was the dog to blame? Well, if I believed it, it might be true, like the ancient scapegoat system. I was physically the same man who, as Tompkins' secret docket had now revealed to me, had been Von Bieberstein and had blown up the Alaska, planning evidence that would eventually throw suspicion on Jacklin. In my heart and spirit, it was as though I had been re-created. All the evidence had been destroyed. Whichever way it was, I would be damned if I—whether as Jacklin or as Winnie's better self—would pay the price for the old Winnie and his crimes. It wouldn't be fair to Jimmie. It wouldn't be fair to me.

I switched off the light and returned to bed. I fell asleep almost at once, for now I knew that I would be safe and that Germaine would be safe. There was no record left and soon Ponto, too, would be gone.

WEDNESDAY the 25th dawned bright and fair. My mind was fully made up and I was feeling fine. Germaine was still anxious about me at breakfast but I told her nothing serious was involved.

"You know," I told her, "I think I'll drive over to Colebridge and have those people at the Retreat look me over again. I think I need some kind of rest—the reaction, you know."

My wife raised no objection. In fact, she seemed rather relieved, as though my aloof conduct of the previous night had been a shock to her self-confidence.

"I'll stop off at the kennels on my way over," I added, "just to make sure that Ponto is all right."

My plan was to remove the dog and drive to White Plains. Then, if there was any issue raised as to my need for a rest cure, I could advance the fact that I had inexplicably ordered my favorite dog

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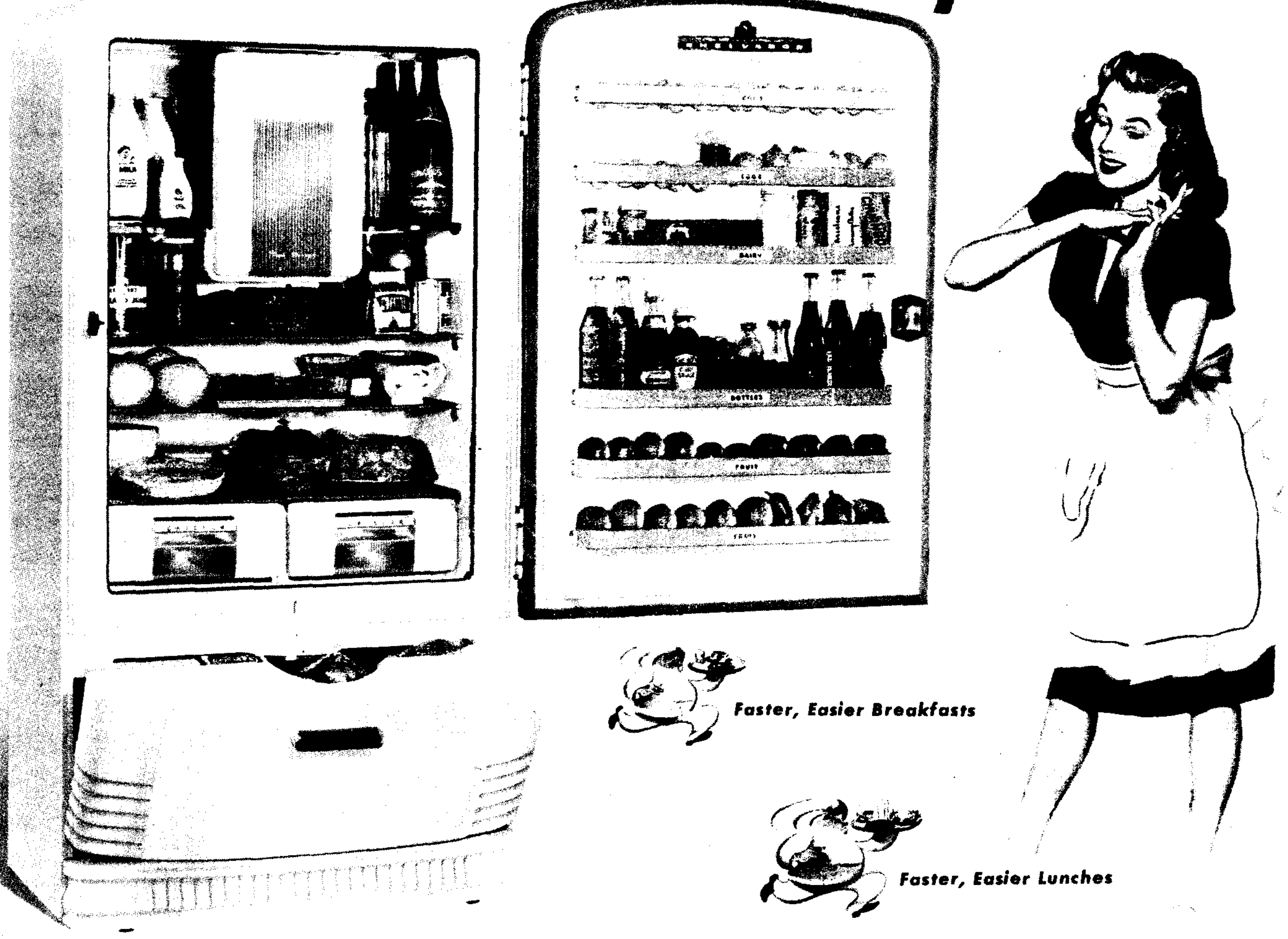

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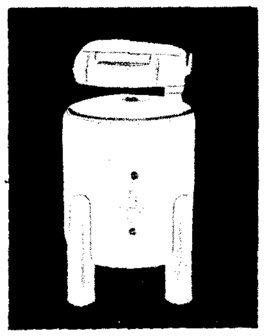

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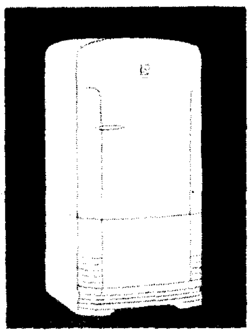

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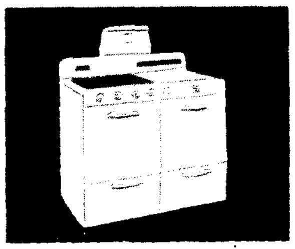

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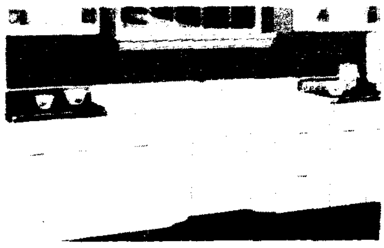

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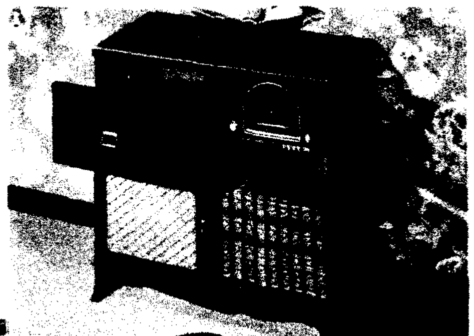

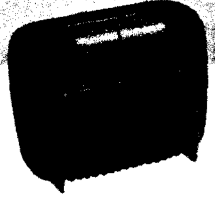

**THE RONDO** — whether you look or listen it's perfect both ways.

chloroformed. That would clinch it with Germaine as nothing else could.

She seemed rather subdued as she went upstairs and helped pack my things in a suitcase. She did not offer to kiss me goodby as I drove the car out of the garage and rolled around the gravel drive toward my road to freedom.

First, of course, I stopped at Dr. Rutherford's office. It was early in the morning and he hadn't finished breakfast.

THE maid admitted me to the reception room and, while waiting for him, I made out a check for $15,000 to the order of Jeremiah Rutherford, and marked across the back: "For Professional Services."

"Here you are, Jerry," I informed him when he finally appeared. "I would have got it to you sooner except that my lawyer went off the deep end with a girl in Hartford. He should have had the papers ready on Monday and here it is Wednesday."

Rutherford blew on the wet ink of the check, to dry it. "Thanks," he said briefly. "Are you feeling okay?" he added. "You look a bit shaky."

Dick Shaw
FIRST NATIONAL

"Any of you guys happen to mention our plans to anybody?"

COLLIER'S DICK SHAW

I laughed. "Set it down to my liver," I told him. "I'm a little rocky this morning. As a matter of fact, I think I'll run over to the Retreat for a few days. My nerves are shot to hell."

"Good idea," he murmured absently. "I'll go down to the bank and put this in for collection. My Army papers came through yesterday and I'm all set. The Medical Corps is going to send me out to Brisbane and from there I'll be assigned, probably to the Philippines."

I climbed into my car and tooled along the roads until, after inquiring at a couple of filling stations, I located Dalrymple's kennels.

"I've come for Ponto," I told the vet.

Dalrymple seemed rather embarrassed. "Are you sure you need him?" he asked. "He's just served Buglebell III—that's the prize-winning brindle bitch—and I was planning—"

"You can cancel your plans," I informed him. "And as for Buglebell's pups, I'll buy the litter. What *were* your other plans, anyhow?"

Dalrymple was abashed. "Not exactly anything, Mr. Tompkins, sir," he said. "It was only that—"

I nodded majestically. "Once is enough," I said, "and you can be thankful I don't report you to the Kennel Club for bootlegging thoroughbred puppies. Ponto comes with me—now."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Tompkins," the vet agreed humbly.

Marriage coming so soon after distemper had curbed Ponto's spirit; he slouched into the car and sat with his head stuck out the window, listlessly sniffing the morning air.

As soon as I was out on the main road again, I stepped on the accelerator, heading the car southward in the general direction of White Plains.

Ponto sat panting on the seat beside me, but in his weary eye I saw all the Westchester stockbrokers who had ever annoyed me. I also saw Winnie, and Winnie was to die that very morning.

I admit that I was daydreaming a bit as I rounded the turn. In any case, I was driving fast and had not fully accustomed myself to handling the car. The other automobile backed violently out of the driveway on the right, the dope of a driver not looking to see if there was any traffic coming. I slapped my foot down on the brake, missed and hit the accelerator. The coupé gave a wild leap ahead. The other car completely blocked the road. Jamming on the hand brake, I twisted the steering gear so that my car ran up the bank on the side of the road and slammed into the trunk of an elderly apple tree. My head snapped forward, there was a blinding flash and then complete blackness. . . .

Seconds or centuries later, I opened my eyes. My aching head was still ringing and there was a slow, warm trickle down the side of my face. The other car had pulled off to the side of the road and the driver was standing by the window of my coupé.

"You hurt, mister?" he asked eagerly, with the inevitable human anticipation of disaster.

"It was my fault," I said slowly. "I wasn't watching."

"You was doing fifty, easy," the man remarked. "Lucky for you it wasn't worse."

The windshield hadn't broken, although the shattered stub of the rearview mirror told how I had cut my head. The last jounce must have tossed me up to hit it. One of my fenders was badly crumpled against the apple tree.

"Golly!" the man exclaimed suddenly. "Is that your dog?"

I turned painfully and looked at Ponto. His head was still thrust through the window, but a projecting limb of the tree was jammed against it and the poor beast's neck was at a strange angle. The great black body was half sprawled, limp, on the seat. I felt his head, cautiously. The whole top of the skull moved under my hand. Ponto was dead.

"He's a goner all right," the man said. "Tough luck, mister. Looks like he'd set you back plenty. Lucky it was him and not you. Say," he added, "you got a cut or something. You better see a doctor. Want me to phone?"

I shook my head. "No, thanks," I told him. "I'll be all right. It's just a bit of shock. I'll have to take him back to the kennels anyhow and I can get my head fixed there. Your car's all right, isn't it?" I added. "I mean, no damage done? I'm insured. It was my fault."

The man grinned. "You didn't come within twenty feet of me. I'm okay if you are. You'd better see a doc about that head of yours. Too bad about your dog." He was obviously in a hurry to get away.

I waited until his battered old car was out of sight, then I tried the starter. The engine came on and I backed slowly away from the apple tree and out to the road again. My head hurt but I knew at last what I must do.

At the kennels I cut Dalrymple's exclamations short and directed him to bury Ponto. I got him to wash out the cut on my right temple and disinfect it with iodine. He made a workmanlike job of it. Then I asked to use his phone and put in a call to Arthurjean at the office.

"I'm coming in to town," I told her. "You'd better get back to the flat and wait for me. I'll be in on the first train."

"Sure," she said. "What's biting you now?"

I said nothing.

"You've remembered," she said.

I still said nothing.

"Okay, I'll be waiting for you."

"The dog's dead," I told her.

Dalrymple came to the car with me. "Now, Mr. Tompkins, sir," he babbled, "it ain't my business but if I was you I'd go back home and rest—call a regular medic to see you. You've had a shock and that dog of yours—he meant a lot to you, Mr. Tompkins. You're all shook up. You oughta be careful with these concussions, anyhow. You better let me drive you back to your house."

"No," I said. "And I don't want anybody to know about this accident. Not yet, anyway. I've got to go to the city. There's something I've got to do. How much is your bill anyhow?"

Dalrymple considered. "I'll mail it to you," he said at last, staring at me curiously.

"Tell you what," I told him. "I'll leave my car at the station and give the ticket agent the keys. You phone the garage and ask them to pick it up for me and fix that right front fender."

"Yes, Mr. Tompkins," the vet replied.

ARTHURJEAN was waiting for me at the little flat on 51st Street, and she had hot coffee ready.

"You look like you need it, honey," she announced, offering a cup and standing over me until I drank it all.

"There," she said. "Now give. Where were you in that blank period?"

"I was in church," I told her. "See here, Arthurjean, I'd better tell you the whole damn' story. It's as the doctors said. I had an accident this morning. I bumped my head and it all came back to me. Last night I found a lot of papers in my closet. I burned them—but fast—because then I didn't know. This morning I set out in my car to take that dog to be chloroformed. I ran into a tree and Ponto's head was smashed. He's dead, all right."

"That's good," she said. "How come you were in church? That's a big laugh!"

"It's a long story," I continued, "and I'd better tell you my own way. There was this fellow Jacklin I told you about. Ever since we were at school together he's been under my skin. He was everything I wasn't and it got me. I guess I

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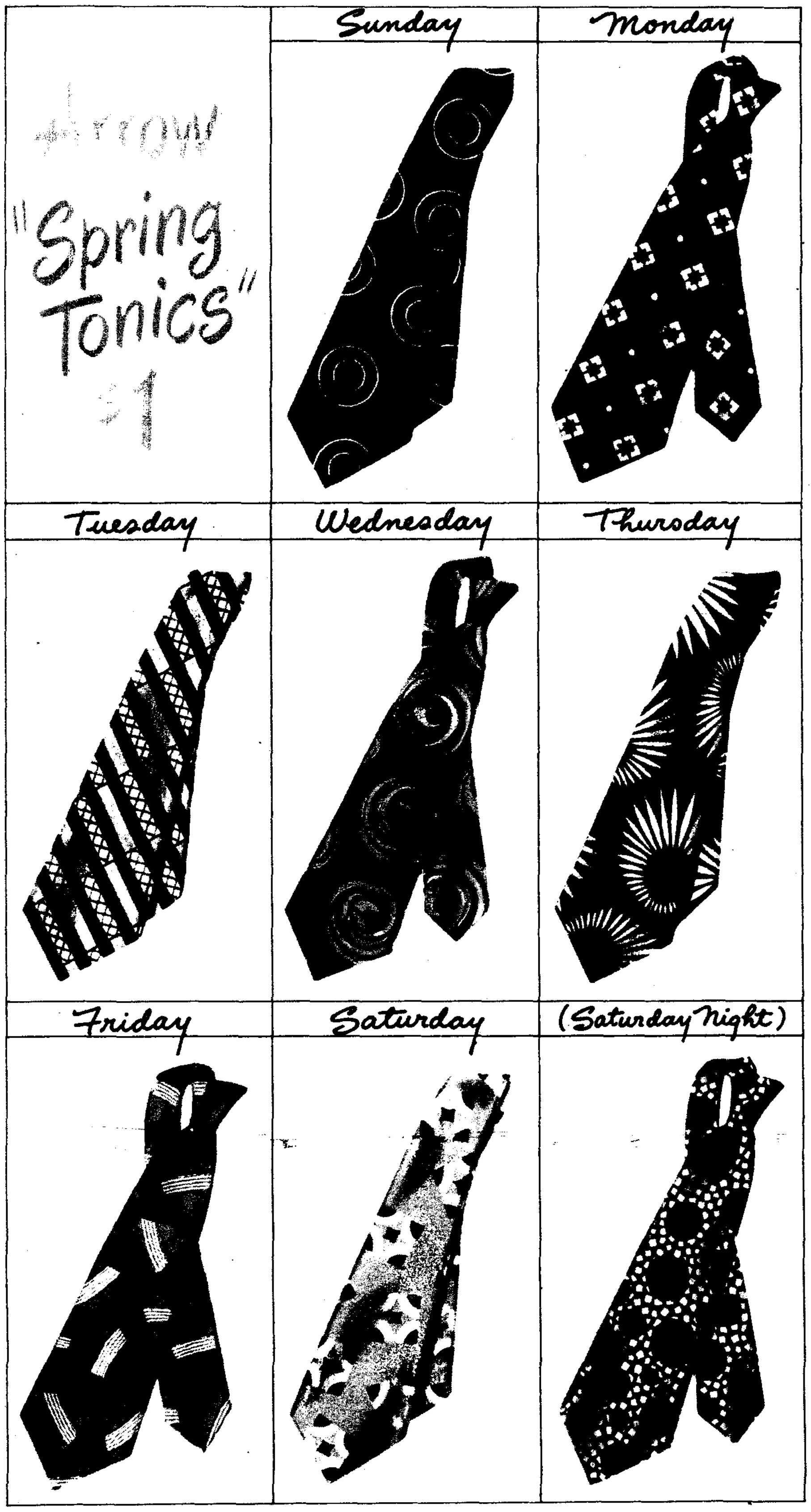


wasn't very sane about it. The doctors call it a fixation and tell me I developed schizophrenia—at any rate, when I drew a blank early this month, I came out of it thinking I *was* Jacklin. If it hadn't been for those papers last night and this crack on the head I'd still be thinking I was Jacklin."

"What do you mean, you drew a blank?" she asked.

"As far as I can make out, my nerves were shot to hell. I'd been drinking a lot and that Virginia Rutherford had me run ragged. I don't know why, but I guess I sort of blew a fuse and turned up with what they called amnesia. I'd been at church all week, believe it or not, but when the job was done after Easter, I went over to the Harvard Club and had a few drinks and then went on to the Pond for more. I'd been worried nearly crazy and when I woke up I'd forgotten the whole works. I guess it was because I didn't want to remember. From then on until today I *was* Jacklin. That's what happened. Why? God only knows and He won't tell."

"So you drew a blank," she observed. "So what? How does it fit in, honey?"

"WELL, about ten years ago I was down and out—busted higher than a kite, only nobody knew it. I needed fifty thousand to pull clear and—well—I got it. It didn't seem so bad then. Absolutely secret, you see. Just tip them off from time to time on what was doing over here. By the time of Pearl Harbor I was in so deep I couldn't get out. They would have turned me in to the F.B.I. if I didn't follow orders. Then this thorium bomb came into the picture. And when Jacklin was assigned to the Alaska, I saw how I could kill two birds with one stone."

Arthurjean sat down on the floor at my feet and looked up at me. "Don't tell me any more, baby," she urged, "if it makes you feel bad. We'll figure a way out of this one."

"There's no way out," I told her. "Chalmis was easy. The organization supplied me with a ringer, a bald-headed Polish refugee named Kaplansky, who just stepped in and took Chalmis' place when the bomb was ready. They took care of Chalmis. The cops found his body in a gas-filled kitchen over on 10th Avenue but reported it as Kaplansky's suicide. Kaplansky agreed to take the rap because the Gestapo were holding his wife and children and had promised to release them if he did the job. That week I went to the Sacred Heart Monastery for a retreat—under another name. You know. Didn't speak to anyone. Prayer, meditation, all that stuff. Every day I went to St. Michael's Church and did the stations of the cross. That was where I made the contacts with the organization, between the scourging and the crown of thorns. The church was dark. Nobody saw my face very clearly.

"The rest was easy. Kaplansky simply fell into the Navy routine in Chalmis' shoes and touched off the bomb out in the Pacific. Finished the Alaska and five or six hundred Americans, including Jacklin. It was just my luck to pick that particular moment to come out of my trance and believe myself Jacklin."

"Poor Winnie," said Arthurjean.

"Poor Jacklin," I replied. "Poor everybody. You see, what makes it bad is that all the time those people in Washington were talking about Von Bieberstein, *I* was Von Bieberstein. And I'm the only one who knows it."

"How about that redhead?"

"I never told her. She thought I was playing the black market or something. She ran a few errands for me but she never knew what they were about. I didn't trust anybody. Even the organization I dealt with didn't know I was Von Bieberstein. Only one man in Germany knew that and he won't tell this side of hell."

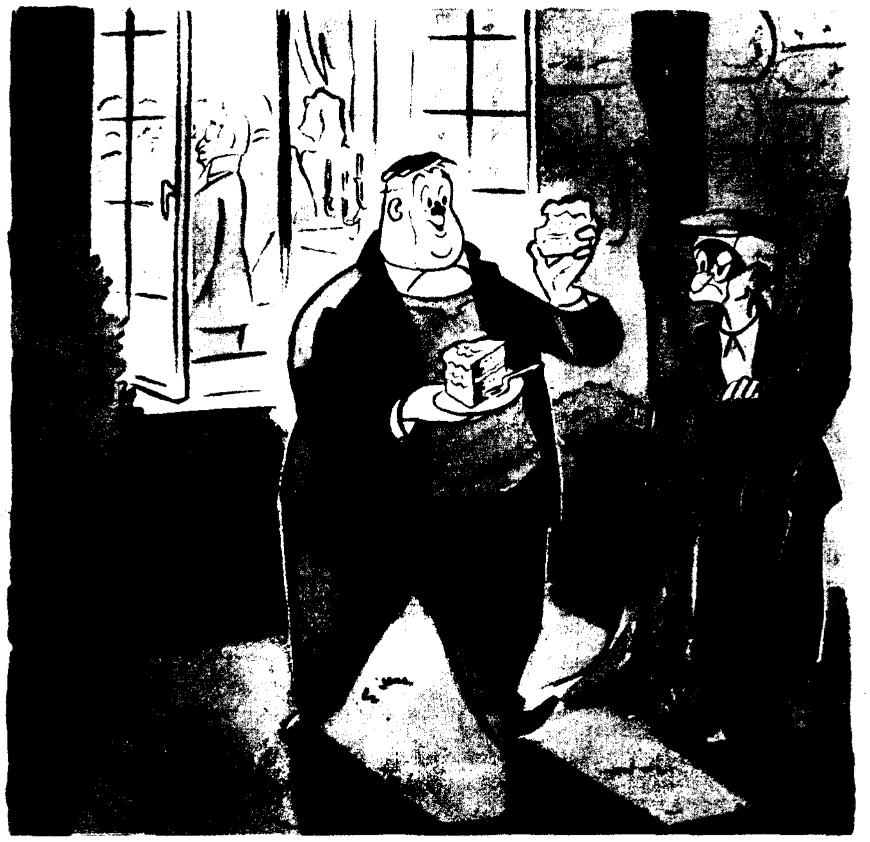
Arthurjean rose, crossed to the kitchenette and poured herself a drink.

"So you see," I told her, "I really am in a mess. And so are you. My telling you makes you an accessory. Sorry. I should have thought of that but I guess it will be all right when I confess."

"Wait a minute," she said. "There's a few things I want to know before we get talking of accessories or confessions. What about this business of the dog? You were all worked up about him."

I considered carefully. "It's hard to say," I said at last. "My only guess is

**BUTCH** **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



COLLIER'S **"Three detectives was watchin' the wedding presents, but don't worry, I didn't come away empty-handed"** that, subconsciously, I was so anxious not to be the Winnie Tompkins I knew I was, that I invented an out, an escape mechanism by trying to blame it on the dog. It sounds crazy, I know, and perhaps I *was* crazy, but I may have figured that if Ponto was Winnie Tompkins, then I really was Frank Jacklin, and could never be blamed for the things Winnie had done, both as himself and as Von Bieberstein. Put yourself in my place, Arthurjean. Wouldn't you have given anything to get out from under a load like that, and prove that it was Ponto all the time?"

SHE was silent for a few minutes. "What about your wife?" she asked gruffly. "Where does she stand on this run-around?"

"Jimmie?" I groaned. "I wish to God I knew what will happen to her. It isn't fair to her to have her husband go to the electric chair for treason. She doesn't deserve any of it."

"I'll say," she agreed.

"It would be a damn' sight easier if I didn't love her," I continued. "Perhaps she could move away, change her name, live it down, forget."

Arthurjean shook her head. "She's not the type. She'll just shrivel up inside and die right away, no matter how long she has to keep on living. Not like that busty redhead."

"Virginia? To hell with her!"

"But that won't help your wife. Looks to me like she's the one that gets the bad break. It could be worse if you had any kids. *They'd* never be allowed to live it down or forget."

She cast a swift glance at my stricken face. "There, baby," she soothed me. "We'll work out something. All in all, it can't be so bad. Now tell me about this thingummy bomb. How many people would that thing kill?"

"Three or four thousand, they said. Japs," I added.

She smiled sadly. "Reckon they have wives and kids, too, Winnie. Ever think of that? By your story, you helped kill five or six hundred men on that ship but saved three or four thousand men in Japan."

"They're our enemies," I reminded her. "We're at war."

"Hush up!" she told me. "This bomb is bigger than any war. And you tell me the Navy's not going to use any more of these bombs."

"You're just trying to alibi me," I told her. "I did it, I tell you. I did it and now I've got to come clean."

"What do you plan to do, honey?" she asked.

"When I leave here, Arthurjean," I told her, "I'm going straight down to the F.B.I. and tell Andy Harcourt that I'm Von Bieberstein, that I sank the Alaska and—everything."

"Why?"

"Why? Because it's the only way I can set things straight," I said.

She stood up, got a glass and poured me a drink. "Now," she commanded. "You sit right there and listen to me. So far as I can make out, you've got all worked up about this skitsy stuff the doctors tell you. I'm damned if I think they know what they're talking about. I read in the papers the other day that nobody knows what electricity is. Well, I don't think the doctors know about people's minds, like they pretend they do. For my money, it makes just as much sense for this guy Jacklin's mind to get inside you or for Winnie to get inside Ponto, as to talk about you being skitsy and maybe having fixations. What's the difference, anyhow? Besides, there *was* something damn' queer about that dog of yours. You didn't get this idea about confessing until Ponto was dead, did you? And you didn't remember all those details about you being Von Bieberstein until you read 'em in Winnie's papers. For all you know, you may be Jacklin after all. It's sure you aren't the Winnie Tompkins who fixed it up to explode that ship."

"But I *did* arrange to blow up the Alaska," I told her. "Her crew had families, too."

"Sure they did," she agreed. "Won't they feel grand when they read that instead of dying like heroes in the Pacific they were framed by a Nazi spy ring? No, honey, I know what I'm talking about. I don't care what the doctors say. I'm saying that you aren't the guy that went around chasing dames like a jack rabbit and trying to drink America dry. And you aren't the guy that sold out to the Nazis and sank ships and who thinks he was Von Bieberstein. A while back, when you were talking about your wife, your face looked really sad—not for you but for her. Now I know Winnie Tompkins like nobody's business, honey, and I'm telling you that you aren't him. Not for my money. You don't look like him. You look much more of a man—and anyhow Winnie wasn't the sort of guy who'd confess to anything. The only time you ever acted like the Winnie that I knew was when you were down in Washington, showing off."

"I wasn't showing off," I objected. "I was scared silly. Just you try thinking you're a lost soul in the wrong body or the right soul in the wrong world and you'll understand why I went haywire in that setup. I've got to tell the F.B.I. about it. I promised Andy—"

"Listen," Arthurjean interrupted. "I've been talking to Andy Harcourt about some of these things and he tells me that a confession is no good without evidence. You've got no evidence to show you're Von Bieberstein. You burned it. You told me that nobody knows. All that happens if you go down to the F.B.I. is that they lock you up fast and keep you in an asylum from now on. Do you think those hot-shots down in Washington would admit that they were taken in by you? Well, if they believed your story they'd be admitting you were Von Bieberstein all the time. Listen, Winnie, Mama's right on this one. The war's just about over. The Germans are almost done for and the Japs will call it off fast. You just go on home and forget about it."

"But what shall I tell Jimmie?" I asked stupidly. "She's my wife. She's entitled to—"

ARTHURJEAN interrupted with real anger. "See here, you big slob, do you want me to start in on you with a hammer? Your wife's entitled to be as happy as you can make her. It's none of her damn' business if you think you were once a louse, or if you've done something awful. You go on home and don't tell her anything that will make her feel bad. Praise the Lord you had sense enough to come and tell me about it first without running around blabbing to Andy Harcourt or to her. That's what I'm here for anyhow."

"How about *you*, Arthurjean?" I inquired. "It's not fair to you to know all this."

She laughed. "I'm not going to breathe a syllable to Andy," she announced. "What he doesn't know about me won't hurt him and anyhow, this is none of his business."

"That's a hell of a way to start your married life," I told her. "Andy's a G-man, remember."

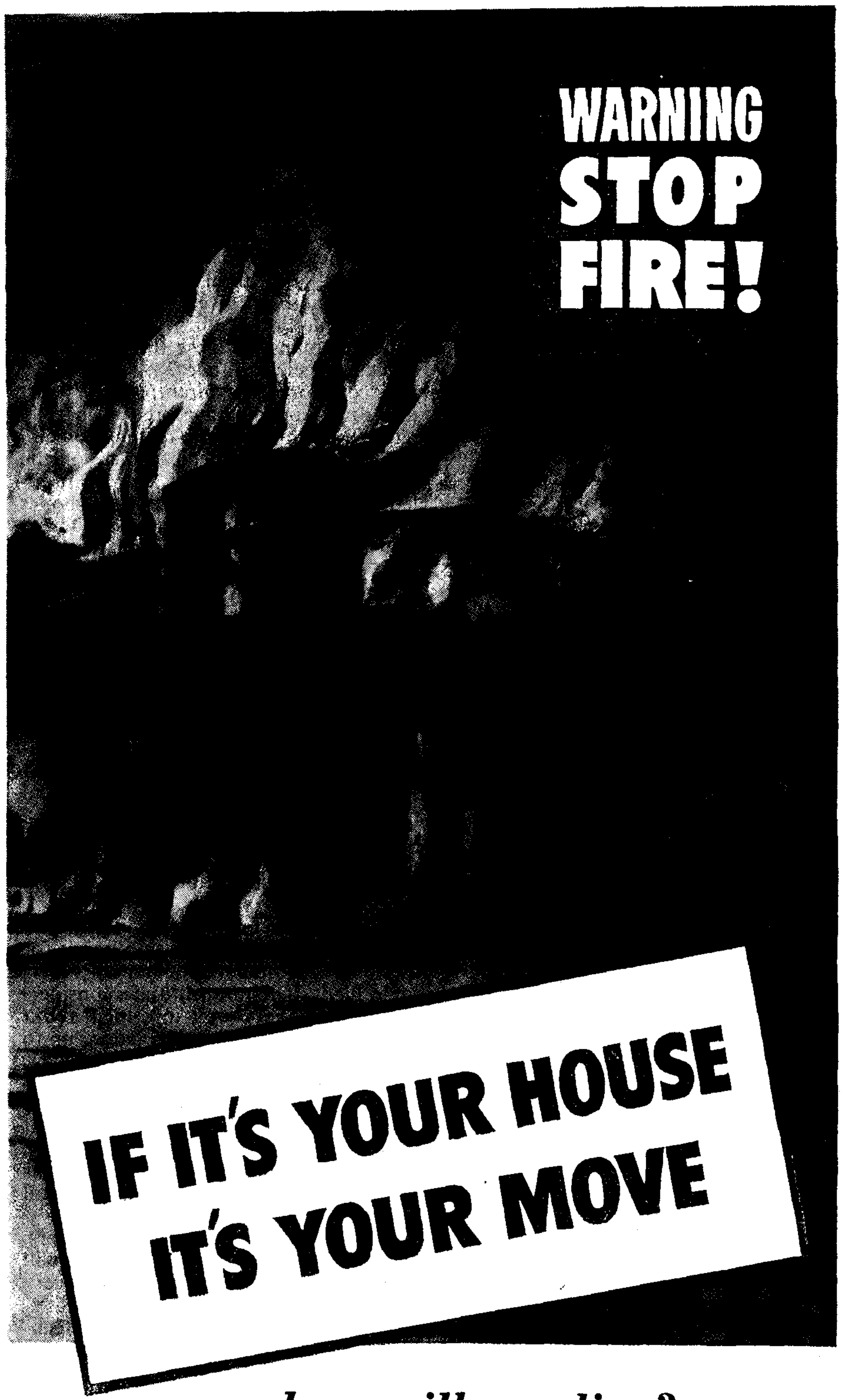
She blushed. "Say," she said. "You don't think he'd go for me, do you? I'm not the type for Brooklyn. Now you run along and I'll get myself a permanent and see if this Harcourt guy is on the level. Brooklyn!"

"Thanks, Arthurjean," I said. "You've been fine."

"Goodby, Frank," she said.

So I left the apartment and started back home to my wife.

THE END



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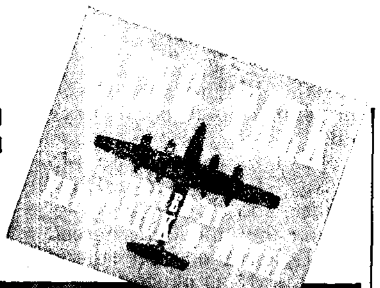
# SUPERSONIC PERILS



FLIGHT at phenomenally high speeds and at fantastically high altitudes is held to be unlimited for our new type of jet-propulsion flying machines. But until now hardly any thought has been given to the most important question of all:

Can humans fly these things, at such speeds and such altitudes?

Except for a few aircraft factory test pilots most people have pretty generally ignored the human side of the problem.

Two noted aeromedical men of the armed services have attacked the problem of finding out if the flesh and bones can survive the horrifying possibilities of what can happen in an airplane flying at 1,700 miles an hour and at 80,000 feet, the goal of the Army Air Forces for supersonic-type aircraft now being developed.

The potential sonic and supersonic pilots have thought of it too. (See Collier's for August 24, 1946.) But they are chiefly anxious to bring back the first authentic story of what lies at and beyond the 761 mile-an-hour speed-of-sound milepost. Not so such medical men as Major General Malcolm C. Grow, the top flight surgeon of the AAF, and Rear Admiral J. C. "Cy" Adams, the Navy's foremost authority on aviation medicine.

Neither General Grow nor Admiral Adams possesses boundless optimism for the successful outcome of human supersonic flight, a natural attitude considering they are very well informed about the airman's body and its reaction, up to now, in peace and war flying. However, if it develops through controlled scientific experiments on the ground or through tragic experiences in flight that the human pilot cannot fly or perform in the supersonic plane, the aircraft builder still wins, for *robot* pilots can and will fly them.

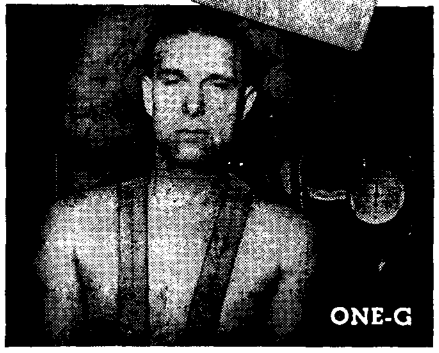
Being good career soldiers and sailors, General Grow and Admiral Adams will provide the supersonic airmen with every safeguard.

"We will never adopt the suicidal technique like the kamikaze, which sacrifices the pilot in the interests of tactics," they declare.

Until men like General Grow and Admiral Adams and other farsighted disciples can determine just how much beating and battering a sonic and supersonic pilot can withstand, the ticket-buying airline traveler should abandon the anticipated thrill of crossing the continent or the Atlantic in a couple of hours in a rocket plane!

THE problems are so baffling that those involved in the work now are unable to discuss it with one another effectively—as there is no language for it. So these pioneers are meeting periodically in Washington and are rapidly creating a supersonic language. This will save hours of discussion on a subject that threatens to move at more than a thousand miles an hour at twenty miles or higher above the earth.

The subject, in any language, is involved. Assume, for the moment, that a pilot would fly a supersonic airplane wearing only his street clothes and a standard parachute. Assume, also, that he proceeded to "wring out" the plane to its maximum performance capabilities. These are some of the things that would happen to him: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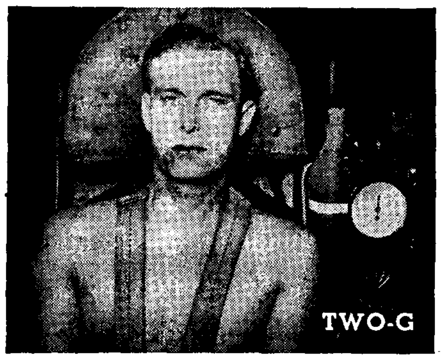
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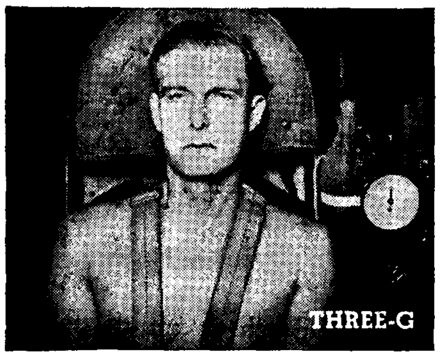
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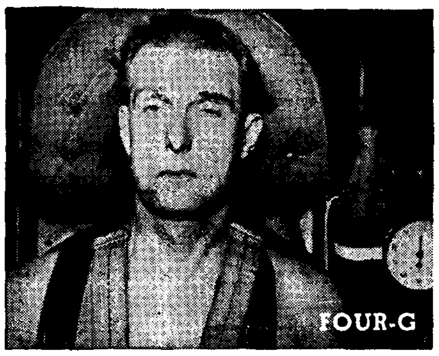
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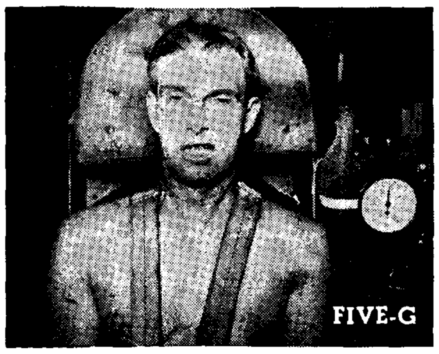
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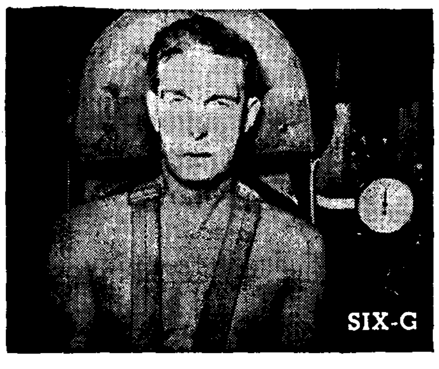
SIX-G

Starting slowly (top) this airman was whirled more and more rapidly in a supersonic device known as a centrifuge

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If he turns too sharply or pulls out of a dive too quickly, G-pressures will attack him, first blinding him, then putting him to sleep; maybe kill him right there. (A normal person can withstand around 5 Gs without blacking out; 15 Gs might kill him. A G-number is the aeronautical scientist's shorthand method of indicating the amount of stresses and strains imposed on the pilot and his plane by abrupt or gradual changes in direction, at high or low speeds.)

If he climbs too rapidly and too high, he'll get "the bends." If he stays up too high and too long, he'll starve for oxygen and pass out. If he goes too fast, air friction on the skin of his plane will convert the cockpit into an unbearably hot oven. If he lingers long in the 67 degrees below zero that is found anywhere from 40,000 to 100,000 feet, he'll freeze to death.

If he tries to bail out, the wind blast will tear the flesh from his bones. If he does get out of the cockpit at great heights and somehow is not torn to pieces, he'll not only starve for oxygen, but he'll explode from the low atmospheric pressure at such high altitudes. And if he has survived all these, he may be attacked by cosmic rays, solar rays, mesons and neutrons!

This briefly is the titanic job ahead for aviation medicine men. Some parts of it already have been solved and need only detailed refinement; others are doubtful, and about still others they know absolutely nothing.

At high altitudes, there isn't enough oxygen in the air for seeing and breathing. Above 34,000 feet, even though there is bottled oxygen aboard the plane, the lungs aren't strong enough to force it into the blood stream so the heart can pump it to the head. Above 40,000 feet, it becomes so critical that pressure breathing—forcing oxygen into the lungs—is necessary. The equipment to do this loads the pilot down and hampers his movements.

The answer is the pressurized cabin. The trick of pumping air into a sealed cabin to maintain an 8,000-foot altitude inside while the airplane is at 30,000 feet was used in the B-29s in the recent war.

But the supersonic boys are talking about flying at 60,000, 80,000—even 100,000 feet. So the plane designers must plan to maintain a pressure of about 10 pounds per square inch (which exists at 10,000 feet) while the plane is flying at 60,000 feet, where the pressure is but one pound per square inch.

The plane designer wants to fly at 100,000 feet and higher, because there is no bad weather up there and rocket motors perform at their best. But there is practically no atmospheric pressure there, just .16 pounds per square inch, while at sea level it is 14 pounds. "Flight in vacuo"—in empty space—the flight surgeons call it. At present, all they can do is try to guess intelligently, though they have been getting some help from the German V-2 rockets the Army and Navy have been firing at White Sands, New Mexico. The recording instruments on the V-2s show a definite sunburn problem at 100,000 feet. Some people believe the temperatures at 200,000 feet are 300 degrees Fahrenheit or more, but they're not so sure of it as they are that at between 40,000 and 100,000 feet it is a constant 67 degrees below zero.

HOWEVER, they are sure one of the problems up there will be how to exchange heat from the sun on one side of the plane to offset the awful cold on the shaded side. Army airmen Anderson and Stevens said that when they made the world's absolute altitude record of 72,395 feet on November 11, 1935, their balloon behaved queerly, apparently due to the sun's heat expanding the gas in the upper portion of the bag while the subzero temperature underneath caused the gas to contract.

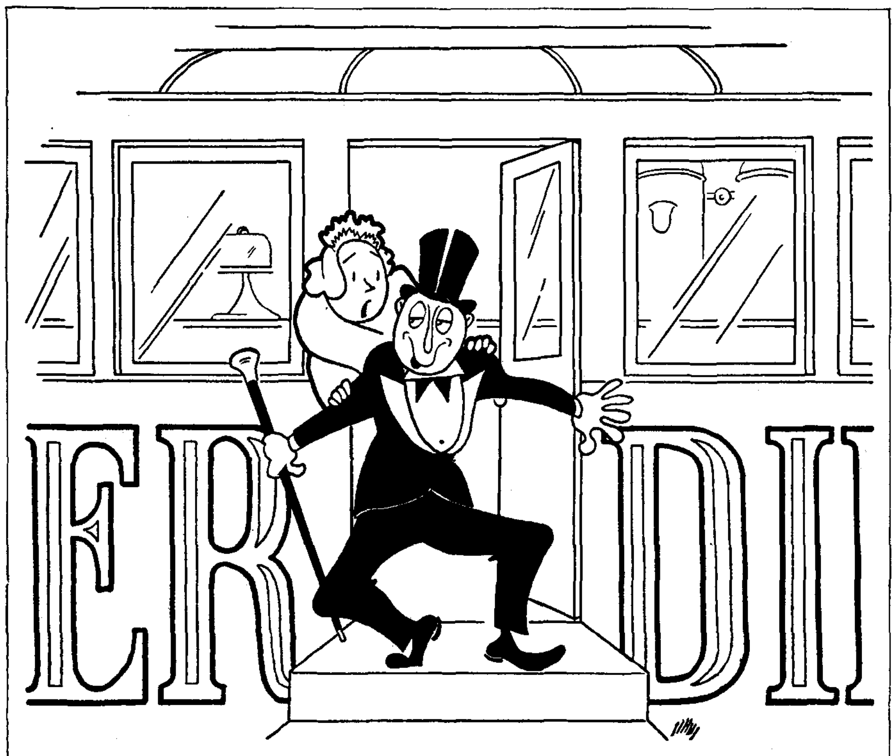
Another serious matter may be injurious cosmic and other radiation. If they do not decrease at great altitudes, the flight surgeons will have to ask the aircraft engineers to build the walls of airplane fuselages four feet thick.

Getting too high too fast poses still another problem. Aeroembolism, or decompression sickness attacks at around 30,000 feet when the blood gases begin to come out of solution. These gas bubbles may induce hemorrhages and give the pilot "the bends."

What to do about the bends? The pressure cabin and the pressure suit appear to be the answer. Hold the cabin pressures always below 30,000 feet and give the airman a suit that will protect him if he has to leave the cabin, and we may have seen the last of the bends. Such a suit now is a cloth garment with built-in tubes through which air is pumped the higher the airman goes, increasing the pressure against the body to resist distortion caused by the reduction of the actual outside air pressure. . . .

LEON SHLOSS

*(To be concluded next week)*



COLLIER'S "Take your time getting off, dear. Wait till it stops" ADOLPH SCHUS

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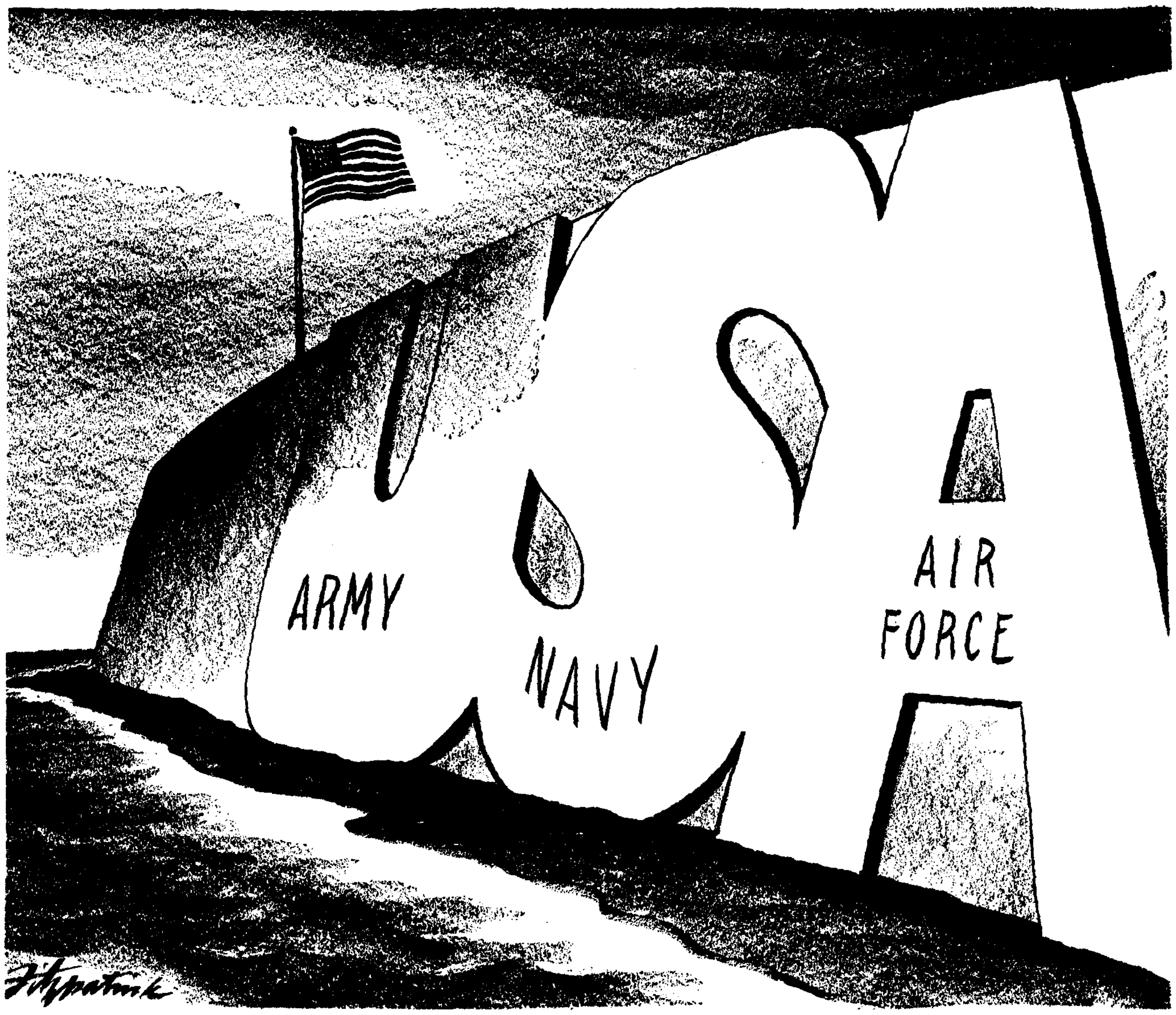

# TOTAL DEFENSE FOR TOTAL WAR

However, in this changed world pattern, private enterprise and skilled personnel cannot alone contend with foreign totalitarian or nationalized enterprise. They must be fortified by national policy and unity. The essential first step, the only one around which such whole unity can be built, is the forming of the present individual star armed services into a co-operative team; all for one and one for all, instead of each for itself.

WE'RE quoting above from W. B. Courtney's recent alarming pair of Collier's articles entitled Will Russia Rule the Air? Mr. Courtney reported, as you probably remember only too well, that Russia sees dominance of the Air Ocean as the prime factor in national power from now on. Also, we have frittered and foozled away, since the war, many of the advantages we had at the start of the American-British-Russian race for dominance of the Air Ocean.

All this, it seems to us, makes some kind of Army-Navy-Air Force merger more of a "must" than ever —"the essential first step," as Courtney calls it, in getting ready for whatever the coming decades may have in the cards for us.

Most of the readers of this page, we suppose, are familiar with the main outlines of the Army-Navy-Air Force merger plan now being debated in Congress. The program calls for a new Secretary of National Defense, with Cabinet rank, to supervise three subsecretaries, one each for the Army, Navy and Air Force.

Any of these subsecretaries could take directly to the President any matter of importance after notifying the National Defense Secretary of intention to do so—a provision which has provoked furious argument on both sides.

The Marine Corps would continue as the great and glorious land-fighting arm of the Navy that it has been from the beginning. The Air Force would move up to a position of equality with the Army and Navy; and exhilarated by this prospect, some flying warriors already are screaming because the plan also calls for the Navy to retain its own flying arm.

A central Intelligence service is provided for—a full-speed spy system, in plain English. This is something which we have long needed, have never had in peacetime, and now need more than ever, in view of disclosures of Russian spy machinations in Canada and in this country.

Most of us hope there won't be any more big wars, but any nation would be crazy to gamble on that hope. This being an era of total war, we must be geared for total defense. A unified armed forces setup looks like the common-sense way to hit that target.

We hope that Congress, before this session ends, will iron out the kinks in the merger plan and give us genuine unification. The job is one which can't wait indefinitely.

## CAREFUL, PLEASE, YOUR HONORS

WITH the $5,000,000,000 portal-to-portal pay suit hullabaloo tapering off, it seems in order to address an earnest plea to the Supreme Court of the United States.

These suits might have bankrupted many an industrial concern and gouged $3,000,000,000 or worse in tax refunds out of the U.S. Treasury. They were inspired by a decision of Federal Judge Frank Picard, in the famous Mount Clemens, Michigan, Pottery Company case, that the company's employees were entitled to a total of about $2,400 in back pay for nonworking time spent on the Mount Clemens property. Picard said later that he intended to go no further than that in handing down his decision.

When the case got to the Supreme Court, however, the court not only sustained Picard by a 5-4 vote but also wrote into its decision some extra wordage which seemed to bring under the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938 all manner of minutes and half minutes spent by workers in donning overalls or gloves, washing up before leaving the plants, and so on and so forth.

These side remarks by the majority on the court fanned up a whirlwind of litigation which might have blown U.S. industry loose from most of its moorings, and which did set millions of workers dreaming about Santa Claus, only to wake up in a rage when they found it wasn't Christmas.

On the big bench from now on, couldn't we have a little more discretion, a little more care in the use of language, a little more calculation of the possible consequences of such things as this? Supreme Court failure to stick severely to the subject under discussion can be calamitous to the whole country, and in this affair it almost was.

## JUST TREAT 'EM LIKE PEOPLE

WE SEEM to see more and more advertisements of books on the care and feeding of dogs and cats, so we infer that such books are enjoying healthy sales.

That's okay by us. Anybody who takes on one or more dogs and/or cats—or parrots, canaries, raccoons, rabbits, skunks or snakes, for that matter—owes it to the pets, it seems to us, to learn how to take the best possible care of them.

In which connection, we'd like to expound a notion of our own on this subject. It has to do with getting along with your pet—getting the most fun out of it and giving it the happiest life you can, aside from the physical matters of proper food and housing and visits to a competent veterinary now and then.

Our notion is that you can get the best results if you just treat the dog, cat or other animal around the house as simply another person in the family group. Give it real affection. Talk to it once in a while, pleasantly and unpatronizingly. Respect its crotchets and peculiarities if it has any—and it most likely has. Don't be too fussy about where it may and may not sit down and lie down.

With pet animals as with people, you get just about what you give. Give them respect, affection and consideration, and you'll get those things back from them. Bully them or baby them unduly, and you'll warp their personalities and cut down your own enjoyment of them.

It's quite an art, this getting along with pets—a minor art, perhaps, but it pays off in major satisfactions.

# *Melodía Linda!*

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